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[THE STRANGE WOMAN'S BARGAIN.]

## MAN AND HIS IDOL.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### THE STRANGE WOMAN'S BARGAIN.

Oh, whither would you drive me? I must grant, Yes, I must grant.

*Dryden.*

'Tis a fearful thing to have the dark shadow of a crime over one's head and darkening one's path, yet to be helpless, utterly helpless, to lift it, or to pass out of it, and beyond it.

Yet this was exactly the position of the Earl of St. Omer after the verdict of the jury on the body of poor Daniel Kingston. There was no one to start up, pointing with accusing finger and uttering the Scriptural denunciation, "Thou art the man!" That could have been borne. A definite charge can be met with circumstantial denial. Allegation can be met by proof. The accused, brought face to face with his accuser, knows his position, and can meet the palpable foe with mortal weapons.

His lordship's position was worse than this. He was not only suspected; but tried and condemned by that most unsubstantial, yet most terrible of all adversaries—Public Opinion. To fight that was to fight the air. The "unreal mockery" assuming all shapes, appearing under all possible disguises, was not to be pinned to any single issue. It was a cruel thing, an unjust and infamous thing that, innocent or guilty, a man, proud, chivalrous, sensitive to the extremest point of honour, should be condemned to such a trial.

Perhaps it was inevitable.

While human beings are what they are, they will judge rashly and condemn capriciously. And the worst of it is that their verdicts will always yield to the darker side. It is so pleasant to condemn; so much more pleasant than to believe the best until the worst is proved.

The Earl of St. Omer knew enough of the world to anticipate what would befall him; but he found the experience harder and more severe than he could have anticipated.

Looking back to that time I am filled with indignation at the spectacle of the earl's bitter trial. He might

have been guilty—and Heaven knows, stronger minds have yielded in the dark moment of temptation with far less at stake! but at that moment there was no tittle of proof of his guilt. Suspicion alone arraigned and condemned him. And he, in whose veins flowed the noblest blood of the world, about whose grey head circled the honours of a spotless life, suddenly found himself the victim of a foe against which he was powerless.

Wherever he went, a Nameless Horror dogged his steps.

At home, in the sanctity of his own house, or abroad among those who had once loved, once honoured him, the air teemed with a Whisper which blanched his cheek, and subdued him like a curse.

In three days the earl had aged ten years.

The countess was startled, nay, absolutely horror-stricken, as on the evening of that third day she met him in the hall as he returned from a stroll through the park and village.

His face had lost the ruddy glow habitual to it; his eyes had a timid, furtive, expression, which she had never before seen in them! More than all, he had lost that proud, manly bearing which distinguished him as it marks out most of his class, and in its place there was a stoop and a weary dragging of the limbs very pitiable to note.

"What! what has happened?" cried her ladyship, laying her hand tenderly upon his arm.

"Nothing, Eleanor, nothing," faltered the earl, "do not distress yourself."

But the true wife read in the face, which was like an open book to her, emotions which the earl strove in vain to conceal.

"Do not deceive me, dear," she said, "you have made me the sharer of all your joys; do not fear that I shall shrink from bearing my part of the heavy burden which has come upon you."

They moved on into the house as she spoke, and the countess, leading the way to her own room, sat down by his lordship's side. For a few moments he was silent. Then with a heavy groan, he pressed the wife he loved so tenderly to his bosom, and the hot tears glistened on his aged cheek.

"I am very weak, very foolish, Eleanor," he said. "I

thought I could bear up bravely against the worst; but this misfortune crushes me utterly. It is so hard to lose the deference and respect of those who have loved and honoured us. It is so bitter to read in every eye more than suspicion, and to feel that every tongue condemns one. Oh, great Heaven, what have I done that I should be brought to this?"

In her kindly, loving way, the countess strove to console him.

"You think too much of it," she said; "they have only suspicion, thank God, they have no proof, and they cannot be so unjust—"

"Eleanor," he interrupted, "you do not know what I have endured. I encounter my neighbours, the gentry who have been accustomed to meet me at the hunt and to transact business with me, and instead of their warm cordiality, I experience only frigid, freezing politeness. As I pass along the roads the people stare at me as at a monster, or sink away whispering, as if afraid to encounter me. Even the humblest peasant on my estate half-closes his door against me, and snatches up his child from my feet, as if afraid that I should touch it with a murderer's hands."

The proud noble hid his face and sobbed, long and bitterly. The countess felt that she could say nothing which would mitigate his grief, and remained silent. Presently he looked up.

"The worst of all," he said, "remains. Oh, my darling, if they should insult you! If they should vent their brutal suspicions on *Blanche*! I cannot bear it. The thought kills me."

"Indeed I fear nothing," cried the countess. "The proud consciousness of innocence will sustain me through any trial."

Did she regret those words as soon as they had died upon her lips?

Did it seem to her that they conveyed some reproach, some breath of suspicion, as if she, in her unquestioned innocence, joined in the general outcry against her husband?

Certainly she caught in her breath, and seizing his hand, sat down by his side lovingly and tenderly, striving by her deep sympathy to make him forget for the moment the misery and humiliation of his position.

It is the glorious privilege of woman thus to come

between a man and his sorrows, and never does she appear more beautiful, more like the angels, after whose form we believe her to be fashioned, than when she occupies this position. Woman the Consoiler—that is her highest title. The man who has never been refreshed by the precious drops from the bright fountain of woman's sympathy, has missed one of the greatest, one of the most inestimable blessings of life.

After a few moments of painful silence, the countess suggested that a return to town, or a short tour on the continent might be of advantage, as these idle rumours would probably die out in a few weeks, and be forgotten.

The earl shook his head.

"No," he said; "I will not fly; I will brave the worst. If Heaven only grants me strength, I will vindicate my honour against the world. Leave me, Eleanor—leave me!"

The countess obeyed, but with reluctance. It pained her to see him sink back listlessly into his chair, his head fall upon his breast; and she dreaded the effect of those long hours of dismal thought to which she knew he would give himself up.

Hour after hour the earl sat motionless, revolving in his brain the same melancholy theme. At last, driven beyond endurance, he started up and paced the room with clenched hands, and eyes fixed intently on the ground.

"Something must be done," he muttered. "I shall go mad unless some step is taken to lift this weight from my heart. If I had never taken the first false step!—would to Heaven I had never yielded to the first temptation! Then all might have been well, and this poor wretch might have lived. Lived! Could there have been any longer room for him and for me? No! Impossible! I sometimes dream that were he here I would yield up all to him without a murmur, and retire into honourable poverty; but it is a dream, an infatuation. I could not do it. No man reared as I have been could do it; no, not to save his soul."

In the excitement of these thoughts the earl crossed the room, and opening the French windows which looked into the park, permitted the cold, bleak air of the October night to blow into the room.

He heeded not that the curtains at the window streamed out, flapping in the breeze, or that the papers upon the table were lifted and whirled about the room. The cold air was refreshing to his heated brow—to his fevered system.

So he placed his arm against the window and leant his brow upon it, and looked out upon the black park, surmounted by a black sky; no single object being visible in the pitchy darkness beyond the reflection of the open window which, made a bright patch upon the grass, crossed by his own shadow.

While he thus stood, the earl was startled out of his reverie by the sudden apparition of a figure standing in the light of the window and gazing upon him.

It was the figure of a woman in dark drapery. She wore a veil which concealed the upper part of her face, and when he first beheld her she had thrown one end of her long shawl over her shoulder, so that it crossed her chin and completely hid her features from view.

Though startled, the earl was not frightened. He was brave as a lion, and had no conception of fear.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"What matters!" answered a muffled voice. "I am a stranger, but I would speak with you."

The wind was blowing. It was a gale out at sea. The noise of the blast and of the swaying trees and the flapping curtains about him only enabled the earl to catch faintly these words. He could not guess who spoke them.

"Tell me your business!" he said, haughtily. "Satisfy me as to what you are doing here."

"I will."

She moved towards the window, as if with some intention of entering the room; but the earl did not draw back from the open casement.

"I came," said the stranger, "to speak to you about—the murder!"

The earl started, and his whole form shook with emotion.

"Come in!" he said, hastily; "come in!"

The woman strode haughtily in through the open window, and the earl closing it after her, pointed to a seat; but she declined the offer, still concealed by the deep veil, though she suffered the folds of her shawl to uncoil from her neck.

"You don't know me," said the stranger, observing that the earl eyed her curiously; "and I wear this disguise not for my own sake but for yours. There are prying eyes about this place, and it wouldn't be wholesome if they should spy me out and report my coming here. They mightn't believe that I came here as your friend."

"And you do so?"

"That depends on you. Friend or foe, I don't much care; but of the two I'd rather do you a good turn than a bad one. I'm here to do it."

"You are a little mysterious—a little incoherent!" suggested the earl, faintly smiling, in spite of the

evident seriousness of purpose on the part of the woman.

"If I am," she replied, "it's because it's not an easy thing to say what I'm here to say to you. I don't forget that you're a nobleman, and my superior in every way, and you may think I've no right—and I have no right, if it comes to that—to interfere with your affairs. If I do, it's because I believe I can serve you, and I know I can serve myself also."

"Your object is not altogether disinterested, then?" asked the earl.

"Whose is?" she answered promptly. "We all serve our own turn when we've the chance. But if I can serve yours too, what is it to you? Look here, my lord, you're a great man; but all your greatness does not prevent your being crushed at heart, and going about like a ghost. People charge you with having murdered a man to save your position. That's the charge."

The earl's brow flushed, and beaded with perspiration. He involuntarily clenched his hands, but he did not speak.

"They haven't got much proof," the woman went on; "not enough to hang you, perhaps—but they've enough to satisfy them: and as long as you live you'll never clear yourself of this charge without my aid."

"Without yours?"

"Mine."

"You have evidence, then? You know something of this crime? You can name the guilty man?"

"I can do as all the world does—I can point to you!" she replied maliciously.

"Woman!" cried the earl, "did you come here to insult me? Remember, that, in spite of taunt and suspicion, I am still master here, and I have but to ring that bell to have you thrust out of my park."

"You'd better hear me first!" replied the strange woman, with perfect coolness. "I did not come here to insult you, my lord; but what I have said is true. You will never wipe out the stain upon your character without my aid. The mystery of that murder—for it was a murder, not a suicide, as your fine lawyer tried to make it out—will never be cleared up, unless I see my way to doing it. And whether I move in the matter or not depends, not on myself, but upon the answer you give to the proposal I shall make to you."

It was with a look of disgust that the earl listened to these words.

"The old story," he said, bitterly. "A secret to be bought for money—always money! Once for all, I decline to become a party to any such bargain!"

"You mistake me, my lord," cried the woman, fiercely. "I have not mentioned money. I don't ask it. I have my price, but I'm not to be paid so."

"Let me understand!" cried the earl, startled at a certain fierce vindictiveness in her tone. "What is it you propose to do? And at what cost am I to secure the benefit you offer?"

"I will tell you," she replied, "in so many words. I propose to give you the means of freeing yourself from the suspicion of Daniel Kingston's murder—"

"The means of establishing my innocence?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes; to the satisfaction of the world," she replied, with a sneer.

"And you believe you can do this?"

"I am sure of it."

"And the price?"

"Simply your undertaking to break off the marriage between your daughter and Lord Sandown."

In uttering these words the woman trembled so violently that she was obliged to grasp at a chair for support.

The Earl of St. Omer was astounded.

"What possible object can you have in proposing such a condition?" he asked.

"If you knew all, you would not ask," said the strange woman. "And if I meant you to know all I should not have come here, at this hour and in this disguise."

"True. But this is so strange, so inexplicable; there is so little connection between what you propose to do and what you ask of me, that you will pardon me if I decline to entertain any such proposition."

"You doubt my power to do what I have promised?"

"I have no grounds either for faith in you or doubt of you."

"True, perhaps, then, you doubt your own ability to break off this match with the duke's son?"

"That is a matter on which I decline to speak."

"Because, don't deceive yourself, my lord," cried the woman, her voice rising into shrill, angry tones, "that match shall be broken off."

"Indeed!"

"You sneer, but it's the truth my lord, and you'll live to find it so. Take care that you don't also live to regret the offer I've made you to-night. At this moment I can do and am willing to do what I've said, to-morrow I may not have either the power or the will."

Evidently deeply moved by some angry and vindictive passions, she took a step towards the window.

"Stay!" cried his lordship.

"What's the use?" she asked, angrily.

"At least tell me when and where I may find you in case—"

"In case you should think better of it? Oh, there'll be no difficulty about that," laughed the woman, scornfully; "wish for me and I shall be at your side."

Spoken like an actress with her exit speech. Two steps taken as she uttered the words, brought her to the window. At that moment the door of the apartment was opened and the Lady Blanche appeared upon the threshold.

In spite of the disguise, Blanche knew the stranger as the woman who had met her and behaved so cruelly to her in the park. Involuntarily she uttered a sharp cry.

The woman attracted by it, saw the sweet, child-like face and the sunny locks of the earl's daughter, and with an exclamation which sounded like a curse, disappeared into the wild and stormy night.

## CHAPTER L

### TRAMPLING OUT FIRE.

The seeming truth which cunning tongues put on,  
T' entrap the wisest. *Shakespeare*

EMMY Kingston was gone.

There could be no question about that. She had been spirited away from Galescombe at the close of the coroner's inquiry and Kingston Meredith, who had taken upon himself the sacred charge of her welfare, felt like a man guilty of a criminal act.

Both he and Frank agreed that the disappearance of the girl was not accidental. They did not doubt but that it was part of a deep-laid design. The father guessed, the daughter not to be found, there was an end to the troublesome claimants to the earldom of St. Omer.

A trifling circumstance confirmed this. Kingston felt it his duty to examine the humble luggage which the dead man and his daughter had left at the inn. It might, he thought, afford some clue, however slight, to the mystery which overhung the fate of the girl; it might show that she had friends or relations who might, though it was improbable, have interfered and carried her off on the day of the inquest.

So the two young men obtained the luggage from Mrs. Lattice, the rosy landlady of the Redruth Arms, and in her presence it was opened.

"Here's only a few bits o' things not worth tuppence," said Mrs. Lattice, summing up their value with a practical eye, "and yet she was that choice over the bundles as if they'd been filled with old gold. The poor dear man, too, he was in a pucker and a twitter about 'em all the time as he was here, and there was somethin' he said about papers, if I mind rightly."

"Papers?" cried Kingston. "Yes, they should be here."

"What is this?" asked Frank, suddenly grasping at a little roll which fell at his feet. "This may be what he spoke of."

They hastily picked up and examined the packet. It consisted only of three old newspapers hastily tied up in a square form. They did not know, they could have no reason to suspect, that these newspapers, hastily put together, had been substituted for the bundle of papers containing Daniel Kingston's claims to his earldom, and so placed in the bundle that from the outside it felt like the original papers.

This was a secret they were not likely to fathom.

"There's nothing here o' no valley," summed up Mrs. Lattice, authoritatively; "which I don't say is ill-natured, though where I'm to look for my money the Lord only knows. Not that I grudge that poor, dear child, or the man as is dead and gone, bits or sup—it's not in me to do it—but rent is high, and taxes too, and trade is dull, and they as come into a house without the means to settle up—"

Kingston interrupted the good, but voluble woman. "I will be responsible for this bill," he said; "make it out to me."

"No, sir," cried Mrs. Lattice, turning very red in the face, "I'm not the woman to do no such thing. I may speak my mind, a bit, I hope. It's a poor world if a body mayn't do that. But to insinuate as I look to you for payment, was the worry last in my thoughts. You've done your duty, sir, to that old man and that poor child, and more'n your duty, and as to what little they had of me, they're as welcome to it as the day's long."

The good woman's simile was not very apt, nor her language very choice; but she spoke through her heart, and Kingston Meredith honoured her for the part she had played so disinterestedly from first to last.

Leaving the bar in which the examination of the little bundle had taken place, the young men, the friends who were united by a tie closer than that of brotherhood, wandered out, and stood musing under the great elm which swayed and rustled in front of the Redruth Arms.

Kingston Meredith was unusually thoughtful.

"Well, Frank," he said, "what is our next step?"



"This girl must be found," said Frank, promptly. Meredith did not immediately reply. When he did, it was in an inexpressibly mournful tone.

"Frank," he said, "you have never known me shrink from a duty, or hesitate in doing what I conceived to be right, from any feeling of pain, or a dread of inconvenience. But I'm afraid you've seen me at the best. I'm ashamed to say, that at this moment I stand before you in a far less creditable light."

Frank Hildred did not understand his friend, and told him so.

Meredith explained. "Can you doubt, Frank," he said, "that a great crime has been committed here? Is there the least possible question, but that this poor old man was murdered for a purpose, and that his child has been carried off by the same piece of villainy?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Frank.

"No; and there can be as little that, under the circumstances, it is my duty to probe this matter to the quick, and to bring the guilty parties to justice. My conscience tells me that, and the promise I gave to the dying man in his last moments, makes it doubly binding on me to act. You can guess why, notwithstanding this, I remain idle, and allow precious time to pass without moving a finger in the matter?"

"I can see that there are difficulties," said Frank.

"Difficulties! I care little for them. You know they vanish before a little energy. No, Frank, it is because I cannot close my eyes to the fact that it is the Earl of St. Omer who is the guilty party in this case. It is he alone who had a motive—a strong motive—to this crime, and when I think who he is, and in what relation he stands to Blanche, I become powerless. Can I, tell me, Frank, can I possibly denounce as a murderer, the father of the woman who is dearer to me than all the world beside?"

"I see your difficulty," said Frank, "and can understand the struggle going on in your breast."

"Everything impels me to enter upon a path which I feel to be that of duty. Circumstances have marked me out as the avenger of Daniel Kingston's blood. I bear his name; he believed that stronger ties united us; he left his claims to my care, and his daughter was a sacred deposit entrusted to my hands with his dying breath. For me to see his enemies flourishing in the security obtained by his death, and to know that at this moment his beloved child may be in difficulties, may be exposed to danger, may be dying of want—I know not what to surmise—is a reproach which, as a man of honour, I feel scarce able to endure. But when I think of action, there rises before me the sweet, pleading face of my darling. I see her at my feet. I can almost touch her clasped hands, and there rings in my ear her passionate entreaty that I will spare her father—guilty, degraded, though he may be—for her sake! For her sake, Frank!"

In matters of business, Frank Hildred's judgment was admirable; but in affairs of the heart, he had, as he often said, no experience, and found it hard to advise.

Thus, he was standing, ruminating over what Meredith had just said, and doubtful what to say, when a slow, hobbling figure came up, and thrusting both hands into a capacious pouch, turned out its contents—a heap of letters—upon the seat under elm-tree.

It was the village postman, and Meredith at once recognized among the letters, which were falling about in all directions, one addressed to himself.

He took it up.

"Be that for you, sir?" said the postman.

"Yes."

"All right, sir. Know'd there was one for the Redruth."

So, saying, he scrambled up the rest, returned them to his pouch, and hobbled off. They have a primitive way of managing postal matters in the country. This was a sample of it.

The letter was from the vicar of Elderside.

It stated that a communication had that morning been received by him from an old friend, which might probably prove of so much importance to him, Kingston Meredith, that he entreated him, if possible, to run over with his friend, that they might talk over the matter which was of a pressing nature. The letter added that the writer's father, the old missionary, was confined to his bed with illness, and as it took the form, not unusual with the aged, of protracted sleep, they must not expect to have the benefit of his advice in their councils.

Within two hours after the receipt of this letter, the friends were entering the gate of the pretty little vicarage of Elderside.

The vicar, who was at the moment directing the nailing up of a rose-tree about the porch, which the night-wind had blown from its place, came forward, and eagerly greeted his young friends.

"My father," he said, "does not know of what I am about to communicate to you. At his great age, and with his many infirmities, we do not trouble him with business, when we can prevent it. And, first, let me ask you, are you still determined to emigrate?"

The question somewhat startled Kingston. Recent events had so absorbed him, and filled up the measure of the present, that he had scarcely given a thought to the future, living on, from day to day, upon the means which he had derived under Eleanor Moreland's will.

"It is probable that I may do so," he replied. He did not care to explain the matter he had discussed with Frank under the elm; though the thought of how it might shape his future was present in his mind.

"Good," said the vicar; "because I may have it in my power to offer you, through a friend, something that might be worth your acceptance—a colonial judgeship, for instance."

Kingston Meredith opened his eyes.

"Do such offices go begging?" he asked, with a smile.

"Assuredly not," returned the vicar, "and the circumstances of the case are very peculiar. When at Oxford I had a friend, a West Indian, the son of a planter, who was called Angerstein—do you recognize the name?"

"No," said Meredith, thinking.

"I ask for a reason. This man I had not met for thirty years; in fact, I had forgotten him. A few days ago he presented himself at my door. Of course thirty years had so changed the man that I did not know him; he retained only two qualities which were remarkable in him—his gentlemanly bearing and a singular sweetness of voice. He told me that he had discovered my retreat by accident; that he was staying in England on a six months' leave, as he held an important post in the West Indies, and then we fell to discussing local affairs, and among them, I need hardly say, the late tragic incidents at Galescombe. He was evidently deeply interested. His family, he said, knew something of the Countess of St. Omer before her marriage, and he believed, were on visiting terms. At last the conversation turned on the recent railway accident, and that led to the mention of your name. He recognized it at once, from your having been engaged in a case in which the St. Omer family were concerned. That was so, I think."

"Yes," replied Meredith, with a sigh.

"Well, that seemed to have impressed him in your favour, and when I ventured to speak of the interest my father took in you, and our regret at the step you were about to take in leaving England, a sudden idea seemed to strike him. 'You would like to do this man a favour?' he asked. I told him it would afford me the utmost pleasure. 'I think I can manage it for you,' was his reply. 'I believe I have influence sufficient to secure him the post of judge in a not unimportant colony. The circumstances of the case are peculiar; but I believe I can manage it.' Finally he left, promising to write to me on the subject. To-day I have heard from him. He tells me that on your decision all depends; that the appointment is yours."

Kingston Meredith could not credit his senses.

"Does he mention the colony?" he asked.

"No," replied the vicar, "he appears to have omitted that in the hurry of writing a few lines to save post. He mentioned the appointment to me as a good one."

"The thing has so taken me by surprise," said Meredith, "that I hardly know what to answer. It appears like ingratitude to you to hesitate, even for an instant, over such an offer, yet there are ties—"

"I comprehend," said the vicar. "Angerstein presses for a reply; but you need not decide upon the instant. Write to me to-night."

Frank Hildred, who had been a silent listener hitherto, now spoke.

"Take my advice, Frank," he said, "don't shut your mouth when a good thing is dropping into it. Don't let the golden ball roll between your legs and trip you up. Decide, man. There are no real difficulties in the way. Throw your romantic notions of duty and the rest of it to the wind. Tear yourself from this hateful country, and leave Providence to punish the guilty, and preserve the innocent. Depend upon it that it's equal to the task."

"Amen!" cried the vicar, fervently.

The manly, outspoken style in which Frank addressed him was not without its effect on Meredith. He was strongly moved to utter the decisive "yes;" it was only a thought of a sunny face and a queenly presence filling the halls of Redruth with their radiance, which restrained him.

"I will write," he said.

"Hang it, man," cried Frank, "you are playing with fortune. But it's always so; she's for everlasting scattering her favours at the feet of people who won't stoop to pick 'em up!"

More, much more, in the same strain, Frank urged upon his friend's reluctant ear; and the vicar, in his quiet way, added such arguments as occurred to him to strengthen a case which, in truth, seemed to need little strengthening.

Still Meredith adhered to his decision.

The sense of duty was stronger in him than self-interest.

"I will write!" he repeated.

And he decided wisely.

Had he known all that preceded that casual visit of Thaddeus Angerstein to the vicarage; had he overheard a conversation between the Angerstein guests at Redruth, in which his appointment to the most unhealthy of the British colonies had been decided on, and had he heard the fierce, vindictive tones in which the serpent-like beauty, Flora Angerstein, had cried with clenched hand, "That is the way to trample out fire!" he could not have decided more wisely.

## CHAPTER LI

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OLD QUARRY.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

FLORA ANGERSTEIN was one of those singular persons who may be described as always bright and shining. Nothing affected her. She had always a brilliant eye, and a bright rose set in the clear olive of her cheek. The smile that played about her dangerous mouth was always ready, and her soft laugh, which, however, had in it a sort of snap which unpleasantly reminded one of the hymn, rang out at all hours.

She would rise after a bail, followed by two hours' sleep, as fresh, as observant, and as ready for anything as if nothing particular had happened.

She would follow the hounds all day with astonishing daring, and come in to dinner twenty minutes afterwards with the shining bands of her hair smooth as satin, and her complexion clear and untouched by the exposure to the weather.

As a rule she was always especially gay and brilliant at breakfast, and as this is a time when many people do not shine, she usually had it all her own way at that meal, and played and flirted, and made fun and mischief (her fun was never harmless; her wit had always a sting in it) to her heart's content.

More especially that was her favourite hour for baiting Mark Allardyce.

Mark was always in a bad temper in the morning.

He drank hard and smoked a great deal late at night, and, as a natural consequence, woke with a head much as if it was bound by a red-hot helmet, and a tongue furred and dry as a neat's tongue.

A man's spirits do not rise under physical disadvantages such as these, and so he was apt to come down to breakfast cursing and swearing, and in a mood for sending everybody and everything to perdition.

He liked, knowing his weakness in this respect, to breakfast with the countess in her private room, or to come down just as the guests were dispersing for the amusements of the day, but Flora never gave him the chance of acting as he liked in this matter.

She would lay him, waited for him, as she only knew how to wait and keep on the watch, and then led him—prisoner and captive—to the breakfast-table.

It seemed to be her chief delight to make the bear grin, as she expressed it. She would force him to smile, to look pleasant, to pay her attentions, to attempt compliments, and take his part in a flirtation, and all the while she knew he was inwardly cursing her and all the Angerstein tribe.

On the morning after the day on which Kingston Meredith received the offer of an appointment from the vicar of Elderside, Flora met with Mark, as he came down hoarse and flushed, and followed him into the breakfast-room, rallying him as he went, on the dreadful odour of tobacco which his clothes diffused.

She was engaged on a wonderful piece of work in floss-silk, which set other people's teeth on edge to see done, but in and out of the meshes of which her lithe, cold, ivory-smooth fingers played like lizards about the roots of a tree.

"You are very late, Mark," she said, "almost too late for me. I was going out."

Mark would have liked to have asked her why on earth she didn't go, accompanying the question with an expression of the satisfaction that step would have given him, but he did not. The woman held him in her hands completely. She made him obey her, and not only so, but study to please her.

"I sit up late," he replied.

"So do I," she answered; "but I get up too."

"And what on earth do you sit up for?" asked Mark, in surprise. "You don't smoke, do you?"

"You will tell?"

"Not I. What is it to me? I shall like you all the better."

"If I confessed to an occasional cigarette—a very little one?" she said, clasping her dusky ivory hands about his left arm, as he sat stirring his coffee.

"Yes, but a very little one wouldn't keep you up late. What do you do? You don't keep on weaving this web of Arachne all night, do you?"

He pointed to the floss-silk as he spoke.

"Oh no," she answered smiling.

"Because remember the fate of that classic party," said Mark. "She was changed into a spider, you know, and a spider isn't a pleasant sort of beast."

"I suppose not; but I have no antipathies of that sort," said Flora; "my loves and hates are confined to my own species. I don't trouble myself about the brute creation lower than man."

"But you haven't said what you sit up o' nights for?" pursued Mark.

"Well, then, I do it to think."

"Indeed! Have you so much work of that sort to do?" sneered Mark.

"Oh, you are too sharp, much too sharp, this morning," replied Flora; "however, it isn't a usual failing with you, so one must forgive you, I suppose. Yet, you are the last person who ought to sneer at me, for in one week I've done more towards settling your affairs than you've done in I don't know how long. Look at your affairs now. The earl's put beyond all trouble, except of one kind—the kind which I wish him to have. It's the right thing that he should be suspected of this murder, you know."

"Why?"

"Oh, I forgot, I mustn't show you my trump card yet. But you may take my word for it. By the way, I suppose you can remove this suspicion from him, if you like?"

"I?"

"Now, Mark, I've told you, often and often, that this affectation of innocence doesn't sit well on you. 'Tisn't natural, you foolish boy; and as it does not become you, why you ought not to wear it, in my presence at all events."

"Flora," cried Mark, "I won't stand this. 'Tisn't the first time you've charged me by implication with having done this murder, and I won't have it."

"Won't it, a seraph? Won't it a sweet, sweeting?" She leant toward him as if with some intention of throwing her arms about his neck; but without forgetting herself so far, she turned up toward him a provoking little face, all smiles and dimples, and said:

"Don't mind me, Mark, I'm only a child, you know. If I say what you don't like, I make it up by what I do for you. But you ought to be provided to remove this stigma from the family name. You may get money for doing it. And you like money, I know."

Mark looked at her thoughtfully.

"You think the earl —"

"Would give you half he is worth to set him right with the world. Not yet—not just yet. When he has felt it a little more. When it's brought him down a little nearer the grave. By the way, he could leave you the property, couldn't he?"

"I believe so."

"Ah!"

The dusky yet beautiful face broke all over into a radiant smile. Then the woman, beginning to ply her needles rapidly and to work her floss silk, as a spider works at its web, said:

"Well, now, let us see how we stand. Daniel Kingston is in his grave. Will you count them off upon your fingers?—one."

He placed the forefinger of his right hand on the little finger of his left hand and repeated, "one."

"That poor feeble, but I'm bound to say pretty—according to some standards of taste—daughter of his, is—where is she, Mark?"

"How should I know?"

"Ha! ha! How indeed? She was fetched to give evidence at the inquest—you know that?"

"Yes."

"She's a long time giving it, isn't she?"

The demoniacal look which came into the woman's face as she said this sickened even Mark.

"Well," she said, "at all events, she won't trouble us any more. So you may add her to the catalogue of enemies crushed and done with—two."

Mark signed, "two."

"Then comes that handsome young man — Oh, he is handsome, Mark. You may pout and frown, but he is. A great deal better looking than you, I can tell you. And if I'd met him first, I don't know but — Well, never mind, I didn't meet him first, so we needn't discuss that. This handsome young man, Kingston Meredith, stands next, and I've done what I said for him. I have got my brother to get the offer of the appointment to the colony which no one will take because it's so unhealthy, and it was offered to him yesterday through Mr. Greggsen, of Elderside, a mutual friend. It was good to get a mutual friend to offer it, wasn't it?"

"Deuced clever," cried Mark with unfeigned admiration.

"Disarmed suspicion, you know," said the woman, knitting on. "He could have no notion of any intention on our part to get him out of the way."

"And has he accepted?" asked Mark eagerly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Partly because he had some chivalric feeling about the girl, Kingston; chiefly because your sister still holds a sort of fascination over him. Both points are difficult to combat; but I don't despair. I have thought of a new means of acting upon him. I hear that he has a devoted friend. I like devoted friends. They are such noodles, to begin with, and such useful people

to act through. I'm going to bring all my powers to play upon this devoted friend. You mustn't be jealous, you naughty boy. I know you will be a little, a very little bit; but I don't mind that. It will do you good. All things considered, I think you may strike Kingston Meredith off as disposed of. That will be three."

Mark indicated "three."

"And now I want to know about a dreadful dark woman—I'm dark, but I'm not dreadful, you know—you perceive the distinction—who is going about the village in a strange way, and seems jealous mad, jealous of the Lady Blanche, and wants to put an end to her engagement with Lord Sandoun, a thing not to be thought of."

"That must be Lotty," said Mark.

"Dear me, what an odd name! But that isn't all her name?"

"It's all I ever heard," said Mark.

"And who is she, and what is she?" demanded the dark little woman, who, however, had ascertained all this already.

"It would be possible to call her Sandoun's mistress," said Mark.

"How dare you? Oh, you wicked fellow," cried the creole, affecting the utmost horror at the bare mention of such a connection; "but now, that sort of person is very dangerous, isn't she? She might actually stand in the way of the marriage, mightn't she?"

"I'm not at all afraid of her," said Mark, with a laugh.

"That's because you don't know our sex. You think we are all alike. The sea looks as smooth to you in one place as in another, and you never suspect that there are rocks and coral-reefs on which your ship may be utterly wrecked. Such pastoral simplicity, such confiding innocence, is refreshing."

"Why, what the plague do you know of this woman?" cried Mark.

"Just what you've told me: no more, no less. And I put her down in my chart as dangerous! Oh, you simple, artless, confiding boy, what would you do without me at your side, to guide and counsel you?"

There was something so exceedingly funny in the notion of Mark's unsophisticated innocence, and his need of a pretty, dimpled, child-like woman to guard him against the rocks and quicksands of life, that he burst out into a loud laugh. Flora smiled a little, a very little, then said:

"I must think what to do with this woman. Tomorrow morning I will tell you. And now I must go. It's time I met Frank Hildred."

"Met him? Have you an appointment?"

"Oh, dear no," she laughed; "but I shall meet him. Quite by accident. And we shall be the best friends in the world—in ten minutes. And you will be jealous, just a little bit, won't you, you spoiled boy, just to please me? But only a little bit, mind that! A great blaze would give too much light, and shine too much for us."

With which singular expression this little shining, smiling, dimpling, bewitching Arachne went off, knitting her floss-silk as she went.

"I wonder what is the feminine of devil?" mused Mark, looking after her as she went.

At that moment the countess entered.

"Why, Mark," she exclaimed, "they did not tell me you were down!"

"Didn't they," growled the dutiful son; "well, there's no reason why they should, or why they shouldn't, that I know of."

"But they have my orders. You know, Mark, it is my special privilege to make your coffee for you. If I don't see you at breakfast, we do not meet for weeks for a chat together."

"So much the better," was Mark's retort.

"You have breakfasted alone?" asked the countess, who, with tears standing in her eyes, would not see the insult.

"No, I haven't. Flora's presided."

"Flora? You mean Miss Angerstein?"

"Just so. Her name's Flora."

"Yes," said the countess; "but we are hardly on terms with those people for it to be pleasant for you to call that young lady by her christian name."

"I tell you what," cried Mark, "we're on such terms with them that I wouldn't give a snap of the finger for all we've got in the world, if you dare to offend 'em or speak disrespectfully of 'em."

"Why, surely," said the countess, "they know nothing of our affairs beyond that unfortunate —"

"They know everything," returned Mark, "and I'll trouble you not to mention that 'unfortunate,' as you call it. That was my affair, and I've paid dearly enough for it already. I can't think why the deuce they can't make laws to wipe out such things. Why should a man be haunted all his life for a thing he does in a moment, in his youth, when he's thoughtless and inexperienced, and has hardly control over himself. There ought to be a Statute of Limitations for crimes as well as debts, or a Court of Compromise in which a certain sum might be paid by way of damages."

"Don't Mark, pray don't," cried the countess, "as

good will come of good, so evil will bear the punishment of evil to the end of time."

"Well, you'll do the civil to the Angersteins," said Mark, with a sneer of contempt, and snatching up his hat and hunting whip, he strode out.

In walking toward Galescombe, Mark had to pass a quarry now deserted, which made a great gap in the hill-side. Huge fallen stones were scattered about, extending down to the road.

On one of these a man was seated.

As Mark approached, he rose, and Mark looked at him with astonishment. It was Steve Broad; but so altered, so white, so thin, so like a man snatched from the very jaws of death, that he shuddered.

"Steve!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; it's I—what's left of me. I want money." He held out his hand.

"Nonsense. You've no claim on me. I've given you more than you ever had in your life. You've no evidence against me."

So Mark said.

The man held out his hand without a word.

"I tell you what, you'd better clear out of this," shouted Mark, growing red in the face, "if the earl knows you're about, it won't be wholesome for you."

"I'm going to him," said Steve.

"To the earl?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You don't mean to say —"

The fellow nodded in token that he comprehended.

"Why, you unmitigated scoundrel!" shouted Mark, "I've a good mind —"

At that moment there was a sound of wheels along the road, and by an instinct of self-preservation both men drew aside, behind the rocks, farther into the gloom of the great cavern-like excavation of the quarry.

As soon as the vehicle, which contained Madame and Miss Angerstein, and a gentleman, a stranger, had passed, Mark was about to walk out, but Steve put his hand on the man's shoulder to detain him.

"How dare you!" cried Mark, resenting the familiarity.

"I must have the money."

"No; not a penny."

"I will denounce you. I will expose you. The world shall know —"

Mark turned fiercely upon him.

"You threaten me?" he shouted.

"Yes."

"Take care."

He laughed, a deep, hollow laugh.

"I ain't afraid," he said.

"What!"

Not another word was said; but there was a scuffle in the gloom. It was followed by the deep, heavy thud, as of a body falling into swampy ground, and then Mark came out into the daylight alone.

His face was whiter than the chalk of the quarry.

(To be continued.)

A NEW OAK.—On the sides of these hills (west of Pekin) I met with a new Oak-tree (*Quercus sinensis*) of great interest and beauty. It grows to a goodly size—sixty to eighty feet, and probably higher—has large glossy leaves, and its bark is rough, somewhat resembling the cork-tree of the south of Europe. Its acorns were just ripe, and were lying in heaps in all the temple-courts. They are eagerly bought up by traders, and are used in the manufacture of some kind of dye. I secured a large quantity of these acorns; and they are now growing luxuriantly in Mr. Standish's nursery at Ascot. As this fine tree is almost certain to prove perfectly hardy in Europe, it will probably turn out to be one of the most valuable things I have brought away from Northern China. A species of maple and an *Arbor-vita* of gigantic size were also met with on these hills, apparently distinct from the species found in the more southern provinces of the Chinese empire, and walnut-trees were observed, covered with fruit, in some of the temple-gardens.—*Fortune's "Yelo and Pekin."*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT WINDSOR.—Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel is now being restored and beautified, and while erecting some richly carved stone-work it became necessary for the workmen to cut away a portion of the wall on each side of the doorway opening into the cloisters, opposite St. George's Chapel. On removing the masses of stone from the mortar in which they were imbedded, sixteen or eighteen of the pieces were discovered to have formed (it is supposed) a portion of the chapel erected by Henry III. These interesting relics form portions of the jamb of a doorway with ogee mouldings, pilars, and other parts of an ancient ecclesiastical edifice. On one of the stones is an angel's wing, while the mouldings and surfaces still bear the crimson, green, red, and black colours with which they were decorated, in curved and zig-zag lines. The whole of the stones seem to have belonged to the early English and Norman periods. They have



been examined by Mr. Batchelor, the antiquarian of Windsor Castle, and it is believed that in the reign of Henry VIII. they were used in the construction of the present edifice in forming the interior wall. A photograph of the stones has been taken by Mr. Poole. The carving will be taken to the Castle for her Majesty's inspection on her return from Scotland.

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Pretate," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER XXVII

The nature's holiest prayer—a mother's plea;  
But yet it moves him not; his heart is seared—  
Hardened by many villainies. *Old Play.*

Poor Mabel excited but little sympathy amongst the fashionable servants in the household of the Earl of Moretown. His lordship's valet pronounced her to be decidedly a very low person. The housekeeper felt offended at the reserve which had baffled her curiosity, and even withstood the temptation of several invitations to tea in her own room, together with sundry hints that a little more communicativeness would be desirable. The inferior domestics, with the true instinct of vulgar minds, soon aped the tone and opinions of those above them.

How heartily did the desolate woman wish that the three days she had consented to remain at the abbey had expired. She felt a nervous impatience to quit the neighbourhood and resume her wanderings in search of her lost child; for her maternal heart hoped against reason, and she resolved that no persuasion should induce her to remain longer than the time she had promised.

Mabel felt grateful—deeply grateful—to Lady Moretown for her kindness; but the terror and aversion she experienced towards the earl were not to be overcome. The past was too deeply impressed upon her memory to permit her to place the least reliance upon the interest he pretended to feel in her misfortunes.

"The serpent may change its skin," she murmured to herself, "but not its nature! The venom of its fang is still the same! For the sake of the generous heart whose destiny is linked with his, I will not accuse him, but I can never trust him!"

Had Mabel acted on the instant upon this conviction, many a year of bitterness and sorrow might have been spared her.

She was seated, on the evening of the third day, at the window in the servants' hall, gazing with listless eye upon the park—for her thoughts were far away—when one of the under keepers entered the apartment with a quantity of game, which had been shot by the earl and his visitors during the morning. The fellow had been well tutored, and acted his part to perfection.

"There!" he said, throwing the birds upon the long table in the centre of the hall; "only twenty-two brace to four guns! I have known the time when we should have thought sixty a poor day's sport—and in the home covert, too—but it's all my lord's fault!"

"How so?" demanded several of the servants. "He would not permit me and Kelf," replied the fellow, "to drive away the gipsies: there they are encamped in the north wood, as comfortably as if their tents were fixed on their own freehold!"

At the mention of the gipsies, Mabel felt deeply interested—for she had long been of opinion that little Meg and the daughter of Clara Briancourt had been carried off by some of that nomadic tribe.

"Thieves and poachers!" continued the man, with well-affected indignation; "there will be no keeping a hare or a pheasant for them!"

"Gipsies?" repeated the butler, with an air of astonishment—for he could not comprehend the audacity of the intruders, and still less the forbearance of the earl; "and in the north wood! How long have they been there?"

"Two or three days!" answered the keeper. In an instant every eye was turned upon the stranger—the date corresponded exactly with that of her arrival.

"Dear me, how very strange!" observed the housekeeper.

"Decidedly low—very low!" added his lordship's valet, at the same time casting a significant glance towards Mabel, to intimate that it was to her he intended his exclamation to apply.

"And does my lord know of this?" inquired the butler, with an air of incredulity.

"Know it!" said the keeper; "why, I took him there, expecting that he would have ordered them to prison, or the stocks, at least; but he was fascinated, I suppose, by two children—no doubt the gipsies stole them—who pleaded so earnestly and so prettily, that he directed the encampment not to be disturbed. Some of the gentlemen who were with him said something about its being picturesque. I think that was the word, though I don't know exactly what it means."

Tao valet smiled in contempt of the speaker's ignorance; for he was a very fine gentleman in his own conceit; read all the new novels, and affected a taste for literature.

At the mention of two children, the heart of Mabel beat violently with awakened hope and fears. Placing her hand upon the arm of the keeper, she inquired anxiously if they were dark or fair.

"Why, what can it signify to you?" demanded the fellow; "you don't belong to the tribe—do you?"

There was a general laugh amongst the servants at the question, which tallied with their suspicions.

"Answer me!" she said; "pray answer me! My children have been stolen from me, and for years I have wandered over England in search of them—the scoff of the brutal and unfeeling! Oh, did you know how sad a weight I have carried at my heart—how lonely has been my existence—you would not trifle with me!"

"Well, then," replied the man, in a kinder tone, "they are dark;"

"And the ages?"

"Eleven or twelve years!"

The unhappy mother waited to hear no more, but instantly left the servants' hall, and soon afterwards was seen crossing the park, with hurried, anxious steps, towards the north wood.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the valet; "quite a romance!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" observed the butler; and, turning to one of the footmen, he directed him to look to the plate.

The further speculations of the domestics were interrupted by the ringing of the first dinner-bell. The valet retired to assist his lordship to dress, and the rest to their several occupations. The keeper only remained—he had his own reasons for not quitting the house till the following morning: it would enable him to prove an alibi, should any inquiries be raised respecting the fate of the intended victim.

Our readers doubtless have suspected that the tale of the man was nothing more than a deep-laid scheme to draw the unhappy Mabel from the abbey, by working upon her love for her lost child. The Red Indian in the vast forests of the New World will often imitate the cry of its young, to lure the parent bird to the net. Civilized man refines upon the lesson, and ensnares his fellow-creatures through their affections.

An exquisite moral was conveyed to the chosen people, in the Mosaic law prohibiting them to seethe the kid in its mother's milk.

The strength of Mabel could not keep pace with her impatience—a mother's hope was busy at her breast. She flew rather than walked through the park, towards the spot which the keeper had indicated as the encampment of the gipsies, and speedily reached the north wood—the remains of one of those immense forests which formerly existed upon the confines of the two kingdoms. With eager haste, she penetrated through the tangled brushwood, starting from its covert the dappled deer, which bounded before her, alarmed by her approaching footstep. Still no trace of the tents the fellow had described.

"Surely," she murmured, as she sank, exhausted with her efforts, upon the trunk of a giant oak, which had fallen from age across the narrow pathway, "I cannot be mistaken in the spot—this is the north wood! God help me!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands despairingly, as the suspicion that she had been purposely deceived, for the first time struck her; "he could not have been sporting with me! No—no!" she added; "the man, though rough, has a human heart! He could not trifle with a grief like mine!"

Again she resumed her search, and penetrated at last into a kind of dell, which communicated with the road connecting the wood with the wild and desolate heath, which extends almost to Haddington. Voices attracted her attention, and to her joy she discovered two men seated near a kind of light van, such as is generally used in conveying plate and furniture from the country seats of the nobility and gentry to their houses in town.

She advanced towards them with the intention of inquiring after the objects of her search, but the words died upon her lips—for the two fellows rose at the sound of her approaching footsteps. In the eldest she recognized her uncle—the harsh guardian of her childhood—and in his companion the head gamekeeper, Kelf, whom she now remembered as having been an inmate of the old house at Bordercleugh with herself.

"So you are come at last!" said the old man, with a satirical smile; "we have waited long enough!"

"Uncle!"

"Ha!" he added; "I see you know me!"

"It is impossible I should forget you, uncle!" replied Mabel, who at once perceived the artful snare that had been laid for her; "let there be peace between us; I am your sister's child," she added, "and have never breathed a word to do you injury!"

"How vastly considerate!" observed Kelf, with a

broad grin; "quite a lesson of Christian meekness and forbearance!"

"And I will forbear still!" added Mabel, with increased terror; for she felt assured that the meeting with her relative and his ruffian associate was not the result of accident, but of some deep-laid scheme of the Earl of Moretown. "Uncle," she continued, "since we parted, I have been both a wife and mother!"

"I know it!" was the reply.

"A most unhappy one!" she resumed; "my husband has been banished from his native country—my child has been stolen from me! The hand of man hath afflicted me—bowed me in sorrow to the dust—crushed my very heart! You cannot—will not—be so cruel as to add to my misery!"

"Misery!" repeated the old man, sternly; "you brought it on yourself! It was the fitting punishment of your pride, ingratitude, and disobedience, in flying from the home my charity had provided you!" he continued.

"Ay," added Kelf, "but you have bagged the viper at last, and will not, like the fool in the fable-book which I read when a boy at school, warm it at your hearth a second time!"

"I fled uncle," exclaimed Mabel, "because I could not sleep there—the scenes of cruelty I daily witnessed drove me mad! Long after he was dead, I used to lie awake and listen on my little bed! His shrieks and curses came to me on the winds which moaned around the old tower! I saw his pale face peering at me reproachfully through the half-drawn curtains! I should have gone mad had I remained!"

The countenance of Rawlins became very pale at the recollections which the words of his niece had conjured up. But he shook them off by a violent effort, as men rid themselves of the effects of the nightmare.

"Have gone mad!" he repeated; "why, you are mad! Tramping over the country in this beggar's fashion! But, as you say, you are my sister's child, and I have still a feeling for you! So come with me," he added, "and I will provide you with a home!"

"Never, uncle!" she answered, firmly; "never! never!"

"That's a bold word!" observed Kelf, with a sneer; "give the word, Master Rawlins, and let us end this palaver!"

"Mabel!" said the old man, "you ought to know that I am not one of those who are easily thwarted, when I have once made up my mind! I would not willingly use force, unless you drive me to it! Are you content to go with me?"

"Mercy, uncle—mercy!"

"Will you go with me?" he repeated, fiercely; for his evil passions began to be raised by the terror and aversion she displayed.

"I cannot—dare not!" she made answer.

"Toss her into the cart, Kelf!" he said, in a tone of indifference.

The ruffian, as if he felt a pleasure in the brutal task, threw his arms around the waist of Mabel, and, despite her cries and resistance, succeeded in dragging her towards the vehicle, with the intention of lifting her in, when, by a strong effort, she broke from his grasp, and, rushing towards her relative, clung to his knees for pity and protection.

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, "there is a God! your hairs are grey—your feet already stand upon the verge of the grave! Would you add my death to the burden on your soul? Feel for a mother's agony—her despair! You may stifle my voice," she added; "but there is one within your breast which will one day speak in fearful accents—that of your own conscience!"

The keeper interrupted her with a loud laugh. He seemed amused at the idea of his companion possessing such a thing as a conscience. It had never troubled him.

"Why don't you take her away!" roared Rawlins, impatiently; for, despite his resolution, the agony and tears of his niece had somewhat moved him.

Although there was little need of further violence—for Mabel, on feeling the rude grasp of the keeper a second time upon her person had fainted—the ruffian began dragging her through the brushwood and brambles, utterly regardless of the thorns which lacerated her limbs at every step.

"Gently, Kelf!" said the old man, in a tone which evinced something like feeling; "she is past resistance now!"

"You have grown very tender-hearted!" muttered the fellow, without relaxing in the slightest degree from his brutal violence.

Although Gilbert Rawlins was remarkable for his calmness and self-possession, he was a dangerous man when roused. Despite his long-cherished anger against his niece, and servile obedience to the wishes of his employer, the entreaties and reproaches of Mabel had moved him.

He felt rather dissatisfied, perhaps for the first time, with himself, and eagerly seized the occasion to vent his spleen upon his subordinate.

"Dog!" he exclaimed, raising the heavy whip which

he carried in his hand; "Is it for you, whom I took a poor, half-starved cur into the service of the earl, to bandy words with me? Raise her gently from the ground, and carry her to the cart, or I'll give you a lesson you have long required!"

Kelf scowled at him for a moment, irresolute whether to obey or resist; but the determined look and energy of the old man's manner cowed him, and, muttering something about his having no desire to quarrel with an old acquaintance, he lifted Mabel in his arms, and placed her in the vehicle.

The two men, so worthy of each other, travelled all night, at a rapid pace, with their prisoner, carefully avoiding the more frequented roads—a precaution which naturally lengthened their journey. Just as day began to dawn, they discovered the old house of Bordercleugh, through the mist which crowned the hills in the distance.

Unfortunately for Mabel, they had not passed a single being to whom she could appeal for assistance on their way.

Bordercleugh had been a place of strength long after England and Scotland had ceased to be separate kingdoms—it not having been entirely dismantled till the defeat of the rebels, in 1715. Although merely used as a hunting-box, it was a spacious mansion, and retained traces of the purpose for which it had originally been built. The moat was but partially filled up, and still ran clear and deep around the base of a massive square tower, which was pierced for windows only in the upper stories—and even those were strongly grated.

They had to ring several times at the gate before they could make any one hear. It was unbarred at last by an old woman, whose sharp features and high cheek-bones would have sufficiently indicated her nationality, without the broad plaid which she wore upon her head, to guard against the cold, damp mist, which lung like a veil over the face of morning.

"Eh, gude man!" she exclaimed, in a strong accent, "but ye are welcome back! Wha wad ha' thought o' seeing ye at sic an hour?"

"Cease your prating, Maud!" replied her master, impatiently; "and send Willie to take the horse, if the lazy hound has left his bed!"

"He is no just up yet," was the reply; "but I have stirred him; he'll be down the now. God save us! wha have ye here?"

This was an allusion to Mabel, whom, pale and shivering from the cold night air, her uncle and Kelf had just assisted to alight from the cart.

"Can't you see it is a woman?"

"Eh, puir thing—puir thing!"

By the old man's directions, Maud conducted his niece to a room which he designated the Long Chamber, in the tower. Although the order was received with an air of doubtful surprise, it was instantly obeyed—for Gilbert Rawlins was one of those men who seldom permitted those about him to dispute his commands.

Mabel followed her conductress with an air of passive indifference—for her energies were gone, her spirits completely crushed by her misfortune; and her two persecutors, after waiting some minutes for the boy to take charge of the horses, followed her into the house.

Kelf, who appeared perfectly acquainted with the localities of the mansion, made his way to the offices, and soon returned with a bundle of faggots, which he thrust upon the embers of the still smouldering fire in the huge chimney of the parlour: they speedily burst into a cheerful blaze.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction; "this is what I call comfortable!"

His companion made no reply; he was evidently thinking of something else, as he paced with measured strides the floor of the apartment.

"This is a dry reception, after so long a ride!" continued the speaker; "I should have thought you kept better cheer at Bordercleugh!"

"Be patient," said the old man, "till Maud returns, when you shall have your fill."

The keeper had not long to wait; the domestic soon made her appearance, and instantly began to make preparations for breakfast.

"Well, Maud," said her master, "how is your prisoner, he was about to say, but he corrected himself, and substituted the word 'guest'."

"Eh, puir thing!" replied the old woman; "but she seems in a sair strait, and not o'er canny in her speech. It was awfu' to hear her when I showed her into the Long Chamber. To be sure," she added, in a sympathizing tone, "it is a lonesome place;"

"Maud has found it out!" exclaimed Kelf, with a coarse laugh.

"Found what out, sir?"

"That the person I have brought here is mad!" answered Gilbert Rawlins; "but she is harmless—quite harmless!"

"I thought so!" said the old woman, shaking her head; "I thought so!"

And she continued her preparations for breakfast.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Better to fall with honesty, than to succeed  
By scheming villainies. Webster.

GREAT was the surprise of Lady Moretown, when informed on the following morning of the departure of Mabel—which was presumed to be voluntary, so artfully had the plans of her husband been laid and carried out. On the first impulse of her anger, she accused her of ingratitude, but regretted, more on the wanderer's account than on her own, that her benevolent intentions had been frustrated.

The sudden change in the manner of the earl, who speedily relapsed from his short-lived kindness to his former tone of cold, supercilious politeness, speedily changed the current of her thoughts; and she became convinced that he had something to do with the disappearance of Mabel, although she was far from suspecting the extent to which his cruelty had been carried. Poor girl! she had still to learn how much baseness man is capable of, when once tempted to swerve from the path of rectitude and honour.

At a late hour the following night, Kelf returned to the abbey, and was immediately admitted to an interview with his noble employer.

"So!" exclaimed the peer, with a smile of satisfaction, "you have succeeded?—the woman is at Bordercleugh?"

"She is, my lord!" replied the fellow.

"Were you observed in your journey?"

The keeper replied, that they had taken the most private roads, carefully avoiding the farm-houses scattered at intervals over the moor, and reached the place without encountering a living being on their way.

His master, having paid him the promised reward, naturally expected that the keeper would take his leave—but the man lingered and hesitated; it was evident that he had something to impart, but did not know how to broach the subject.

"Speak out, Kelf!" said his lordship; "what is it?"

Thus encouraged, the ruffian related the particulars of the capture of Mabel—described the appeal she had made to her relative, and the evident impression it had produced upon the old man; and concluded by hinting that he did not consider her altogether safe in his keeping.

Lord Moretown reflected a few minutes before he replied to him.

"Gilbert Rawlins," he said, "is getting old, but I believe him to be faithful."

The obsequious tool of his villainy shrugged his shoulders; he was too servile to contradict him.

"Still," continued the peer, "it may be advisable to keep an eye upon him!"

Kelf looked as if he thought it would be very advisable to do so.

"I do not like to dismiss an old servant!" resumed his master, after a second pause, during which he had weighed over in his mind the reluctance and hesitation which the uncle of Mabel had displayed when he first proposed the scheme of carrying her off to him; "especially upon suspicion. Keep a sharp look out, Kelf," he added; "and if anything should occur to carry him off, I will appoint you to his place at Bordercleugh!"

The eyes of the keeper sparkled with an expression of cupidity and joy, at the promise thus artfully held out; it had long been the secret desire of his heart to supplant the old man, whose temper had frequently galled him. It is the very nature of an ungrateful mind to hate those to whom they owe the most; he was profuse in his thanks and professions of fidelity.

"I do not doubt you!" observed the peer, in a careless tone; "and the proof that I do not, is the promise I have just made you! But you must wait patiently for its fulfilment," he added, with a smile; "Rawlins is strong and hearty—he may live many years yet!"

Kelf maintained an ominous silence; as we before observed, he made it a point never to contradict his master.

After receiving directions from Lord Moretown—who complained that the grouse were getting scarce on the neighbouring moor—to shoot occasionally at Bordercleugh, the keeper left the house. In his own mind he had already supplanted the man who had introduced him, a poor, half-starved lad, into the service of his noble employer.

"I should not wonder," mentally observed his lordship, as he rang for his valet to assist him to undress, "but Kelf is right! I do not think Rawlins will live long—I noticed that his energies were failing!"

With this reflection he resigned himself into the hands of his servant, and soon afterwards slept as soundly on his luxurious couch as though he had performed one of the most praiseworthy actions in the world, instead of indirectly instigating a bold, unprincipled ruffian to take the life of a fellow-creature—for the promise he had made the keeper amounted to nothing less.

Neither Mary nor Jane had forgotten their partners at the late fête—nature has strange instincts. They knew not why, but they both felt much happier since

they had known Charles Harland and his friend, Harry Sinclair: it had filled a void in their hearts—it is so natural to love. It must not be supposed that we employ the word "love" in its ordinary acceptation: the feeling was like the half-formed bud, which, at the birth of spring, gives promise of the flower—not the flower itself, expanded in beauty, and delicious in its fragrance.

In the centre of the grounds around the holm was a ruined fountain, overshadowed by two majestic elms, whose lofty boughs formed a leafy canopy over the still gushing waters. This was a favourite place of resort for the two children: whenever they could escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of Mrs. Williams, they loved to visit it alone; and, strange to say, seldom or ever sought it if accompanied by the sour, ill-tempered person whom Mrs. Graham had constituted their guardian. Sometimes they encountered the gardener there, when the old man would pause from his labour, and relate to them tales and legends connected with the former owners of the place.

Lately, however, even his presence had become distasteful to the sisters—for such they were in heart, if not in blood. For several successive Thursdays since the fête at Moretown Abbey, they had found, carefully placed upon the brink of the fountain, a couple of bouquets, directed in round, school-boy hands, to Jane and Mary.

They needed no one to inform them from whom the offering came—for they had long since ascertained that Thursday was a half-holiday for the rector and his pupils.

"Dear Mary," whispered Jane, as they stole like a couple of timid fawns, one lovely autumnal afternoon, towards the spot; "how I do wish that we were boys!"

"Boys!" repeated the astonished child.

"Yes! girls are such useless things! Would it not be nice to be at school with Charles and Henry—to share their studies and their play—have a half-holiday every week, to roam where we pleased, without that odious Williams to spy over and control us with her 'Fie, Miss Jane, you must not do this!' or, 'Mrs. Graham will not approve of that!'"

Mary looked as though she thought that it would be very nice indeed.

"I wonder," added the speaker, "if grandmamma ever had a governess like Mrs. Williams?"

By this time they had reached their favourite spot, and found, as usual, the two bouquets upon the brink of the fountain. They ran eagerly to take them, each exclaiming, as they did so:

"Oh, the beautiful flowers!"

"What blue eyes Charles has!" observed Jane, as the two girls seated themselves at the foot of one of the elm-trees; "I like blue eyes."

"Better than dark ones?" inquired Mary, archly—for, with all her timidity, she was perfectly aware that Harry Sinclair's eyes were dark. "Look—look!" she exclaimed, as the two youths, who, after many hesitations and consultations, had decided on remaining to watch for their appearance, left their place of concealment in the adjoining shrubbery.

Her first impulse was to run away; but her companion restrained her—for Jane was not half so timid as her sister.

For some moments the youthful party stood at a respectful distance, gazing on each other in silent bashfulness: of course it was not to be expected that the young ladies should be the first to speak.

"I am afraid," said Charles, at last taking courage, "that you are very angry with us!"

"Not for these beautiful flowers, at any rate," observed Jane, with a blush and a smile.

"You guessed whom they came from, then?" exclaimed Harry Sinclair, eagerly.

"Yes," murmured Mary, with childish simplicity; "we know no one else, except the old gardener—and he would have brought them to the house."

The ice once broken, the children—for such they were, in age and innocence—soon began to converse with the freedom natural to their years. The young intruders recounted the adventures they had met with in their various excursions to the holm; how, on one occasion they had nearly been detected by Mrs. Williams, who was walking in the shrubbery; on another, how the great dog, Nero, had chased them, till they made their escape over the wall. All these details were deeply interesting to the sisters—they broke the monotony of their secluded existence.

Whilst thus occupied in their mutual confidences, they were too deeply engaged to notice a slight rustling in the shrubbery close at hand.

"I can't bear that Mrs. Williams," observed Harry Sinclair; "she looks so cross."

"Nor I," added Jane, almost fiercely.

Even the gentle Mary confessed that she should like her much better, were it not for her unkindness to Jane.

Little did the speakers imagine that the personage with whom they were making thus free was scowling on them through the half-parted shrubs, and listening to every word they uttered.



Time glides rapidly away when we are happy. This the children soon discovered—for the shades of evening had already drawn around them before they thought of separating; and even then, not until they had agreed to meet again on the following Thursday.

"Do come!" whispered Charles Harland to Mary, who was the last to give her consent. "It is so delightful to meet those we like!"

Had he been four or five years older, he would have said, "those we love!"

And so they parted; not without many directions from the sisters how to avoid the gardener and Nero—neither of whom were very formidable enemies to encounter.

"Only stand boldly," said Jane, "and call him by name! He will not hurt you!"

This was alluding to the dog—not the gardener.

On their way to the house, Mary was unusually silent. Her sister, on the contrary, appeared all animation and spirit. There was a romance—a nameless charm—in their little mystery. In the innocence of her heart, she verily believed she would have scaled the wall herself to meet Harry Sinclair, had the youth proposed such an adventure to her.

"What is the matter, Mary?" she said, throwing her arm round the neck of her companion. "You seemed so happy, and now you are as sad as ever!"

"What will grandmamma say!" whispered the timid girl. "She will be sure to ask why we remained out so late!"

"We will tell her first, and think of that afterwards!" replied her sister. "I have it, Mary!" she added. "Let us give her our beautiful flowers! She can't be angry then!"

When the two children entered the drawing-room, they found Mrs. Graham seated, as usual, at her work-table. There was an expression of anger upon her countenance, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress.

"Where have you been?" she inquired, sharply, expecting, no doubt, to hear a falsehood—for Williams had told her not only all that she had seen and heard, but much more which she had imagined.

"In the garden!" replied Mary, presenting her the bouquet.

Jane laid hers upon the table. Young as she was, she felt the marked difference with which her supposed grandmother treated her sister and herself.

"And you have been detained, I suppose," continued the old lady, sneeringly, "gathering these flowers for me?"

"We did not gather them!" answered both the girls at once.

Mrs. Graham's brow began to clear.

"The gardener, then?"

"No!" was the joint reply.

This time she almost smiled—for, like most proud persons, she despised a falsehood.

"We found them!" added Jane.

"Found them!" repeated the lady, doubtfully.

Without further hesitation the children related to her everything that had passed—how, for several Thursdays past, they had each found a bouquet left for them at the old fountain, and how they had at last discovered to whom they were indebted for the gift.

"And do you know, Mary," inquired the grandmother, anxiously, "the names of these two youths?"

"Charles Harland!" replied the girl, blushing deeply.

"And Harry Sinclair!" added Jane.

At the name of Harland Mrs. Graham became visibly agitated. It was the name which she most wished and dreaded to hear.

"God is just!" she murmured, after an effort to recover her self-possession; "and smiles upon my purpose! I am not angry," she added, "for you have spoken the truth to me; and the truth, even when a fault has been committed, disarms reproach."

The two girls looked up into her face and smiled.

That night she dismissed them earlier than usual, and remained in close consultation for several hours with Caleb Brown, who never obtruded himself into her presence unless sent for—although, to all outward appearance, he possessed her unlimited confidence.

On the following Thursday Mary and Jane, with the permission of Mrs. Graham, repaired as usual to the fountain, where they found the two youths—for lovers we can scarcely call them—waiting for them. They had not been long together before Caleb made his appearance, to the no small confusion of the boys, who had been too deeply occupied with their fair companions to notice his approach. He was charged—as it afterwards appeared—with a message from his mistress.

"Do not run away, young gentlemen," he said, with a quiet smile. "My errand is anything but a disagreeable one! Which," he added, "is the son of Dr. Harland?"

"I am," replied Charles, in some confusion.

Caleb gazed upon him long and anxiously, as if to imprint his features on his memory, or sought to trace some fancied likeness in his visage.

"Pardon my boldness, sir!" he said, in a tone of deep respect and feeling; "but you are very like——" He stopped suddenly, as if he had already uttered too much.

"Like!—like whom?" demanded the boy.

"Your worthy father!" replied the old man, recollecting himself. "I am charged by Mrs. Graham to request that you do not leave without visiting her at the holm! She has heard of your being here, and wishes to see you; and bring your young friend," he added, bowing to Harry Sinclair, "with you!"

"We are in for it!" whispered Charles to his companion; "there will be a letter to the governor, and a lecture from the old lady. A thousand lines of Virgil, Harry, at least!"

This was in allusion to his father's mode of punishing his pupils.

Sinclair shrugged his shoulders; he was too manly to show any regret before Jane at the risk he had incurred on her account.

"Grandmamma is not angry!" observed Mary, who partly guessed what was passing in their minds. "Is she, Caleb?"

"Certainly not, miss!"

The two schoolboys would gladly have excused themselves from accepting the invitation, but they had no excuse—at least, none that they were willing to offer in the presence of the sisters. Exercises to write appeared too puerile, and they would have endured anything rather than have alluded to the dread they felt of being punished by the rector. So, making up their minds to encounter the worst, they gallantly offered their arms to the young ladies, and escorted them towards the house.

The instant the party entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Graham fixed her eyes upon Charles, and exclaimed, rather abruptly:

"Your name is Harland?"

"It is, madam; and my companion's Harry Sinclair."

The lady received the last piece of information with a slight inclination of her head, but without once removing her fixed gaze from the speaker.

"I have heard of your boyish gallantry," she observed at last, "to my grandchildren, and ought to feel angry—but youth excuses it! For the future," she added, with a forced smile, "let your visits be made through the gates of the lodge, and not over the park wall. It is dangerous and unseemly!"

The two youths, who had expected to receive a stern reproof and a cold dismissal, regarded each other with astonishment; not only was their escapade forgiven, but they were absolutely invited by the mysterious lady of the holm to renew their visits.

Mary and Jane were not less puzzled than their admirers to understand the motive of their grandmother's unusual condescension.

And how was it possible that they—pure, inexperienced children of nature—should read the secret workings of that heart, which had known so many sorrows and so many crimes? The motives and conduct of age must often appear strange and inexplicable in the eyes of youth. We seldom learn to comprehend them till time, in some degree, has made them the reflex of our own.

With that consummate tact which marks the woman of the world, Mrs. Graham led the youth, in whom she felt such strange and mingled interest, into a conversation calculated to display the resources of his mind—the depths of his yet undeveloped character. Charles, who had nothing to conceal, passed the ordeal even of her examination unscathed. She failed to detect either meanness or one selfish feeling in his ingenuous nature.

"He is worthy of his destiny," she mentally acknowledged; though what that destiny was to be, remained a secret between herself and the old servant, Caleb Brown—a strange confidant, perhaps, for one of her wealth and character.

At last the two boys rose to depart, just as the servant entered the room with coffee.

"I cannot part with you yet!" said their singular hostess; observing the evident impatience of Charles to be gone, she added: "I have despatched a note to Dr. Harland; he will be under no uneasiness on account of your absence!"

The two boys were more and more surprised at her condescension. The rest of the evening passed so happily, that it was eight o'clock before Charles and Harry finally took their leave.

The instant they were gone, Mrs. Graham, after bidding Mary and Jane good night, retired to her chamber, to pray—to wrestle with her proud spirit—to gather strength for the completion of her long-contemplated project—which, as the hour of its achievement drew near, appeared more and more humiliating to her heart.

"It must be done!" she murmured; "justice to the living and the dead alike demand it! Then, and then only, can I sleep in peace!"

The two friends entered the study of Dr. Harland with that uncertain air which denoted their doubt of the manner in which their absence would be received.

He questioned them seriously, but not harshly, as to the manner of their introduction to the lady of the holm, smiled at their ingenuous confession, and dismissed them to their rooms.

"I must have a lock placed upon the door of the conservatory!" said Dr. Harland; "or I shall not have a single flower left!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

His nature's cry, and the young mother's heart Responsive answers it. Old Play.

LORD MORETOWN was seated in the library of the abbey, answering the letters of his political friends, when the servant announced that Rawlins wished to see him.

"Admit him!" said his master, with a feeling of surprise which he could scarcely conceal—for it was a rare circumstance for the old man to quit his place at Bordercleugh.

"Some news," thought the peer, "respecting Mabel, which he is too prudent to write—perhaps she is dead!"

As Shakespeare says: "His wish was father to his thought!"

"Well, Rawlins," said his lordship with a condescending smile, "what brings you so far from home? How fares your charge?"

"Sadly enough!" replied the uncle of poor Mabel; "but it is not that, my lord, which has caused my visit. I do not come to plague you with her troubles, but my own."

"Yours?"

"Mine!" repeated the old man, in a sullen tone; "and it is to you I come for redress."

"Speak plainly," exclaimed his master, impatiently; "I have a poor head for guessing at riddles!"

"Not more so than mine for proposing them," was the rejoinder; "and as for speaking plainly, I came for no other purpose! In a word, am I or am I not the master of Bordercleugh?"

"Do you doubt it?—who dares dispute it?"

"I did not doubt it," replied Rawlins, "till the doubt was forced upon me by the insolence of your keeper, Kelf, who has chosen lately to make my house his home—pleading your authority for his intrusion! My lord," he continued, "I am a plain-spoken man, as you have always found me; and will not submit to be either watched or unjustly suspected!"

"The bungler!" mentally ejaculated the peer.

"In a word," added his visitor, "either Kelf must quit the place or I do!"

Lord Moretown was a proud man, and listened with impatience to the bold remonstrances of the former instrument of his tyranny; but he did listen to them—for there was something in the speaker's look and manner which indicated that it would be dangerous to trifle with him.

"As for leaving," replied his lordship, "you must be the best judge—I have no desire to compel you to remain there; but I must protest against your laying the insolence of my servant at my door! By-the-by," he added, as if the recollection had suddenly struck him, "I do remember, some weeks since, when Kelf complained of the scarcity of game in the home coverts, that I reminded him that he would find plenty at Bordercleugh!"

His former confidant replied only by an incredulous smile.

"Do you doubt me?" said the peer, with a look intended to convey indignant surprise.

"Experience teaches even children to mistrust!" answered the old man; "your lordship will pardon me if I require proof instead of words!"

"And what is the proof that you require?"

"That Kelf be forbidden to approach the place! I feel uneasy at his continual presence: not that I fear him—but it is an insult to me!"

"And why the deuce," exclaimed his master, with an air of well-affected candour, "did you not say so at first? Can you be so weak as to imagine that I should trust him in preference to you—whose fidelity I have so proved and tried?"

"You ought not, my lord!"

"He is one of those presuming, swaggering fellows," continued the peer, "who take authority upon themselves with a word! Not only will I forbid him to visit Bordercleugh, but remove him from the neighbourhood at once. My brother-in-law, the Duke of Ayrtroun, who leaves for his estate in the Highlands in the morning, has expressed a wish to have him, and I shall be glad to be rid of him!"

The disparaging terms in which Lord Moretown spoke of the object of Rawlin's aversion completely blinded the judgment of his visitor, who had left his home in the full expectation of finding the intruder fully supported in his insolence; it more than pacified the old man. He felt almost grateful—so easily are we misled by those who pander either to our prejudices or passions.

Rawlins muttered something like an excuse for his unjust suspicion.

"Say no more about it!" said his master; "only, for

the future, if you meet with any annoyance, communicate at once with me; and not brood over it till you hatch I know not what chimera!"

"He grows dangerous!" muttered the earl, as his visitor took his leave.

He said no more; but that very night had a long conversation with Kelf, who departed the following morning in the train of his brother-in-law, to his new situation in the Highlands.

Previous to his departure for London, to resume his parliamentary duties—intrigues would have been the proper word—Lord Moretown coldly informed his wife that he had arranged for her to remain at the abbey till after her *accouchement*, the period of which was not far distant. Alice received the intimation with her usual quiet submission, although her heart was secretly pained by the indifference with which it was conveyed.

"You will be better here," he said, "than in the turmoil of London!"

"Doubtless, my lord!"

"I will send my own physician, Dr. Briard," he added, "to attend you. I have the most unlimited confidence in his skill."

Her heart was too full to speak. The unhappy wife silently acquiesced in the arrangement, although she felt a sudden chill run through her veins as she listened to it.

Little did she deem that Dr. Briard was the physician of Mademoiselle Athalie, as well as her husband; and that the artful Frenchwoman placed the same unbounded confidence in his skill as her lordship.

It was not till she was left alone in the comparatively deserted mansion, that Alice felt the utter desolation of her situation. No mother's anxious eye to watch over her—no friend in whom she could confide, as the moment approached when maternal care and affection are most needed. In the fulness of her sorrow, she wrote to inform her uncle of her position.

Little did she dream that it was some pitying angel which prompted her to do so.

The instant he received the letter of his niece, the worthy goldsmith made up his mind how to act. He arranged with Goliath—whose integrity had won his confidence—to conduct the business in his absence; but, previous to his departure, he paid a visit to Lady Digby. Fortunately, when he arrived, he found her physician—a man of the highest reputation in his profession—with her.

It was with the utmost difficulty that the stately old dowager repressed the indignation which she felt as she perused the letter of her grand-niece, which Mr. Brindly had placed in her hands.

"Sir Henry," she said, addressing the man of science, "may I ask if you are acquainted with Dr. Briard?"

A dry negative was the response.

"By reputation, perhaps?" suggested the lady, perfectly aware how sensitive the gentleman was upon any point which touched the etiquette or respectability of his profession. "Believe me, I have peculiar reasons—though probably not the ones you imagine—for my question!"

After some hesitation, Sir Henry admitted that he certainly had heard of such a person; adding, that, as he was not a member of the college, but of some foreign university—a German one, he believed—he had never met him, either professionally or privately.

"And yet he must be well known!" observed the goldsmith.

Lady Digby made a sign to Mr. Brindly to speak no more upon the subject.

"Heartless—heartless scoundrel!" exclaimed the old lady, as soon as the physician had taken his departure; "at such a moment to leave his wife to the care of hirelings!"

"Alice shall not be alone!" replied Mr. Brindly, deeply moved. "Although my presence will afford her but little consolation," he added, "at least I will be near her! I shall start for Moretown in the morning."

"Postpone your journey but for two days," said Lady Digby, "and I will accompany you."

"You?" exclaimed the goldsmith, with a look of unfeigned surprise.

"It is my duty!" added the dowager; "and I will not neglect it."

Although the goldsmith felt delighted at the offer, he hesitated to accept it, fearing the consequences of such a journey at her advanced age.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you had better first consult your medical adviser."

"And where would be the use?" demanded the old lady, sharply; "he would be sure to exclaim against it. I am one of those who never ask advice, when I have once made up my mind. Alice is the only relative I have in the world," she added; "for it was not the will of God that the footsteps of a child should follow me to the grave. Alice shall supply the place of one, and, if possible, I will be to her as a mother!"

The generous resolution was communicated to Lady Moretown that very day, by a letter from her uncle. Oh, how it relieved her heart when she received it.

She felt that she was not quite desolate, since there were still beings in the world to love and to watch over her. True, the wound she had received in her dearest feelings was not healed—but a rich balm had been poured upon its surface.

Lady Digby—thanks to the luxurious travelling carriage which Mr. Brindly had provided, and frequent restings on the way—bore the long and fatiguing journey much better than could have been expected from her advanced age; but, as she observed to her companion, indignation had given her strength. On reaching the abbey, the high-spirited woman alighted without assistance, and felt herself repaid for the toil she had undergone in the embrace of her grateful grand-niece, who welcomed her as a dying child might welcome the smile of its long-absent mother.

How sweetly did Alice sleep that night: the dreams which had lately haunted her no longer troubled her pillow: she felt as if her guardian angel had driven them from her side, and, with its outspread wings, kept watch over her. It was long—very long—since she had tasted such repose.

In a few days a great change was observable in the manner of the servants at the abbey—they became suddenly respectful and attentive—for their mistress had risen considerably in their estimation since they found she was the grand-niece of Lady Digby, whose stately manners awe'd and controlled them. In addition to her footmen, the dowager had brought with her her own nurse and waiting-woman.

Within a week of the expected time, a chaise drove up to the mansion, and a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, who alighted from it, presented his card, with the name of Dr. Briard.

Mr. Brindly had given previous directions that, in the event of the arrival of such a person, he should be introduced to him.

The worthy goldsmith felt an indescribable repugnance as the confidential physician rose from his seat in the library, where he had been conducted, to receive him and a celebrated practitioner of the name of Fife, whom he had called in to attend upon his niece, and who fortunately was in the house at the time.

"Lady Moretown," said her uncle, "is too much indisposed to receive a stranger! May I request to be favoured with the purport of your visit?"

"I am the bearer of a letter from the earl," replied the gentleman, with an air of importance. "I should have thought," he added, with marked emphasis, "that my visit was expected!"

"It has been expected!" answered Mr. Brindly. "Permit me to introduce you to the medical attendant of the countess."

"This is very strange!" muttered the charlatan, utterly confounded by the coolness of the reception.

"Strange!" repeated the old gentleman; "ay, it is strange that a person of my niece's rank should have been kept in such unjustifiable suspense till the last moment! Fortunately her family have had more consideration for her feelings than her noble husband! Lady Moretown," he added, "by the advice of her friends, declines your services!"

By this time Dr. Briard had recovered something of his natural assurance.

"Impossible!" he said. "I am here by the authority of her husband! Such an insult was never yet offered to a man of my rank in the profession!"

"And may I ask," inquired Mr. Fife, for the first time breaking silence, "whence that rank is derived? I have looked carefully through the lists, and cannot find the name amongst any of the regular members of the profession; not one of whom, I am certain, would consent to meet you!"

The gentleman was dumbfounded at this home-thrust, and remained silent.

"Mr. Briard," continued the speaker, "will, I am convinced, at once perceive the propriety of his withdrawing; for, should any fatal accident occur to the countess while under his care, he would be indictable for manslaughter, if not for murder!"

Mr. Brindly uttered a deep groan at the word "murder:" for the first time a fearful suspicion shook him, and, giving vent to his indignation, he at once imperatively ordered the intruder to quit the house; adding, that he would be answerable for the step he had taken to Lord Moretown.

"Who is doubtless ignorant," observed Mr. Fife, "of the real character of his physician."

Finding remonstrances and threats equally useless, the baffled charlatan left the abbey; and four days afterwards Alice gave birth to a son.

What words can picture the joy of the young mother, as she presses her first-born to her heart? Nature at its birth unseals the fount of a thousand gushing sympathies. The deserted wife felt, as she welcomed the little stranger with a holy kiss, that life was not all a blank; for she both prayed and wished to live.

"Thank heaven, it is a boy!" exclaimed Mr. Brindly, with a chuckle of intense delight, when the friendly surgeon imparted the news to him.

"And the image of its mother!" added Mr. Fife.

The goldsmith could scarcely express his happiness.

To mark his sense of the importance of the event, he drew from his hand a brilliant worth several hundred pounds, and placed it upon that of the skilful surgeon.

(To be continued.)

#### SAY, DO YOU REMEMBER?

Oh, say, do you remember, love,  
When 'neath the lofty oak,  
Around whose trunk the ivy twined,  
To hide the lightning's stroke;  
I sang to thee my favourite song  
And kissed away thy tears,  
And vowed my love should changeless be  
Throughout the lapse of years?  
Oh, those were bright and joyous hours  
That dawn'd upon us then,  
When Hope her visions round us threw,  
And Fancy held the pen.  
Oh, tell me, art thou faithful now  
To those fond vows of thine,  
As I have been, in thought and deed;  
To promises of mine?  
Oh, say that thy fond, trusting heart  
Still clings with love to me,  
As clings the ivy still around  
Our lofty trusting-tree.  
If so—then happiness is ours,  
Whatever the world may say;  
The sun of hope illumines our track  
And night gives place to day.

F. J.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Potsdam, at the time of the visit of the members of the Statistical Congress. Among the persons who were walking in the gardens of the Palace of Sans-Souci, was a Prussian officer, who entered into conversation with an English savant. The latter, after a time, could not avoid expressing his surprise at finding a Prussian officer speak English so well. The officer replied that there was nothing astonishing in that fact, as his wife and his mother-in-law were both English. "Might I venture to inquire the name of your mother-in-law?" said the English savant. "Queen Victoria!" replied the officer, who was no other than the Crown Prince of Prussia.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—The steamer Planet arrived at Chicago, on September 7, bringing the news that the steamer Sunbeam foundered in Lake Superior on the 28th of August, and that all on board, except the wheelman were lost. The wheelman lashed himself to a piece of wreck, and after floating for thirty hours, was washed ashore at Portage, twenty miles from the scene of the disaster. He reports that the Sunbeam left Superior City on Thursday. Early the next morning, during a terrible gale, the steamer was struck by a heavy sea, which rolled her over on her side. The small boats were immediately got out, and the passengers and crew were put into them, when the steamer was struck by another heavy sea, and commenced breaking up. The wheelman soon afterwards saw the boats filled with passengers and crew leaving the wreck; but it was impossible for the boats to live in such a gale, and they were swamped, and he is certain that all on board were lost. The Planet picked up portions of the wreck, which were floating about for two miles around where the vessel went down. The passengers and crew numbered thirty-five.

A MODERN TALISMAN.—There has seldom been recorded a grosser instance of superstition than was disclosed in the trial of a case at Longhull (county Antrim) Petty Sessions. James Hagan was summoned by his wife, Sarah Hagan, for gross ill-treatment, the cause of which was the loss of a talisman, which Hagan believed enabled him to become invisible at certain times and places. This mysterious power is communicated by the possession of "a dead man's finger!" It certainly must have once been part of a very bad man, for its possessor seems to have used it for very bad purposes, his wife having sworn that he kept it because by means of it he could enter any man's dwelling, go behind his counter, and rob his drawers without being observed or detected. This was her evidence; but she could not say if the finger had ever been so employed. No doubt to a thief such a relic would be valuable. Hagan regarded it in this light; it endowed him with a charmed existence, and, because his wife could not account for it, he gave her a most unmerciful beating, and threatened to take her life. The truth appears to be that the poor woman became alarmed at the conduct of her husband carrying about the finger, and she buried it in a neighbour's field and forgot the place of interment. No excuse would satisfy Hagan. He would have the finger, and nothing but the finger; so that the poor woman, failing to discover it, felt the power of his five fingers in a very unmanly way. The Bench, having commented severely on the fellow's misconduct and gross superstition, ordered him to find bail to keep the peace for twelve months.

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[THE VISIT TO JOHN DOWNES.]

## THE THREE ROSES.

CHAPTER XIV.  
THEIR HOME.

A lone dwelling, built by whom or how,  
None of the rustic mountain people know.  
The cliff and house are high;  
Nature with all her children haunts the hill;  
The spotted deer basks in the fresh moonlight  
Before the door; this is their home in life.

Shelley.

A DEEP shadow rested on Staunton's brow as, with his wife on his arm, he wended along a narrow path leading up the hill side. The weight of a grave fault and heavy responsibility was resting on his young spirit. He had not felt this while Janet was ill; he had only striven to save her life—only prayed for her restoration—but now that she was spared to him, how was he to secure the happiness, or even the comfort, of this fragile life; how, with his utmost efforts, should he preserve her from the inevitable hardships in store for her? Every circumstance pressed this question home upon him. They had not walked a hundred yards up the hill before her cheek flushed deeply; and so great was the palpitation of her heart, that he felt the veins and nerves of the small arm resting on his own throb and tremble violently, and he reproached himself for suffering her to walk. Yet carriages and horses were very expensive, and economy must commence some time.

"Janet, sit down here, dear, and rest awhile," he said, and arranged a seat under a tree upon the side of the hill, with some broken pieces of rock, seated her carefully, and sitting by her side, put his arm around her waist, and drawing her head down on his bosom, looked into her sweet, wan face with intense, absorbing interest. How faded, how broken she looked already! Oh, she was dying like a plucked flower on his bosom, and he could never survive her, he thought. Her sweet eyes, upturned to his, read the poor boy's thoughts, and she replied, softly:

"Do not be uneasy about me, dear. You know people recovering from illness are always weak. I am ashamed of my long-continued weakness, and shall try to grow strong. I am gaining strength every day."

Here she was interrupted by that slight but constantly recurring cough.

"This will not do, either, dear; the dews are beginning to fall, and you will take cold," said he; and, after looking at her a moment with a smile, he stooped suddenly, and before she could object, raised her light form in his arms and bore her up the hill. Arrived at

the top, he put her down, and, drawing her arm again within his own, they resumed their walk.

"At least, now, there are some things, and they are the best, too, that poverty cannot deprive us of. Oh, Charles! if it were not for—" and here she stopped, as if unwilling to sadden him uselessly by an allusion to their mutual and irreparable error; and here, too, she made a silent resolution never to trouble him again with her remorse.

"What were you saying, love?"

"I say, Charles, that the wealth, ease and luxury which we have lost are nothing in comparison to the blessings which yet remain to us. Come; can we count them up? Youth, health, hope, intelligence and good looks (let us be frank with each other), and our mutual love; that to begin with. Then our little house, small as it is, is alone—is on the hill, where the air is so light and pure, and the water so crystal-clear and cold. I do not know whether it is because my lungs are extremely delicate and sensitive or not, but I find a great difference between valley air and mountain air. I find mountain air so easy to breathe; so light, thin, dry, and inflating. In valley air I detect a humidity and heaviness, even in dry weather. I always felt so light, and elastic, and cheerful on the bracing hills, in comparison to what I felt in the valley. I always said that I would rather live in a plain house on the mountain than a fine one in the valley. So you see, Charles, you couldn't have suited me better than by settling on the hill. I always had an instinctive conviction that I required bracing air and pure water to make me a strong girl; and if it had not been for this wound—" Here she stopped suddenly, again reproaching herself that she had been hurried into an allusion to her father's violence.

This was the very first time that she had ever hinted at the subject, and now she was agitated at having inadvertently done so. But Staunton grew pale, stopped, and while one arm passed around her little waist and supported her, the other hand was laid upon the left side of her bosom, and, looking earnestly into her face, he inquired very seriously:

"Janet, dear, tell me, and tell me the truth—this wound of yours!—there is no outward sign of its existence remaining; but, do you feel it still?"

Janet remained silent. Her cheek flushed; she looked down.

"Tell me, Janet."

"Charles!"

"Nay, dear, you must tell me; it is positively necessary that you do, love: say, does that wound still continue to hurt you?"

"Yes."

Her husband became very much agitated; it was

with the utmost effort at self-control that he could speak steadily.

"How! Tell me all about it, my love."

"Well, then, it is always burning—burning as if a small coal of fire was there; it is that which flushes up my left cheek so."

He suppressed a heavy groan.

"And when you draw a long breath does it hurt you more?"

"Yes; when I cough, or raise my voice, or draw a long breath, a sharp, burning pain darts from that spot, spreads all over my chest, and flushes up my cheek."

The suppressed groan now burst forth in agony.

"Don't grieve, Charles! Dear Charles, don't; please don't. It is a worse anguish to see you grieve; besides, I know how to prevent this pain."

"How, dear?"

"By not taking a long breath, except when I forget myself or when I cannot help it."

"Oh, my God!—oh, Janet! Your father!—may the lightning of God's wrath scathe—"

"Hush! hush! Charles," said Janet, closing his lips with her emaciated hand, "my poor father did not mean it! Let us talk of something pleasant—our cottage."

"Rather, let us not cover up a misery or a danger Janet, but face it, expose and examine it. Let us not attempt any amiable deception. Love! let us be open with each other—to begin, I know your thought!"

"You do, Charles?—you know, then, I struggle against it, too?"

"Yes, dear Janet! you think that you bear your death-wound in your bosom!"

"I try not to think of it—and I pray God, night and day, to let me live!—and I shall try to live—for, above all things, I love life!—with all its trials, I do love life! It may not be an exalted feeling, but it is mine. I shocked Jessie, once, by telling her that I liked earth better than heaven! Young as I am, this old earth seems to me like a dear old familiar place, where my life commenced many thousand years ago—and that I should not like to leave it for any new strange place, even heaven! I have always felt old—yet, no—not old—but as if I had lived an infinite past life of childhood and youth. I remember once I made a whole company laugh. They came to celebrate my birthday—'Janet is five years old, to-day,' said my father. 'Oh, father! 'five years old,'—I am a million of years old, at the very least!' said I, and they all laughed."

Staunton was watching her with anxiety.

"Janet, dear, you are feverish and excited, you wander away from the subject. For your threatened disease there is no prevention or cure in the whole pharmacopæia!"

"I know

"But, Janet, there is a remedy in the simplest elements of nature. I do not mean in vegetables or in minerals that may be naturally repugnant to the stomach, for they have a place in the pharmacopœia—but in simple elements in your constant use, that you cannot do without a day. You instinctively thought of them, love."

"Air, and water?"

"Yes, dear, pure air, pure water, rationally used, are the great agents in the prevention and cure of disease. I know and have faith in the principle, and with the blessing of the Lord, my wife, you shall live!"

The last words brought them to a small, old clearing among the stunted trees, upon the very summit of the hill, called Eagle Cliff. In the centre of this clearing, and enclosed by a low stone wall, stood an old but substantial building, surmounted by a steep roof. Eagle Cliff, as the place and house were called, had been built, it was supposed, by the first emigrant of the name of Redclyffe, as an occasional hunting-lodge. But as of late years that portion of their immense landed property had been sold, and as the present proprietor, Captain Houghton, had a much handsomer hunting-seat, furnished with all the most splendid appointments of the chase, this rude, strong lodge was suffered to go into disuse, and for many years, it had been left untenanted. The reason of its being left to solitude and to the work of the elements, was obvious—its extreme height and barren soil. Staunton took it, because he had only the choice between that and a handsome seat in the valley, the rent of which he could never expect to pay.

As they reached the spot, Staunton said:

"This is our home, dear; turn and observe the prospect from this spot."

And Janet, leaning on his arm, turned to let her wondering and admiring eye rove over the whole great valley of Glenfall, like an immense map before them. Many hundred feet below and before them glided the river, glittering and flashing like an enormous diamond serpent; across the river, to the right, where it swept around in the shape of a horse-shoe, stood the old building of Oak Lodge; to the left, many miles down, between two hills, sloping to the river, lay the Limes, buried in the trees. As her eyes fell for the first time for two months upon her home, a spasm seized her heart, but she said nothing. Some miles below that towered Fairseat, the magnificent hunting-seat of Captain Houghton, with its chimneys in the clouds.

"It is a magnificent view!" said Janet; and then they went into the house.

It was furnished very plainly, even for a country house, although Staunton had laid out at least half his little fortune in getting it cleaned and fitted up. A carpet, a half-dozen chairs, an oak table, a corner cupboard with glass doors—a small clock on a triangular shelf in the opposite corner, a few bookshelves over the chimney-piece, and green blinds at the windows, completed the simple furniture of their sitting-room. But a pleasant—yes, and painful surprise awaited Janet—a bright fire was glowing in the chimney; and a little teapot and covered plate of buttered toast on the hearth. In the middle of the room stood the table, set out with the neat white service. Charles Staunton looked as much surprised as his wife at this unexpectedly warm and homelike welcome; but before they had time to make a comment, old Betty entered the back door, and coming towards Janet, burst out crying, and held out her arms.

"Come, my good soul, control yourself; don't agitate your young mistress, she is very weak from recent illness," said Charles, drawing Janet away, and forcing her to sit down.

"I know, sir, I know. I did not intend to cry, but the moment I saw her I could not help it, for is she not my foster-child? and it almost breaks my heart to see what she has brought herself to."

"You must not talk that way, Betty. I should be entirely contented if grandmother was well, and father reconciled. How is my dear grandmother?"

"Yes! you'd better o' thought o' 'dear grandmother' when you runned away and left her, and broke her poor old heart!"

"Come, come, no more of this, Betty," said Staunton, sternly.

"Let her alone! She is honest; she only means to reproach me with disobedience. Betty, reproach me as much as you please, for your care of me has given you a sort of right to scold, but confine your reproaches to me."

## CHAPTER XV.

### TRIALS.

Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing—  
Each day shall see some task begun,  
Each evening see it close;  
Something attempted—something done,  
Shall win a night's repose.

WHETHER it was from the fatigue of her walk, or that the coldness of the air was, as yet, too great a stimu-

lant for her, I know not; but that night, their first at home, Janet coughed all night; and it was nearly day, when she fell into a deep sleep of complete exhaustion. Even then there was no sleep for her husband. Notwithstanding all he spoke, and hoped, and tried to believe—an insufferable anxiety seized and preyed upon his heart, as he watched her by the faint morning light. Both her little arms, so thin and white now, were thrown up over her head upon the pillow, with that helpless abandon so piteous to see in the very weak. Even the deceptive flush had faded from her cheek, and the pale yellow locks, escaped in her restlessness from under the little lace cap, clung damp and clammy to the cheek and bosom. Her breathing was distressing, short, quick, interrupted; or, if a long breath was drawn, it was emitted like a shuddering sigh, while a spasm of pain would contract the wan face, and a slight convulsion agitate the fragile form. As he watched her sleep of deep prostration, and her painful and spasmodic breathing, he bitterly reproached himself; but with that singular propensity of mind that draws us to analogies, even in hours of extreme distress, he thought of the bird he had caught and crushed in his hand, through his eagerness to possess it; of the flower he had plucked, which had withered on his bosom; and he looked upon this fragile, fading human flower, rudely torn from the parent stem, and dying on its bed; and he groaned so that had that sleep been other than the lethargy of weakness, it must have awakened her.

Staunton knew more of domestic economy than Janet. The only child of a youthful and widowed mother, he had received the education both of a girl and a boy. And, by the way, I have noticed that by far the most amiable, considerate, the most gentle and sympathetic men, where women are concerned, are those brought up from infancy to manhood by widowed mothers. I suppose the reason is plain enough—the early chastening of sorrow—perhaps early acquaintance with privation, toil, and disappointment, and, above all, early and intimate acquaintance with women's peculiar trials. The Angel of Sorrow does not preside over a more beautiful sight than that of a youthful widow and her little son. The mother almost as much of a child as the infant—the infant almost as thoughtful as the mother. The widow's pensive brow has sobered the orphan, and he has left his sports, and stands by her with a grave face—her comfort, confidant, and counsellor, deeply interested in all her hopes and fears—thoughtful of all their domestic interests—her playmate and prime minister.

Staunton had made the coffee when the door noiselessly opened, and his wife appeared, looking wan and weak, but very lovely and loving, in her plain, white wrapper and her golden curls.

"I overslept myself, Charles; indeed I am very sorry and very much ashamed," she said, with a gentle embarrassment, as she approached the table.

"My pale morning star! how are you, darling?"

"I am well—very well—only tired."

"Tired, love?"

"Yes, tired, Charles—it is so strange! sleeping tires me so that I wake up, not refreshed, but prostrated. It seems as if I slept hard, or fast, or laboriously—as if while I slept so heavily, an exhausting process of absorption and evaporation had been going on, that leaves me lighter, thinner, and much weaker than when I went to sleep. It is not pain, or illness of any sort; so you must not look so serious, Charles; it is only a strange fatigue."

"My love, you should not have risen so soon."

She threw herself into his arms, and clasping him tightly, said:

"Oh, Charles, you have such a good, kind heart. I wonder where you got it!" she exclaimed, passionately clinging to him; "do you know how much I love you? do you know how happy beyond expression you make me? I shall not die! I cannot die! I wonder how any one who loves can die! Love—such as I bear you, methinks, is immortality."

Staunton did not reply to this. He wished to soothe and quiet her, and he only held her still and smoothed her hair. Presently she sat down.

After breakfast was cleared, they drew to the fire—the table still between them.

"Now," he said, "I am going down to town—is there anything I can do for you there, Janet?"

She removed from her neck a cross of gold, and holding it towards him, said:

"Yes, Charles; I want you to dispose of this for me. Father has not sent my trunks, you know; and you will remember that I have but few clothes—none of them proper to wear when engaged in house-work. The changes Ruth Downes lent me when I was ill at her father's house, are of course left there, and so I am in a strait. Take the money for the sale of the cross, and give it to Ruth, and ask her to buy me what is put down on this list," said Janet, handing him a little paper.

"But, Janet, keep your cross, love! it is a sacred relic, and we are not in such a strait as that yet."

"Uses are more sacred than unproductive relics."

"Well, Janet, you are right, but the 'uses' are not urgent now; keep your cross until they are."

And saying this, and promising to return by noon, he left the house.

Janet occupied the time of his absence with looking through her new home, and finding out where everything was placed.

Staunton was not idle. He would rise in the morning, go out with his gun, and return with a brace of wild fowl. Later, he would take his angling-rod and go down to the banks of the river to fish. His hopes the first week were very high.

"After all, dear, if you were not the spoiled child of wealth and luxury, this half-savage life would not be amiss."

"Oh! I should like it of all things, if my dearest grandmother were well, my father reconciled, and I could only get rid of this burning pang in my chest."

Staunton laid aside from his small store, a sum of money to pay the bills of the physician and the tavern-keeper; then he advertised for a situation as private secretary to a gentleman. Those who have no need to labour, or who find employment sufficient to supply their wants, have no idea of the wearing anxiety of one seeking work from week to week and finding none—while expenses are going on, or a family are suffering. Staunton was sick at heart—everything seemed at a stand-still—the world to be stationary—at least to him who appeared to be useless and needless to society: still they continued to do "whatever" their hands found "to do."

Every mail day Staunton would go down to John Downes, but in vain. No communication addressed to him was there to claim the promised prompt attention.

"There is always something to be done, dear, and I have observed through life that people waste more time in waiting the result of future contingencies than in any other manner," he would say to his wife.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### JANET'S REALITIES.

Ah whither now are fled—

Those dreams of greatness? Those unaided hopes  
Of happiness? Those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? Those busy, bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights? Those yearning thoughts—  
Lost between good and ill—that made thy life?  
All now are vanished—virtue sole survives—  
Immortal, never-failing friend to man,  
Thy guide to happiness on high. *Thomson.*

I SAID the Downes seemed to be their only friends—that the rest of the world appeared to have forgotten them. It was not so exactly. One afternoon, about the first of November, when the weather was already cool upon those bleak heights, Janet sat waiting for the return of her husband, who was on the hills with his gun. Suddenly she heard a horse gallop up, and pause before the door; and in another instant the door flew open, and she was in the arms of Maggy Upham.

"Dear, dear Janet, how are you?"

"Dearest Maggy!"

"Oh, Janet, I am so glad to see you."

"Dear Maggy a thousand thanks for coming!" were the exclamations of the two young ladies, as they embraced each other fondly.

"Sit down, Maggy, and let me take your hat and whip."

"How is Charles?"

"Well, but careworn."

"And who is with you—anyone besides Charles?" asked Maggy, taking off and handing her hat, gloves, &c., to her friend.

"No—no one but Charles," replied Janet.

"What—you do not say that you have no servant. Who waits upon you?"

"Charles—and I wait upon him, also," smiled Janet. But in a moment the smile vanished, and drawing a chair close by the side of Maggy, she said:

"Now, Maggy, tell me about my dear grandmother—I never hear from her—how is she?"

"Dear Janet, her life and health seem to be stationary—there has been no change for the better or the worse for two months."

"But her state, her state—what is it?" Maggy then briefly described the condition of the old lady.

Janet covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud, and sobbed:

"I did it. I did it. In return for all her tenderness and care—all her disinterested love for me. I have reduced her to a state worse than death."

"No, Janet, it was not your work. Don't weep so bitterly; you have enough to trouble yourself besides that, poor girl."

"Do not pity me, I do not merit it. I do not suffer at all. I never have complained. I never will complain. If I were to suffer very much it would be right. Oh, I am worse than a matricide!" exclaimed Janet, between the agonizing sobs that convulsed her whole frame.

Her extreme remorse, her anguish, melted, while it alarmed her friend. She caressed her, also tried to



soothe her, but Janet repulsed her, passionately refusing to be comforted, passionately demanding to suffer and to expiate.

"Now, you have worn yourself out by weeping," said Maggy, at length—"now will you listen to reason? for there is no reason in your remorse; it is as inordinate as any other unsanctified passion. Now listen to me, Janet—your dear grandmother herself never blames you; never names you, but with love, with prayer for your welfare, with blessing."

"Ah, yes, yes; but does that make me less guilty? Does not it make me more so?"

"I wish to tell you that it was not your elopement, but the shock and terror of your father's frantic violence and furious threats, and the dread of its effects upon you and himself, acting upon her feeble frame, that so suddenly overthrew her. Janet, they call me a mad-cap, but I have got good sense; and I say to you, do not let your remorse make you faithless to your present duties—that would be worse than useless."

Janet sobbed herself quiet, and then said:

"My father!—how is he?"

"Dear child! grief doesn't kill whom anger keeps alive. He is well, only suffering from a Jessie-mania."

"Betty told me something of that."

"Yes, it is just so; when love or fever seizes an old man, it is extremely apt to go very hard with him. I beg your pardon for speaking so; but the fact is that I am a little mad and a good deal jealous at being overlooked for the sake of an unprincipled girl like Jessie!"

"For Heaven's sake, Maggy, don't talk so of Jessie!"

"There it is again! I tell you that those are my settled convictions, and you will arrive at the same conclusion in the end. I tell these things to Mrs. Redclyffe, but she turns a deaf ear to me. The truth is, because I have overflowing spirits and a jesting way of delivering my oracles, people despise them. I will try to grow serious, if it be only to be listened to."

"And aunt and Alice, why do they not send me a kind word or a line? It would come to me grateful as rain to the parched desert," said Janet. "Is it that my gentle aunt, and my cousin, my sweet cousin, with her celestial serenity, cherish unkind feelings towards me?"

"No, Janet, they do not, but your aunt feels, perhaps too keenly, the situation of her mother; associates you too painfully with the subject. Then, you know, with all her gentleness, she has very rigid ideas of filial duty. I believe she feels for you a great deal, but that she considers you as undergoing a penalty for error—a penalty with which she has no right to interfere, and which she has no right to alleviate. As for Alice, I do not know what to make of that lady. She is so grave. I was over there yesterday, and as she swept through the room, she paused, and looking at me with her slowly lighting eyes—you know that absent expression—as if her soul were returning from a long journey, she said:

"Do you ever hear or see my cousin, Mrs. Staunton?"

"No," replied I.

"You have never visited her since her marriage?"

"Never."

"Yet you were friends?"

"Thick as possible—only she never took me into her confidence in the affair of her marriage."

"Why have you not been to see her, then?"

"First, because she never invited me, of course; second, because Eagle Cliff is fifteen miles from All Saints, over the worst road on earth, and I have no way of getting there, for uncle has sold my palfrey, and put the money in the poor-purse—he ought to have put it in our own, for I don't know a poorer purse than ours."

"Then, I presume, if you could reach her, you would like to see Janet?"

"Shouldn't I like to see her!"

"In that case I will give orders that a palfrey be taken over to All Saints, to remain there for your use, as long as shall be agreeable. Good morning! And with a quiet, half-abstracted air, she passed from the room; so that you see, I owe the pleasure of this visit to Alice at last."

"How I should love my cousin, if she would only let me!"

"There is something so strange about her—a beautiful solemnity of brow, as of one who, walking in the light of a higher atmosphere, inspires the same feeling in others. But Janet, dear, I bring you a message from Martha Downes; she says she thinks the air of the valley will now be beneficial to you, and she wants you to come and stay a week with her."

"That is so kind of her. Pray tell her that whether I come or not, I shall feel very grateful for her goodness. Here comes Charles."

As Staunton came in, not seeing their visitor, he kissed Janet. Maggy jumped up and exclaimed:

"Me too, Charles; you are on my kissing list now!"

"And pray how long is the said list, Maggy?—that one may know the extent of the compliment."

"Don't ask questions, Charles! Does the extent of the compliment depend upon the length of the list?"

"Don't ask questions, Maggy! No, but on the shortness of it."

"Then I beg you to feel highly flattered, for my kissing list boasts but one name—Janet; that is all."

"Then it shall be a variation of that pretty name, Maggy," said Charles, as his lips lighted swiftly upon her half-laughing, half-pouting ones. "There, Maggy; now, whenever you place another name on your list erase mine, for then I will never kiss you again," said Charles, very solemnly.

"Good gracious, what a severe punishment! I'm glad you told me, because kissing is my besetting amiability, I know. But just see, now, the jealous pride of man; now who, pray, is likely to be put upon my list?"

"Not Captain Houghton?"

The whole tide of blood in Maggy's body must have swept past her brow to have dyed it such a deep, purplish crimson, as she answered, in a low, determined voice, with an indignant earnestness, emphatic as uncalled-for:

"Never! And now let me alone, for though I talk nonsense sometimes, I have the faculty of coming to my senses again very quickly. Janet, let me help you!"

Charles and Janet seemed very well pleased with Maggy's flush of anger—they exchanged glances, and Charles smiled. The two young ladies then set the table and laid the cloth for their supper, and the small party sat down with cheerfulness to their repast.

"You are going to stay all night with us, Maggy?" asked Staunton, as they gathered around the fire after supper.

"Of course I am, unless that is intended as a hint for me to go home."

"On the contrary, it is only a necessary question, to be answered before I proceed to stable your horse in the wood-shed; also the precursor to another question, namely, Can you remain with us a fortnight?"

"No, sir."

"I hope to persuade you, notwithstanding. Janet, my dear, to-day I received a proposition from Mr. Hawksworth, to go to Sidney and transact some business connected with a claim he has against the government. He offers to pay my expenses, and remunerate me handsomely for a fortnight's services. So, dear, shall I leave you for a fortnight—and can we persuade Maggy to stay here and keep you company during my absence?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Maggy, jumping up and clapping her hands, with all her short, jetty curls shaking; "Oh, I am so glad! that just suits—like a knife and fork, or the two sides of a pair of shears! I am so glad!"

"Then you'll stay, Maggy?"

"Not I; Do you suppose we want to be torn to pieces by wild beasts or carried away? No, indeed! But Janet shall go home with me. I'll stay here to-morrow to help her to get ready. The mild air will be good for her at this season, and we will keep her two, three weeks, or a month, or an indefinite length of time, with pleasure; and when you come back, sir, you shall find your 'white rose' blooming freshly."

She then, with more sobriety, explained the invitation with which she had been charged, and after some debate it was arranged that Maggy should stay with them a day or two, when Janet should return with her to All Saints, there to remain during the absence of her husband.

Staunton then read the evening chapter in the Bible; and soon after, Janet conducted Maggy into the little adjoining bedroom.

"How very nice this little room is—so snug and home-like already."

"That is your room whenever you come to see us, Maggy; it is plain, but I hope you like it."

"Oh! it is sweet."

"It is very simply furnished."

"All the better I think. It seems to me that this ought to be Ruth's room."

"Oh! you do not know how much that sweet girl has done for us, and been to us—a poor simple maiden, with nothing but her goodness of heart—and yet she has been, of all the world, our best friend and greatest benefactor. She has laboured with us and for us, and taught me all I really know. I do love her so dearly. Charles loves her also—and we both say that if ever we grow prosperous, Ruth shall share our prosperity."

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE PASTOR'S HOUSE AT ALL SAINTS.

Please step in  
And visit round as you  
There's naught superfluous to gle pain  
Or costly to be found;  
Yet 'a is clean. Allan Ramsay.

STAUNTON borrowed two horses to convey himself and his little wife to All Saints, and on the morning of the third day they set out. It was the first ride Janet had had since her marriage, and she enjoyed it vastly.

Her spirits rose, and for awhile all her troubles, except the ever-gnawing remorse, were forgotten. It was a bright, clear, cool, morning—the sky was gloriously brilliant. The woods rich and gorgeous beyond comparison in their variegated colours. Janet was a silent worshipper; and over when her heart was the most influenced her lips were silent. They had a long delightful journey before them. Staunton had yielded to Ruth's solicitation, and promised for Janet that they should stop at the ferry and remain until the afternoon. They reached that place about eleven o'clock, and were received with ostentatious demonstrations of joy by John Downes, who was, poor fellow, as usual, slightly elevated with wine. Ruth took Janet off immediately to a remote and quiet room, and there they dined together. In the afternoon the little party resumed their journey, and about four o'clock began to descend the little bridle-path leading down the side of the hill to the small and sheltered glen in which the cottage and church of All Saints were situated. It was a very inviting, tempting little place, seen from that path, so protected, so shut in by high hills all around, so shady, still, and silent. Summer certainly lingered there unwilling to depart—the grass was still fresh, soft, and green, and some of the trees still heavy with late fruit. Golden pippins, large, light green and scarlet apples enlivened the orchard, while bright yellow October peaches, and large grapes were bearing down the branches of the trees almost to the ground. Coming down the path they dismounted, and, leaving the horses, they entered the premises by a little gate at the back of the garden, and walked on a grassy path between rows of marigolds, red and white crysanthemums, and other gaudy autumn flowers. This led them through a long arbour covered with a grape-vine and emerging from it they saw Martha in the covered back porch, very busily engaged in tying up branches of fragrant herbs, mint, sage, balm, marjoram, &c. She was too busy to notice them at first, but when they entered the porch, she turned round her pleasant face, smiled, and welcomed Janet and Maggy, and lastly, and with a scarcely perceptible shade of reserve, Staunton, as if a nearer approach to familiarity was sacrilege. Then she conducted them into the parlour—a place shut up generally, but opened upon this and other rare occasions. Soon after this, Staunton, who was obliged to meet the stage that would pass the ferry at six o'clock, took leave. Janet wept—it was weak, but she could not help it. A first separation, even for a fortnight, seems interminable and intolerable to a young couple who cannot, as yet, endure to be apart a day. So Janet sobbed heartily as she watched the progress of Staunton's horse up the steep path—and convulsively after it had disappeared from her sight. Martha and Maggy tried to console her, but in vain.

"Indeed I know it is foolish," she said. "I am ashamed of it, but I cannot help it; just let it pass—let me have it all out—and then I shall be cheerful; and so it proved. And, indeed, I do not know who could have been miserable in that clean, cool, quiet, fragrant little home, with Martha and her benign smile, her meek, serene manners, and her quiet, affectionate ministrations."

And the affectionate old lady led Janet into a little adjoining bedroom, with two little windows with blue blinds, and a little bed. Between the two windows it had also a tall, prim little toilet-table and a small glass; and lastly, a small fireplace filled with cedar, and surmounted by a mantelpiece, where bunches of fragrant herbs hung drying, filling the air with their aroma.

"Here now, dear, you can be quiet and rest till tea is ready. Let me help you off with your things. Here is a wrapper to slip on. There, now lie down. Here is a book to read if you cannot sleep. Would you like a fire made here?"

"No, I thank you, not until night. It is warm enough."

"I think so, too. Well, Maggy will call you when supper is ready;" and so saying, the dear old lady left the room.

When Maggy called Janet out to supper, she found Mr. Burleigh returned from his afternoon's ride and already in the parlour. He came forward and welcomed her with much kindness, and she sat down to the sociable little tea-table. Janet noticed that Mr. Burleigh had broken down very much, and had grown apparently ten years older since she last saw him. His manner was grave and abstracted, but when observant of anything going on around him very kind.

"Why have you not been to church, Janet?" he inquired, affectionately.

"Because, sir, I have no conveyance, and the road is too long to walk."

"How—what! has not your father?—hem—"

The old man stopped abruptly, and fell into thought. Immediately after tea, the old man retired to his study, and the ladies gathered around the fire. Here, for the hundredth time, Martha recounted the story of the ghost she had seen, to a new hearer. To her it was an unexplained mystery still; and she, who had never been credulous till that haunted night, was thenceforth, to

the end of her life, a devout believer in the reappearance of disembodied spirits. She concluded her account by saying:

"And if you please to believe me, my dear child, when Mr. Burleigh came in out of the graveyard, the night he went to watch for the ghost, he was pale as ashes, and trembled as if he had the ague. I asked him if he had seen anything, but he grew angry, and forbade me ever to speak to him about it, so I never mentioned it again; but I shall always think he saw something."

Janet and Maggy smiled and exchanged glances, fully believing the good old lady to be a victim of her own imagination, both in the matter of the ghost and in the suspicion of her friend's alarm.

They soon after retired to bed, the young ladies occupying the same room. And now, for the first time, Maggy had an opportunity of knowing how very ill Janet really was. No sooner had her head touched the pillow, than her cough became troublesome. As hours passed, it grew worse, and Maggy was kept awake all night by the distressing cough of her friend. Towards morning Janet fell into the same deep, lethargic sleep.

"Janet is dying—her family must know this—something must be done, or she will be dead in a few months. I will speak to Mrs. Redclyffe; I will go to see her father—and he shall hear reason!" said Maggy, as she arose in the morning, and carefully letting down the window-blinds and closing the doors to keep out all noise that might disturb her, she softly left the room and Janet to her morning sleep. The house was kept perfectly quiet, and the breakfast delayed, so that it was very late before Janet awoke, and then she came out, making her simple apologies for over-sleeping herself. Mr. Burleigh called her to him, and taking her wasted hand, and looking tenderly, even remorsefully in her wan face, attempted to speak, but dropped the hand, and turned away; again recovering himself, he led her to the table.

Janet remained a fortnight at All Saints. During this time she went over to church. She had looked forward to this Sunday as to the day that would give her a sight of her father, or of some member of her aunt's family. Sunday came, and Janet was there, but watched each arrival with anxiety, and without success. Not one member either of the Limes or the Oak Lodge family appeared. At the end of the service, Janet returned to the cottage, cast down, and almost broken-spirited.

"They know that I am here, and avoid me," she said.

"Never mind, my dear child. Repent of your sins—hope and trust in the Lord, and all will be well," said the tender-hearted Martha.

On the Friday morning Staunton arrived; and on the next day, Saturday, Janet, scarcely at all improved in health, took an affectionate leave of the family at All Saints, and departed for their home. Martha had filled the saddle-bags with fine peaches and golden pippins; and promised, besides, to send a "cart-load" of fruits from their orchard and garden to Eagle Cliff.

(To be continued.)

THE trial of the Magenta, according to the French papers, has resulted in the serious illness of several of the seamen, owing to the want of ventilation, and it is predicted that this will be the serious drawback against iron-clads becoming sea-going vessels.

SEVERAL cotton trees from the Southern States of America and planted in April last, were to be seen recently at Uriage (Isère), in full flower. This attempt at acclimatization in the open air in France is perhaps the first that has succeeded in Europe at so high a latitude.

SKETCHES FROM NEW ZEALAND.—THE WAR CANOE.—One of the most valuable pieces of property possessed by the Maories is their "war canoes," for they bestow great labour and much time in constructing these out of a solid trunk of a tree, say 50, 60, and 80 feet long, hollowed out in the middle. In fact, the canoe is a perfect shell of the tree; and then it has to undergo a deal of really very curious and clever carving work; and then has to be decorated at the prow with feathers, and, when complete, forms a very handsome craft, and will contain 50 to 100 warriors. The canoes are generally the property of a tribe.

WITCHCRAFT IN ESSEX.—At the Castle Hedingham Sessions, Emma Smith and Samuel Stammers were committed to take their trial for having caused the death of a poor old Frenchman named "Dummy," who gained his living by telling fortunes, and whom they, with some twenty or thirty more—chiefly of the small tradesman class—subjected to the old test of witches, by throwing him into a stream, and otherwise ill-using him, until he died. On the female prisoner being called on for her defence, she replied, in a peculiar voice, and evidently under some superstitious fear, that she would tell the truth. Deceased came to her house first. He spat upon her, and told her that after a time she should be ill, and she was ill. A doctor came to her twice in

one night, but could not cure her. The man (Dummy) came to her shop ten months ago, and asked leave to sleep in her shed. She let him, but in a few days, when she wanted him to leave, he made signs, and wrote up on a door that she should be ill in ten days. He made her ill and bewitched her, and she went everywhere, but no one could set her right again, she was afraid, for no medicine could do her any good. The prisoners were committed to Chelmsford Gaol for trial at the March assizes; but bail was accepted for them.

### THE PEARL OF GLEN CLYDE.

THEY stood there together; she, fair, pure, delicate; he, tall, handsome, manly, under the elm-tree, by a splendid clump of bushes, known as "roses of Damascus."

"Oh, Maurice, must you go? My heart sickens at the thought of our separation, our first separation. If you should forget me, your own Bessie. But I must not think such cruel thoughts."

"Indeed, my precious little bud you must not. It grieves me to know you even think of doubting me. Dearest, have I not been devoted to you, have I ever, by word or look, caused that lovely heart to ache? And here, under this good old tree, where we have often plighted our troth, I promise ever to love and cherish you. Take this Damascus rose—keep it till my return. If I am false, shew me it. Adieu, darling Bessie, I must go. Let me kiss you once again, and then I must leave you. Farewell. Remember the rose."

Maurice was gone, and sweet Bessie Clyde threw herself upon the soft green grass and wept.

Maurice Holland and Bessie Clyde had met two winters before. He had been attracted by her sweet face, winning ways, and lovely grace. He had wooed and won this lovely "Pearl of Glen Clyde." They were engaged, and the proud stately parents and sisters of Holland could find no fault with Maurice's betrothed. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde were pleased with young Holland, and everything seemed propitious. Very unexpectedly the young lawyer was called to another country, and then it was that Bessie feared. Not that she doubted him, oh, no. Doubt Maurice? never. But an undefined dread took possession of her.

Leaving port! How exciting. The crowds upon the wharf, the noise and confusion on board. Music sounding, flags waving, men shouting! All this served to cheer the traveller as he stepped from the soil of his native land to roam in a foreign clime.

As Maurice Holland ascended to the upper deck of the steam-packet Sea-Spray, he cast his eye far over the busy city to the quiet country villas around it. Far to the west he could barely distinguish a white flag floating over a high ancestral looking mansion of brown stone—Bessie's home, where were centred all his hopes and aspirations. Far, far was he going from his home. Many months, perhaps weary years, would pass before he could see Bessie again. But in the meantime—oh, what honours he would gain, what a great name bring back. How he would lay all at Bessie's feet and claim in return—ah, a priceless gem.

These and many other thoughts filled his mind, and he sat until the sun sank to rest and the moon and her retinue of stars came forth. Long he thought and often about Glen Clyde and its occupant. For two months the beautiful Sea-Spray bounded over the waters until, one morning, when every one was complaining of being tired of sea-life, the welcome news came, "Port in two days." The time soon passed and the first Sabbath in September saw Maurice Holland in Rangoon. Leaving him there, let us run up to Calcutta.

A toilette room furnished with gorgeous splendour. By the window sat an aged woman clad in the garb of mourning. Her manner, as well as dress, denoted her position, which was companion and nurse to Bela Estepan, the radiant young heiress of Estepan Castle and the estate. She too was clad in mourning robes, for her father had a few weeks since died. She was now sole mistress of the princely estate, with the exception of a castle and grounds in Benya, a little way from Calcutta. In order to obtain this she proposed employing a lawyer. One day a friend called in, and during the conversation mentioned the arrival of young Holland from England. Bela immediately despatched a message to him to come to her on an important business. Let us accompany the note. Maurice had been in India about two months. During that time he had written many letters to Bessie, assuring her of his unwavering love. His business was progressing to the entire satisfaction of all parties. It was now November. He expected to leave India in March, to sail for Paris, where he was to stay six months and then return home. All his arrangements had been made, and he had told Bessie she might expect him in a year from Christmas. A long while to wait, but better than never.

One evening he was sitting in his office writing statistics, when a servant entered, bearing a note from

Miss Estepan, requiring his immediate presence. Hastily throwing aside his documents, he packed his travelling sack, locked his secretary, and in half-an-hour was on board the Serle, bound to Calcutta. The next week found him in the mansion of Estepan, waiting in the reception-hall. A servant soon summoned him to appear before his mistress. Through such gorgeous corridors, past such magnificent apartments, over soft carpets, beneath loftier or more ornamented walls he never before passed. He was astonished, almost bewildered. At length he entered the presence of Bela, the mistress of the kingly building. What a vision of beauty burst before him. Tall, tresses as black as midnight, eyes that rivalled ebony, skin as pure as the untrodden snow. With a majestic yet graceful wave of the tiny hand, she motioned him to a seat. A few moments and Maurice's self-possession returned. She explained to him in a concise manner her affairs, and he noted down the important heads and left.

But why was he so restless and feverish? He started immediately to Rangoon again on the Serle. Once more in his little pigeon-hole of an office. Since he had left what had he seen? He felt as one who dreamed. No thought of the lovely black-eyed, golden-haired Bessie; all of the radiant queen of beauty, Bela Estepan. He must answer Bessie's letter, but it sounded forth the praises of Bela very proudly and eloquently. Ah, Maurice, is not thy heart to be stolen by the witching maiden of India? Guard it well. Remember the Damascus rose.

Bessie Clyde! How transcendently lovely she looks at this morning hour. The robe of pure white becomes her spiritual face. Her hair, of raven blackness, is wound around a beautiful head. A spray of the rose of Damascus is placed in those dark tresses. Since Maurice's departure she has always used that flower as her own, and though it has faded in the garden it blooms brightly in the conservatory. A letter is in her hand, unsealed. Doubtless those dear words, penned by as dear a hand, have been read and re-read. Her thoughts are pure and holy. Ever as she glances at the rose-bush now blooming, she thinks of Maurice, and the half-muttered prayer, "Father, keep him; return him to me safely," falls from her lips. She is waiting and hoping, anxiously and fondly, for the dear wanderer's return.

Bela Estepan is sitting by the window in the bright moonlight. Her small head, with its wealth of ebony curls, is resting on an arm as pure as ivory, and as smooth. A robe of black encircles her, and the moonbeams, as they play and shine upon it, make it, if possible, more becoming. Her constant attendant, Caloe, is by her. Of whom is Bela thinking? She to whom most of earth's sons would bow, and even kiss the hem of her garment. She has passed nineteen years in the gay and changing scenes of life, yet never loved till now. And her ideal, as she has pictured him, is come, in the person of the handsome young lawyer. Her impetuous nature, and naturally jealous disposition will either make her happy, perfectly happy—or supremely miserable? Which shall it be? She happy and Bessie die of a broken heart? Or Bessie made joyful, and her powerful rival's cup of bliss dashed to the ground?

Maurice's business in Rangoon was done. His name honoured by the entire community. Riches had poured in upon him. The promising young English lawyer was highly applauded in Indian and English papers. The Pearl of Glen Clyde read of his grand success, and wept with pleasure.

"Oh, soon he will be home." The Queen of Beauty looked upon him when flushed with manly pride, and whispered:

"He shall be mine!"

The great affair of the Estepan estate occupied all Maurice Holland's attention. Day after day he toiled hard over his task. To accomplish this great law-suit favourably would fill his cup to over-flowing. So often he went to the Castle of Estepan to gather statistics from its peerless owner. At last it was completed and again his name sounded abroad; again the fair Pearl heard and rejoiced, and the haughty Bela murmured, "I must win him."

Oh, how she loved him. Love is too tame a word. Mad worship is more fitting. Such a nature is terrible to deal with, for if its love should turn to hate, what sleepless vengeance, what awful revenge awaits its object!

Did Maurice love her? Oh, what a question. Day after day did he linger at her dwelling, loath to leave her, yet afraid to stay. Daily she smiled so sweetly upon him. She admitted him at all hours, and rumour said that the English lion (so they loved to call him) would wed with the resplendent Bela, Lady of Estepan. Weeks passed, and the conflict was terrible in Holland's bosom. He knew he loved his spotless Pearl, but then this infatuation, he could not resist the temptation. He would leave Calcutta without seeing the enchantress. It was hard to tear himself away, but "honour" was his motto when a school-boy. Writing a note of apology to Bela for leaving so abruptly, he gathered together his goods, and sent them to the



wharf, where the ship *Eagle* lay anchored. After despatching the note by a servant (for Maurice had been staying in Calcutta the past five months), he waited in his room till the man returned. Oh, human nature! how weak thou art!

After inwardly resolving to leave, he concluded to wait and see what Bela will do. The carrier returned, bringing a tiny note, requesting him to call a moment before he left. Ah, Maurice, better if you do not meet the demands of that message.

"Ah, Mr. Holland, she is waiting your appearance in her boudoir," and the lacquy bowed him to the door.

"I understand you wanted me, Miss Bela. Can I in any way be of service to you?"

She did not reply for a moment, but suddenly rising, stood before him in all her grand beauty.

"Maurice Holland, why have you come here, day after day, with your handsome face and agreeable manners to drive me crazy? Never have I loved before. Now I love; and you, Maurice Holland, are the object of this wild passion. I have watched you for months, and am satisfied you do love me. Why did you not tell me? Were you afraid of the haughty Bela Estepan? Oh, my cheeks glow with shame when I think that I am speaking thus. Oh, Holland, answer me, pity me, tell me, for the love of humanity, if you do love me, as I thought."

Maurice was bewildered at this unexpected outburst. He felt the hot crimson rush to his cheeks when he listened. His refined nature was shocked by this display; and instantly his wild love turned to disgust.

"Miss Estepan, I exceedingly regret that I cannot reciprocate this unfortunate attachment, and I beg you will forget the unhappy author of it," he answered, in a clear, calm tone.

With a wild bound Bela sprang to him. Upon her bended knees, forgetful of honour, her position, she poured an impassioned love-tale in his ear. Loathing filled his heart, and taking out his handkerchief to cool his heated brow, he turned and said:

"Madame, I am disgusted with this procedure. You either know not your position or fail to fill it. I did love you, it is true. I loved another, a pure womanly girl. The conflict was long, but I came off victorious, and I thank Heaven for having rescued me from your hands. Adieu, madame," and closing the door, he was gone.

Walking hastily down to the boat he went on board and retired to his state-room until the morning. The next day, as he and the captain were conversing, the latter said:

"Oh, by the way, Holland, I have a little parcel for you. A man handed it to me just as we started."

The colour came and went in Maurice's face as he glanced at the handwriting, for it was familiar to him. Simply saying, "Thank you," he turned and entered his state-room. Hastily tearing open the package he read these words:

"The object of an unrequited love shall be revenged."  
"B. E."

With a quiet smile he folded the note together and placed it in his satchel. Another month and Maurice Holland was sitting in his room in the *Hôtel de Maray*, in the Rue du Inca, Paris.

Bessie is under the lofty elm-tree. Summer is here and no Maurice. The beautiful Damascus roses are in full bloom, but where is her dearest earthly friend? Her breath comes quick and short, for she hears her father say:

"Where's Bessie? Here is a letter from Paris."

Bounding eagerly to his side, she snatched the precious missive, and ran to her room to examine the contents. It was partly as follows:—

"Precious, thrice precious 'Pearl!' Since I have seen my great danger I feel as if you were doubly dear to me. Oh, Bessie, when shall I see you? Only eight more months. Keep up hope, my darling."

If it were but eight months; but, sweet Bessie, thy eager eyes will not rest on that loved form so soon as that.

"I wonder why Bessie don't answer my letter? Can she be sick, or —?" the thought was too terrible.

Meantime no letter came to Maurice. He had been in Paris five months but had not received one letter from the "Pearl of Glen Clyde." What could it mean?

One beautiful morning in winter, as Maurice was taking his accustomed walk, a boy put in his hand a letter addressed in a flowing delicate hand. He knew at a glance it was from Bessie. Tearing off the wrappings, he found a very short note containing these words:

"Glen Clyde.

B. C."

Will Mr. Holland have the goodness to return my letters, picture, &c. For reasons not now to be given I decline any further correspondence or even acquaintance.

Maurice was a man of self-command, but he could feel the hot tears gushing from his eyes. A deep heart-rending sigh burst from his bosom, and unable

to contain himself, he wept. Not wishing to attract attention, he called for a carriage and was driven to his lodging, where he penned the following:

"Mr. Holland's compliments to Miss Clyde and family. She will find her letters and picture enclosed. He will henceforth be a stranger to her."

Leaving the note to journey alone to Glen Clyde, he will return to Bela Estepan. When Maurice left her so abruptly, she had not time to speak to him of revenge. She arose from her knees, her whole figure quivering with anger and disappointment. Her long tresses were unconfined, and hung to her waist in splendid luxuriance. Her eyes sparkled and seemed to emit rays of fire. She seemed more like an enraged tigress than a human being. Throwing herself into a chair, she covered her crimson face with her hands. A long time she sat thus, then rose perfectly calm and composed. Looking around she perceived a letter lying on the floor near where Maurice had stood. Leaping to the spot she snatched it eagerly, then returning to the window, read a letter from Bessie. The gentle girl little knew the final destination of that letter when she penned it.

Suddenly, a new light shone in Bela's eye. She would forge a letter to Maurice from Bessie. Studying long and carefully the handwriting, practising often, she at last succeeded in imitating Bessie's hand so closely, that even Bessie herself might have been deceived. The effect of the letter on Holland we already know. Scarcely doubting it was Bessie's letter, he had answered the note. The superscription was surely Bessie's, and she had ceased loving him who loved her so well.

That cruel note. Bessie was in her old seat under the elm when it came. As she read, her lips turned ashen pale and her eye grew dim. With a stifled moan, she fell forward on the grass. How long she lay there she knew not, but when consciousness returned she was surrounded by her family, and she found herself in her own little room. She remembered the letter. Feeling for it, she suddenly thought her parents must have seen it.

Looking at her father, she was about to ask him, when, as if he read her looks, he said, "My own Bessie, your parents know all. But hope on. All will be right. We cannot believe this of Maurice."

As soon as she was able, she wrote to Maurice, sending the Damascus rose.

"Oh, my own Maurice, could you give me up? Why, oh, why have you ceased loving me! Come and tell me, for I cannot believe it."

Immediately on its receipt, Maurice hastened to Glen Clyde. As he was stepping on board his old friend, the *Sea-Spray*, a little note was handed him. Opening he read—

"I forged that note in Bessie Clyde's name. You dropped a letter of hers at my house once. I imitated her hand. You know the consequence."

"Thank God! all is explained." In a few weeks he was clasped in Bessie's arms. And, as they stood beneath the old high elm-tree, he exclaimed, "My own, my beautiful, the Pearl of Glen Clyde."  
"M. M."

### THE PHANTOM HAND.

In the winter of 1830, whilst travelling in the Middle States, I had occasion to journey from Paxton to Mount Pleasant, a distance of fifty-six miles. Upon calling at the office in the afternoon, to book myself for the morning stage, I was informed that the register was full. Returning to the inn, I seated myself before a glowing fire in the bar-room, to consider what I should do, as I was anxious to proceed homeward. As the stage did not go every day, I should be obliged to remain in my present quarters two days, a loss of time I could ill-afford.

"Landlord," said I, as that worthy came in, shortly after, "I am anxious to proceed to Mount Pleasant. The stage is full for to-morrow, and I am left behind. Is there any way by which I can manage to reach A—? I can meet the stage there."

"Well, now, sir, let me see. Sometimes we have a neighbour or a traveller going that way in his own conveyance, who would, no doubt, cheerfully accommodate you with a seat. But I can't say if there is any one going to-morrow. I'll keep a look-out, though—perhaps I shall hear of some one to-night."

"Do," I answered; "I shall esteem it a favour, and am ready to pay for the ride."

Leaving orders to have a room prepared for my night's sojourn, and to have a supper served there at seven o'clock, I strolled out for a walk. Upon my return I noticed a handsome coach in the yard of the inn. The ostler was watering two splendid horses, under the eye of a quiet, modest-looking man, in dark, plain livery.

"Heigho!" thought I, "we shall have some noble company this evening. I wonder how many?" and thus musing, I passed through the entry and to my room.

At supper-time a servant came in with a tray, and whilst he arranged the table I asked:

"Who arrived in the coach I observed in the yard?"

"A gentleman, sir,—alone."

"Will he remain all night?"

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments my supper was ready. Requesting the servant to bring me some needed article, I seated myself, and was about eating, when he re-entered, and handed me a slip of paper. On it was written in pencil:

"Mr. Johnson's compliments. Will the gentleman who is desirous of finding a conveyance to A—, grant him the pleasure of an interview at his leisure? Room next door."

I read the note, and looked inquiringly at the servant, who said:

"The gentleman, sir, about whom you asked a while ago gave that to me, and bade me say he will be in, all the evening."

"Show me his room," said I, rising from my untasted supper.

I soon found myself confronted with the individual in question. He was standing with his back to the fire when I opened the door, but at once advanced gracefully and courteously, and extended his hand.

"My name is Grey," said I shaking his hand.

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Grey," said he, pleasantly. "Pray be seated."

"One moment, sir, if you please," I responded; "have you supped?"

"Not yet."

"Well then," I continued, "I have just had supper served in my room, and came to beg you will honour me with your company, if agreeable. I always enjoy a meal better with a companion. You will come?"

"With pleasure," he answered, smilingly; and in a few moments we were enjoying the substantial food set forth by mine host.

I now had opportunity to observe my companion thus suddenly acquired.

He was of middle size, spare and pale-looking, with a sad expression of countenance. His face had evidently once been handsome, but was now careworn and furrowed. His hair, which had been very black, was plentifully tinged with grey. His manners and dress betokened him a man of good breeding and wealth; and his conversation and address indicated liberal education and refinement. Graceful, polite, attentive, easy in conversation, and genial, he appeared altogether a gentleman and a scholar.

Having seated himself, he remarked in a quiet way:

"Whilst conversing with the landlord, just after my arrival, I learned that you are very anxious to pursue your projected journey in the morning, and of the dilemma you are in. As I shall pass through A— to-morrow, permit me to offer you a seat in my carriage."

"How shall I thank you, sir?" I said, quickly; "you relieve me very much."

"Never mind the thanks, Mr. Grey," he replied. "You are welcome, indeed. I shall be glad to have company, and to be able to serve you."

After supper we chatted for an hour or two, making ourselves better acquainted.

As we were about parting for the night, I said:

"One moment, Mr. Johnson; I wish you would try a very nice wine I have with me. It will assist you to sleep."

"Thank you," he answered, accepting the proffered glass.

"Your health," said I, raising mine.

He bowed, raised his glass, and had placed it to his lips, when, with a choking, rattling sound of his throat, his face assuming the appearance of a man being strangled, horribly contorted and livid, he dropped the glass, which was shivered against the chair, and staggering, would have fallen, but that I recovered my self-possession and caught him in an instant. I was strong, and easily carried him to the bed, where, having laid him, I turned to summon aid; but, as my hand touched the bell-cord, he opened his eyes, and, in a husky, voice begged me not to alarm the house. He said he felt better, and would be quite well in a short time.

"No uncommon occurrence, sir," he said, in answer to my look of inquiry. "I have been so troubled for nearly five years."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

He said nothing more, nor did I; after a brief rest, he arose—bade me good-night—and moved towards the door.

"But, my dear sir, are you not afraid of a return?" I asked; "you must not be left alone, to-night."

"I shall not have it again, to-night," he answered, in a sad, hurried tone, and was gone.

There seemed something strange about the affair; no apparent cause for the straggling, his distressed suffering, his sudden recovery, and his assurance that he should not have it again that night, led me to sit and muse upon it for more than an hour after his departure.

The next morning, we met after breakfast, and he appeared in excellent health, and tolerable good spirits. At the appointed hour we started, and arrived at A—, without accident or incident; here, however, my bad luck had preceded me, and I found the stage had gone through, an hour previously. Upon hearing this, my amiable companion said:

"Do not be annoyed, I will escort you to Mount Pleasant; do not refuse me the pleasure."

I acquiesced, and after a pleasant ride, we reached Mount Pleasant towards evening. We stopped together, and arranged to have rooms adjoining. We ate supper in company, and after a very agreeable evening, separated without anything occurring to mar our comfort.

I found it necessary to remain more than a week in Mount Pleasant, and my friend remained also; he had before informed me that he was travelling for pleasure, and had leisure for anything. We had become quite intimate friends—indeed I considered myself fortunate in making his acquaintance; he had been a wanderer over all Europe, and was a keen observer of men and things; he had a fund of instructive, entertaining and amusing subjects for conversation. We always took meals in company.

It was the last evening of our stay. After an unusually pleasant evening he retired at nine o'clock, to arrange for his departure in the morning. Having letters to write I pushed the table nearer the fire, drew up a cosy arm-chair, and, adjusting my materials, was soon busily engaged. Time slipped by unthought of. A violent rap arrested my pen, and I hurried and opened the door. Mr. Johnson came in, in a flurried, excited manner. He had not undressed. His face was very pale, and his eyes were strangely bright and open. Motioning me to close the door, which I still held open, he took my hand in both of his, deathly cold and clammy, and said, quietly but clearly:

"My dear Mr. Grey, you will pardon my interruption when I shall have explained. I admired you from the beginning of our intercourse. I have since esteemed you as a friend. Circumstances render it obligatory upon me to make you my confidant in a matter hitherto locked in my own heart-chamber. Will you accept of my trust? Will you be my nearest friend now and to the last?"

He held my hand during the delivery of these words, and now pressed it nervously, looking beseechingly into my face. I could not refuse, and answered:

"To serve you I will do all in my power."

"Thank you," he said, in a tone and manner expressing much gratitude.

Dropping my hand he waved me to a seat, and taking a chair opposite me said:

"I must make you acquainted, in brief, with the history of my life. I will try not to weary you. What time have you?"

I looked at my watch, and lo! it was past midnight. I was surprised at the hour, but remained silent. He drew a deep sigh, and began his story.

"I am an Englishman by birth, and have lived away from England half my days. My family is of noble blood and rank high in respectability and wealth. An only son, I was indulged by every one. I grew up, self-willed, passionate, and dissolute. I had a friend, about three years my senior, who loved me with a brother's affection. He was exactly my opposite in habits, but we usually agreed very well. We were seldom separated, at home or abroad. I early acquired a fondness for cards, and after attaining my majority, and a handsome income from property left to me by my aunt, I indulged in gambling unrestrained. My friend, alone, sought every opportunity to save me from the ruin I was bringing upon myself. He followed me everywhere, like a shadow; pleaded, argued, threatened, warned, entreated, wept—yes, even that he did, but in vain. I seemed possessed by a demon. Losing large sums, I drowned my trouble in the wine-cup. One night whilst in Paris, I slipped away from my friends, and joined a card-party at a private house. I lost considerable money, and drank frequently. I soon became confused and angry, and lost every time; but I resolved to outdo them all. Calling that I would double the last stake—a heavy amount—I was about making a muddled, ruinous play, when a hand seized my cards and scattered them with the balance of the pack. Turning around, beside myself with passion, I saw my friend standing, with folded arms and sad countenance, behind my chair.

"'Fool!' I hissed, and struck him a violent blow in the face.

"He did not resent it, save by look, and begged me to go with him to the hotel. His manner, and the jests and taunts of my drunken comrades, maddened me the more, and I cursed him for interfering. My cap had fallen to the floor; without reply he stooped to pick it up. With the fury of a maniac I threw myself upon him—cowed that I was, to take him at a disadvantage—and bore him to the floor. Grasping his throat, I pressed and clutched it fiercely, sinking my knee in his breast. My companions, as soon as they comprehended the affair, dragged me off. I stood back for

him to rise, but he lay there motionless. He was dead—murdered by me! Oh, God! that I have lived to tell it!"

Here my narrator stopped, overcome by his feelings, and dropping his head upon his trembling hands, shook all over like an aspen leaf.

I was seized with horror at the recital of his base conduct. Starting up, I walked the room rapidly, doubting my senses. But, as I remembered his early education, his lack of parental love and care, and his being under the influence of liquor when he committed the act, I turned again to look on his misery, when he resumed:

"Pity me! Oh, if you but knew how I repented it the instant reason returned! If you could know what I suffered then, and every day since, you—But let me finish—time is very precious."

I had again seated myself, and was ready to hear all. He continued:

"Upon seeing my work, I was sobered at once. I need not depict my sorrow, anguish, remorse, and fear. I would have counted it bliss to give my life then to undo my terrible crime.

"I remained in Paris only long enough to see my victim's body secretly buried. My three comrades in gambling assisted me, and promised never to reveal the circumstance. I hastened to England, and excused my friend's absence in some well-arranged story, and no questions were asked to give me uneasiness.

"Now began a series of fearful visitations that speedily unmanned me, and rendered my life a curse. The first time was in this wise: One evening, just one month from the fatal evening in Paris, a small company assembled at our house in honour of my return. My father had given a toast; all were waiting for me to respond. I arose, but as I opened my lips to speak, I saw a bodiless hand—that of my murdered friend—stretched forth toward me. It grasped my throat with a vice-like grip. I felt myself being strangled, suffocated, dying. The hand clutched me about half a minute, but the agony and pain I endured is beyond description. I had fallen—was caught by my servant, and carried to a sofa. I recovered almost immediately, and found some means to excuse the occurrence and allay the excitement of the guests. I hid my terrible secrets in my heart, and to this hour have kept them from every one. Forty-nine times have I been visited and punished by the bodiless hand. Everywhere it has come upon me, in the crowded hall and when alone, at noonday and in the silent watches of the night. You can now easily comprehend the occurrence on the evening of our first meeting. Only in constant change and excitement could I bear to live. Several times have I been on the point of ending my life and my misery together, but some vague fear prevented me. The time you were witness to my visitation, was the first for four months. I had even begun to hope my punishment had sufficed—that the persecutor was satisfied and at rest. But alas! you know not how bitterly I have been disappointed. And now I am nearly done."

He paused and gazed awhile fixedly into the coals before us. Then heaving a sigh, and without lifting his eyes, he said calmly:

"What I have told you is truth, and what I shall now tell you is truth. Once more, making the fiftieth time, the hand will come, and for the last visit. In twenty-four hours I shall be strangled to death! God help me!"

I looked at my watch—it was just two o'clock. What could I do or say? I began to think of crazy men—of strange meetings with maniacs—and a feeling of uneasiness crept over me. He was not affected, not agitated, but calm and resigned. I was about to rouse myself to speak against entertaining such a foolish idea, but he waved me to be silent, and continued:

"My story is told. I am alone, and need a friend to perform for me some little acts of kindness. May I dare to request you to be that friend? Can you pity and forgive my sin, which has been truly repented of?"

I assured him I would do whatever he requested, for I believed him to be deranged, and determined to soothe rather than irritate his sensitive nature, until I could think what to do for him. He clasped my hand with many fervent protestations of gratitude, and then retired.

Being busily engaged all the next day, we did not meet until evening. He met me cordially, and seemed in good spirits. He entrusted me with a number of letters to be sent, and one for myself, concerning the disposal of his body and personal effects. I confess I smiled as I thrust them all into a corner of my trunk, thinking he would laugh, also, when I should bring them to him the next day.

That evening we supped together as usual. Knowing the evil and fatal effects of intense anxiety and fear upon a diseased mind and weakened system, I was anxious that my unfortunate friend should sleep all night. But, before supper, he had assured me he could not rest, and would sit up until the fatal hour—two o'clock.

I therefore had a harmless soporific secretly conveyed into his glass at the table to assist him to sleep. He drank it, and, in an hour thereafter, complained of being sleepy and threw himself upon my bed.

I omitted to wind my watch, in case he should, by any chance, awake too soon, and ask the hour. Baking the fire into a cheerful blaze, I ensconced myself in my great chair, and proceeded to read. How long I know not. I had fallen asleep, and awoke with a start, when my book fell on the floor. I was thoroughly awake at once, and felt possessed by a strange fear of something about to transpire beyond my power to prevent. It grew upon me, until, for relief, I roused up, and advanced to the bed. He was sleeping quietly and naturally.

"Bah!" I murmured. "I'm weak-minded myself!"

I began to think of going to sleep in earnest, and wondered what was the time of night.

Recollecting I had noticed a great clock in the landlord's room, directly opposite my own, I opened the door quietly, and looked over. A bright light shone under the door. I slipped across the hall, and knocked. He opened it in a moment, and expressed surprise at seeing me.

"Why, Mr. Grey," said he, "you're up late! Are you sick?"

"No," I answered, "my watch is not going. What time is it, please?"

"Half after twelve," he replied, and added, "I am up late, too. I slept so long this afternoon that I am not ready for bed even."

"That's just my fix," said I; "I am too wide awake to think of bed. Can't you come over to my room awhile? We'll keep each other company until we talk ourselves sleepy."

He accepted my proposition, and we drew our chairs to the fire, and chatted in a moderate tone for an hour. The landlord was an intelligent man, an acquaintance of several years standing. I always stopped with him when in Mount Pleasant, which was two or three times a year. I enjoyed his conversation, and when he had finished a short yarn of his experience at tavern-keeping, I resolved to let him into the affair of my friend, so far as his phantasy was concerned. I was not bound to secrecy, and I knew "mine host" to be discreet and able to keep a secret. I informed him in a few words of the fact that Mr. Johnson was then in my bed, and related some other items connected with his being there.

He listened with due gravity, but agreed with me that our friend was demented, and that all would be right with him in the morning.

We continued conversing until the landlord said—"Let us peep in at our neighbour." We advanced to the bedside very softly, and drew aside the curtain. He was still sleeping easily, with a placid countenance.

"You see," said I, in a whisper, "all is right so far. What time is it? It must—"

I stopped short, for I had been looking at the sleeper's face all the time, and was speechless at the change that took place. Instead of repose and peace, the face was contorted and almost black; the eyes were wide open and stony, and the tongue protruding. To every appearance, he was being choked to death. I instantly raised him up—but it was of no use. A brief, painful struggle, a gasp or two, and he was dead!

Shuddering, I laid the corpse back on the pillow, and turned to the landlord. He said not a word, but held out his watch. It was two o'clock, and one minute after.

There was a surgeon stopping for the night in the house. We called him up. He came immediately.

"Ah!" said he; "apoplexy—poor fellow." And in my heart I echoed, "Poor fellow!" but I knew it was not apoplexy.

G. A. W.

**ONLY A NAIL.**—An inquest has been held in London on the death of Mary Connor, under the following circumstances: Last July the deceased noticed the end of a nail sticking up in the heel of one of her boots, and it chafed the skin and pierced it. She applied some sugar-of-lead poultice to the part, to ease the great pain it caused her, but it only made the suffering worse. Ultimately she was admitted into the hospital, where she expired shortly after. Mr. G. King, house-surgeon, said that the whole foot and leg of the deceased mortified, and all the flesh gangrened. The slight injury to the soft part of the heel, from the pressure of the nail set up, and caused the mischief, which resulted in the woman's death. A verdict of "Death from misfortune" was returned.

**REMOVED ROYAL MARRIAGE.**—Now that her Majesty has returned, it is rumoured that the Royal visit to Germany will not be altogether unproductive of political consequences, and that the preliminaries of more than one Royal marriage were settled on the occasion. Prince Alfred, the second son of her Majesty, (now in his twentieth year, having been born on the 6th of August, 1844) is, it is said, "engaged" to a princess of the house of Oldenburg; while the Princess



Helen, the third daughter of her Majesty, will not, after all, be the Queen of the Greeks, but is to become the wife of a German Prince, the nephew of the sovereign who rules the destinies of the Prussian empire. It also asserted that her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge is at length about to change her state, or "settle in life," as it is called, her fiancé being a German Protestant prince, sufficiently eligible to form an alliance with the Royal house of England. Her Royal Highness is in her 30th year, having been born in November, 1833.

### THE BED OF THE DOOMED.

SOME thirty or forty years ago, before railroads had come into vogue, and the iron horses, with their long trains of freight and passengers, were dashing across the country in all directions, bringing cities to villages and villages to cities, England was literally traversed by pedlars, who reached every nook and corner, and drove a flourishing trade among all classes; but the changes of time have seriously interfered with the business of one class, whose coming we in boyhood used to hail with such eager delight, in the fond hope that some carefully preserved penny might be exchanged for a Jew's-harp, on which we were wont to play, to the satisfaction of ourselves and the annoyance of everybody else, till the over-strained tongue gave out and brought our high spirits to grief.

The pedlar, as he was called, was a man who always travelled on foot, generally with two trunks, supported, one on each side of him, by a broad strap passing over his shoulders, and kept from his limbs by a stick running across in front of him from handle to handle. In these he sometimes carried a very valuable stock of goods, of great variety, from pins and needles up to costly silks and laces, and from penny rings to fine gold watches. With something to suit almost every taste—which, from the fact that he lived cheaply, paid no rent or license, he could supply at a less price than the regular town dealer or merchant—he was generally a favourite with the fair sex wherever he went, and his arrival at the farmhouse was often regarded by the rustic family as a happy event.

These pedlars, too, from the very nature of their occupation, were generally a shrewd, intelligent class of men, quick-witted, fluent and entertaining, with whom, when their business for the day was over, and they made one of the family circle for the night, it was always profitable to pass an hour or two in conversation. They were seldom lacking in stories of both the humorous and thrilling kind; and occasionally, when they had travelled much and far, they had adventures of their own to relate, that were worthy of being preserved. To one of this class we are indebted for the strange and thrilling narration which follows:

"In all my travels, over thousands of miles of country," he said, "I was never really terrified but once, and then, I confess, I had a fright which I did not recover from for weeks, and which I shall never recall without a secret shudder. My life might be said to have hung on a bare thread, and nothing but God's kind providence, interposed in a most miraculous manner, saved me from an awful doom.

"In the regular pursuit of my vocation, I was travelling through York, when, towards evening of one hot, sultry, summer day, I found myself passing through a long stretch of woodland, along which might better have been denominated a horse-path than a road. I had taken a rather obscure bye-way, in the hopes, if I found few customers, to find those who would pay well; but I had made a serious mistake in that, for I discovered none at all. In a walk of eight tedious miles, I had seen only three dwellings, one of which was unoccupied, and the other two with ragged families, who had no money for trade. At the last house I inquired the distance to the next, and was informed that four miles further on I would come to a main road, where there was an inn for travellers; and towards this I was now making my way, with the intention of putting up there for the night.

"I came in sight of the road and the inn, just as the sun was setting behind a drift of clouds, that seemed to betoken the gathering of a storm. Tired and hungry as I was, with night setting in upon me in such a lonely part, I was very glad to come in sight of a place of rest, and went forward in comparatively good spirits.

"The inn was a brown stone building, two stories in height, and quite respectable looking for that region of country. As I came up to it, however, I fancied it had a certain air of gloom, which had a rather depressing effect upon my spirits; but then this, I thought, might be caused by the absence of sparkling lights and bustle, and seeing it at the hour of twilight. No one met me at the door, nor did I perceive a human being in or about it till I had entered the unlighted bar-room, when a man, who was sitting back in one corner, arose and came forward, with a slight nod of salutation.

"Are you the landlord?" I inquired.

"I am," was his answer.

"I suppose I can have a bed for the night?" I said.

"Certainly," he answered, glancing at my trunks. "Shall I take care of them for you?"

"I will merely set them behind your bar till I retire for the night, and then I will take them to my room. I suppose you can give me a room to myself?"

"Oh, yes—my house is large, and will not be crowded to-night."

"Have you any other guests?" I inquired, feeling, from some cause for which I could not account, strangely ill at ease.

"There is no one here yet," he replied, "and it is getting rather late for the drovers, who often stop with me."

"It was a relief to think that drovers were in the habit of putting up at the house, for that implied a certain degree of honesty in the landlord, and a consequent security for lonely travellers; and I really needed this reflection to counterbalance a strange sense of something wrong, if not absolutely wicked and dangerous.

"I informed the host that I was very tired and hungry, and wished a good supper and a good bed, and he assured me I should be provided with the best he had. He went out of the room, as he said, to give the necessary directions and get a light. He was gone some ten minutes, and returned with a candle in his hand, which he placed on the bar. I had taken a seat during his absence, and, being a little back in the shade, now had a chance to scrutinize his features closely without being perceived in the act.

"I did not like the appearance of his countenance. His face was long and angular, with black eyes and bushy brows, and the whole expression was cold, forbidding and sinister.

"He remarked that the night was very warm and sultry, and that it was likely to be showery, and then inquired if I had come far that day and from which direction. I informed him of my tedious walk over the bye-road, and unguardedly added that I did not think my day's experience would induce me to travel through that region again in a hurry. He asked where I was from, if I had seen many persons that day, if I was an entire stranger in that part of the country, and so forth, and so on—to all of which I gave correct answers.

"Thus we conversed till a little bell announced supper, when he ushered me into a good-sized dining-room, and did the honours of the table, trying to make himself very agreeable. That there was somebody else in the house I had good reason to believe—for I heard steps and the rattling of dishes in an adjoining room—but the landlord himself was the only person I saw during the evening, if I except a glance at a disappearing female dress as he was in the act of lighting me to my room.

"My bedroom was small, but looked clean and neat, and contained an inviting bed, curtains of chintz at the single window, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, a wash-stand with pitcher and bowl, a couple of chairs, and was really quite as well furnished as many an apartment in hotels of far greater pretensions. With all this I was pleased, of course; and judging by the appearance that there was nothing wrong about an inn so properly conducted, I bolted my door, raised the window for a little fresh air, looked out and discovered the night was very still and intensely dark, undressed, blew out my light, jumped into bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

"I was awakened by a crash of thunder, that was rolling over and shaking the house to its foundation at the moment my senses returned to me; and being rather timid about lightning, and remembering to have heard that the electric fluid would follow a current of air, and also recollecting that I had left my window open, I sprang up hastily to close it. As I did so my head barely touched some soft substance above me; but the fact produced no impression upon my excited mind at the moment. I reached the window, and for an instant stood and looked out to get a view of the approaching storm; but, as before, I could not see anything at all—all was as black as the darkness of a pit—and, as before, too, the air was perfectly still—so much so that I fancied I felt a stifling sensation. I was the more surprised at this that I thought I heard the roar of the wind and the falling of rain; and certainly there came another clap of thunder, whose preceding flash of lightning I had not perceived.

"Awed by the mystery, I hastily let down the sash and returned to the bed in a state of some trepidation; but, as I put out my hand to feel my way in, it came in contact with a mattress nearly as high as my neck from the floor. Now really terrified by a sense of some unknown danger, and half-believing that the room was haunted, I clutched the mattress convulsively, and felt over and under it, and found it was separate from the bed on which I had been sleeping, and was slowly descending!

"Gracious God! how shall I attempt to describe that moment of horror, when I first got a comprehension of the whole diabolical plot! a plot to murder me in my

sleep! I was walled up in a room prepared with machinery for the express purpose of murdering the unsuspecting traveller, and had only been saved from the awful fate by the report of Heaven's thunder. The window, of course, was only a blind to deceive, placed inside of a blank wall, which accounted for my seeing nothing from it, and getting no current of air when the sash was raised, and the mattress I had hold of was arranged to be lowered by pulleys, and held down by weights upon the sleeping traveller till the life should be smothered out of him. All this I now comprehended, as by a sudden flash of thought, and as I stood trembling and almost paralyzed, there came a quick rattling as of cords and pulleys, and the upper bed dropped down with a force that denoted the very heavy weights upon it.

"But though left out from under it, alive, as it were by a miracle, what was I now to do to preserve my life? As yet all was dark and no one had appeared; but I now heard voices speaking in low, hushed tones, and knew that soon the truth would be discovered, and in all probability my life attempted in some other way. What was I to do? how defend myself from the midnight murderers? I had no weapon but an ordinary clasp-knife, and what would this avail against two or more? Still I was determined not to yield my life tamely; and as, in all probability, every avenue of escape was barred against me, I resolved to crawl under the bed and take my chance there. Mechanically, while considering, I had felt for my clothes and dressed; and now cautiously trying the door, and finding it, as I had expected, fastened on the outside, I stealthily glided under the bed, and placed myself far back, close against the wall. I had barely gained this position, when a light shone into the room from above; and looking up between the bed and wall, I saw an opening in the ceiling, about five feet by eight, through which I suppose the upper mattress had descended, and, standing on the edge of the opening, looking down, was the landlord of the inn, and beside him a tall, thin, sinister virago, who looked devilish enough to be his wife, as undoubtedly she was.

"All right, Mag," he said at length; "he is quiet enough now, and if not I can soon finish him;" and with this he took the candle from her hand and leaped down upon the bed and then sprang off upon the floor. "Now, hoist away," he continued, "and let us get through with this job as quick as possible."

"Again I heard the noise of ropes and pulleys, and knew the upper bed was being raised, which in another moment would disclose to the human monster the fact that my dead body was not under it. What then? Merciful God! it must be a struggle of life and death between him and me! and I was already nerving myself for the dreadful encounter, when I experienced a kind of transitory sensation of a crash and a shock.

"The next thing I remember was finding myself exposed to the fury of the tempest—the wind howling past me, the rain beating upon me, the lightning flashing and the thunder roaring. I was still in my room, but it was all open on one side of me, and it took my bewildered senses some time to comprehend the awful fact of God's peculiar providence.

"The lightning had struck the portion of building I was in, and thus given me freedom!

"As soon as I fairly comprehended this, I leaped to the ground outside, escaping injury, and ran for my life. I took the main road, and ran through the storm, as if pursued by a thousand fiends, as I sometimes fancied I was. I ran thus till daylight, when I met a stage full of passengers. I hailed the driver and told him my wonderful story. He thought me mad, but persuaded me to mount his box and go back with him. On arriving at the inn, he found a confirmation of my fearful tale.

"The house had not only been struck, but, strange to relate, both the landlord and his wife had been killed by the bolt of Heaven, and were found dead among the ruins.

"I subsequently had to appear before a magistrate, acting as coroner, and depose to the facts, and the jury rendered a verdict in accordance therewith.

"I got away from that fearful region as soon as I could—but to this day I have never fully recovered from the effects of that night of horror."

E. B.

THE SUNDAY HAYMAKING CASE.—Much excitement prevails in Leigh on this subject, and two meetings have been held for organising matters to test the validity of the convictions. Subscriptions have been received from all parts of the kingdom to aid the defendants. The cow and furniture seized were sold by public auction at the George and Dragon Inn. About 1,000 persons were present, and the utmost order was maintained. The cow only realized £4, and the sofa and drawers 35s. each, the whole being purchased by Mr. J. Bevington, corn-merchant, treasurer of the defence fund, who handed the cow and furniture to the defendants, free of charge. Three hearty cheers for the defendants, terminated the proceedings.

## THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 17, 1863.

## SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

As in No. 21 of this Journal we made some remarks on "The Ghost," and promised to return to the subject, we will here speak of such spectral illusions as have been believed in by many, but which were, and are, nothing more than vivid deceptions of the senses. They are all, more or less, intimately connected with sight, and being so, are often assisted by external means, arising from a certain degree of distinctness, which greatly helps to give the temporary belief of their reality. Illustrative of this, we may instance the seers of Scotland, who actually believe what they see, although the illusions are nothing more than superstitious impressions made upon the organism of the brain when in a high state of excitement. Stories of "second-sight," as it is called in that part of this island, are very common; and, according to a supposition of Dr. Abercrombie's, are no more than spectral illusions, arising from some strong mental impressions, and of some natural coincidences fulfilled in the same manner as those which have been known in regard to dreams. In the "second-sight" of the northern part of Great Britain, says Dr. Brown, there can be no doubt, that the objects which the seers conceived themselves to behold, are truly more vivid as conceptions than, but for the superstition and the melancholy character of the natives, which harmonize with the objects of this foresight, they would have been; and that it is in consequence of the heightening effect of this emotion, as concurring with the dim and shadowy objects which the vapoury atmosphere of the lakes and valleys presents, that fancy, relatively to the individual, becomes a temporary reality. The gifted eye which has once believed itself favoured with such a view of the future, will, of course, ever after, have a quicker foresight, and more frequent revelations.

In these days of almost universal printing and publishing, there are few not aware of the extremely infectious character of superstition, whilst acting as a sympathetic agent upon the human mind, and Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," has favoured us with several striking instances of this sympathy in our common nature, when we were still in a state of comparative ignorance. One of these we shall cite.

"In the year 1686, 'in the months of June and July,' says an honest chronicler named Peter Walker, 'many, yet alive, can witness, that about the Crossford Boat, two miles below Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water-side; companies meeting companies, going all through each other, and then all falling to the ground and disappearing; other companies immediately appeared marching the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed, there were two-thirds of the people, that were together, saw, and a third that saw not, and though I could see nothing, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discoverable to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, and who said, 'A pack o' witches and warlocks that have the second sight! the de'il ha'to I see,' and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out: 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter-of-fact, and discernible to all that is not stone-blind.' We will not pursue the narrative of Peter Walker any further, but observe that it recalled to the mind of Sir Walter, the anecdote of a humourist, who, coming to London, planted himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes riveted on the well-known bronze lion which graces the front of Northumberland House, in the Strand, and having attracted the attention of those who looked at him by muttering, 'By Heavens, it wags! it wags again!' contrived, in a few minutes, to blockade the whole street with an immense crowd, some conceiving that they had absolutely seen the lion of Percy wag his tail, others expecting to witness the same phenomenon.

In 1799, Nicolai, a celebrated bookseller of Berlin, was the first who attempted to explain the appearance of such phenomena in a rational manner, and considerably helped to dissipate the belief in many supernatural appearances. He himself had, for a time, been greatly disturbed by spectral illusions, which he found to have arisen from a disordered state of the system, and which yielded to blood-letting. It would not suit

our purpose here to enter upon a consideration of the pathology of this subject. This part has, already, been ably handled by Drs. Alderson, Ferriar, Hibbert, and Craigie. The last-named gentleman has given an able digest of the whole subject, the result of which, in his own words, is, that spectral images are seen chiefly in three states of the system—*first*, either when the stomach is disordered and digestion has been more or less deranged; or, *secondly*, when there is a congestive or irritative state of the cerebral members; or, *thirdly*, when both states are combined. No doubt objections might be raised to this division of the subject, but into these our limits would not, even were we disposed, allow us to go. The division seems to us clear and comprehensive, stating in few words the pathological portion of our subject. It may be as well, however, to give, in almost equally few words, the division of Dr. Hibbert, who has deeply investigated the causes of spectral illusions. He arranges them according as they arise from a highly-excited state of different temperaments, from plethora (Nicolai's case), from hectic fever, from febrile or inflammatory affections, from inflammation of the brain, connected with an exalted state of nervous irritability, from hypochondriasis, and from gases, narcotic poisons, &c.

Independent of absolutely diseased or distempered conditions of either the brain or the body, we may observe that these illusions sometimes take their origin in the mind itself, and are often referable entirely to external circumstances. The familiar instance of looking at the sun in a mirror, and then turning the eye into a dark corner of the room, when the disc of the sun will be replaced by the spectral image of it, is an experiment which can be tried by any one. In this instance, however, it must be observed, that, although the image of the sun is a spectral one, yet it is only to be considered as a continuation of the impression left by the object on the retina of the eye. Sir Isaac Newton, after making several experiments similar to this, was so haunted with the image of the sun, that he durst not think of or direct his attention, in any way, to it for months, without the bright image of the luminary appearing before his eyes, accompanied by its rays of spectral colouring. As we are familiar with this, so are we with the mode of producing objects or pictures which have deeply impressed our fancy in reveries or, as they are termed, waking dreams. "If we look," says Dr. Brewster, "at the façade of St. Paul's, and, without changing our position, call to mind the celebrated view of Mont Blanc, from Lyons, the picture of the cathedral, though actually impressed upon the retina, is momentarily lost sight of by the mind, exactly like an object seen by indirect vision, and during the instant the recollected image of the mountain, towering over the subjacent range, is distinctly seen, but in a tone of subdued colouring and indistinct outline. When the purpose of its recall is answered, it gradually disappears, and the picture of the cathedral again assumes the ascendancy."

In reference to apparitions having their origin entirely in external circumstances, the well-known illusion which occurred to Sir W. Scott, in coming out of his library into the hall, at Abbotsford, deserves here to be noticed. It was in the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, that he had been reading an account of his recently deceased friend, Lord Byron, and his mind had been, to some degree, excited by the details of his lordship's death. When he had reached a certain portion of the hall, on turning his eyes to a screen on which usually hung a series of cloaks and hats, he recognized the exact representation of his departed friend. He stopped for a single moment to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Scott went up to the screen, and found that the image had been produced, on his excited fancy, by the moonbeams falling on a peculiar arrangement of the cloaks and hats, as they are usually seen in a country entrance-hall.

Instances of this kind might easily be multiplied, but we will content ourselves with only another, which appeared to Dr. Paterson, a medical gentleman who has written upon the very subject of which we are treating. He was suddenly called out of his bed on a summer night to attend a young lady who had divided the trachea (wind-pipe) and large vessels of the neck, and he reached the house just to see her expire. "I found her lying," says he, "huddled upon a door-mat on which she had fallen in passing from one room to another, and on which she expired. . . . Many months afterwards, I was called again professionally to the same house. It was evening and the moon was shining brightly as I descended the stairs. The door of the house was open, and to my astonishment, the first thing that my eyes encountered was the door-mat, with its dying burden as bright and distinct as when I first beheld it. I was much struck by the circumstance, and paused, for a time, to observe with what accuracy fancy and the effects of the moonbeams had brought back a recurrence of the painful associations connected with my former visit. Upon reaching it, I discovered that

it was merely a shawl or some clothes that had been accidentally dropped on the mat." He adds that it was impossible to describe the accuracy with which the outline and colour of this painful picture were recalled to his memory.

Thus it would seem that, according as the mind is occupied with a particular train of thought or subject, the illusions or apparitions which take place in every circumstance, are all to be referred to a renewal of mental impressions. To prove this, examples much more extended than these here produced, might easily be given; but we abstain, from the belief that, with the help of the "Ghost" representations now before the public and what we have already said, there are sufficient proofs to bring conviction to any being of the most ordinary intelligence, that he and she who say that they have seen a "Ghost" have only experienced an illusion.

**THE GHOST IN FRANCE.**—When Robert Houdin left Paris, like Alexander the Great after his death, his sceptre was coveted by different successors; three rivals to each other starting up to follow the triumphant path of the once renowned Robert Houdin. At the present moment Robin is most followed; he has a theatre, well lighted and admirably ventilated, on the Boulevard du Temple. That which now collects a large audience is his exhibition of ghosts, à la Professor Pepper. Numerous impalpable visions cross the stage, which, no doubt, would alarm the tender susceptibilities of some of the more easily frightened ladies, if M. Robin had not had the precaution of inserting in his bills that these are no real spectres, and that no cause for alarm existed—much in the style that our friend Bottom the weaver begs Snug the joiner to address the ladies to this "defect," that the lion was no real lion, but only he himself, "Snug the joiner." The visions are well done, but the "laudator temporis acti" will remember the once-popular phantasmagoria that was introduced into the theatres in London about the beginning of this century, as the invention by which the mysterious Cagliostro had imposed upon the credulous aristocracy of France. The effect then was much more striking, for the spectres, in the gloomy darkness of the stage, rising up no larger than an ordinary plate, and then becoming magnified, and advancing upon the spectators, struck the imagination much more forcibly than the appearances of the present day.

**THE GHOST IN CHANCERY.**—Recently, the Lord Chancellor was visited at his mansion, Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, by the ubiquitous ghost, and a number of gentlemen, all claiming more or less legitimate relationship with him. Messrs. Loibl and Sonhammer, the proprietors of the Pavilion Music-hall, at the top of the Haymarket, Mr. Wild (of the Alhambra), Mr. King (of Bath), Professor Pepper (of the Polytechnic), and others were in attendance, supported by their respective legal advisers. We record the facts of the case:—In February, after Messrs. Dircks and Pepper's ghost had turned out a "hit" at the Polytechnic in the preceding December, they obtained a provisional specification, with a view to patent. In August, just before it was time to obtain the great seal, the other parties above-named lodged objections according to the Patent Law Amendment Act. On account of these objections the patentees obtained a further month's provisional protection to answer them. Affidavits were further filed on both sides, and the Lord Chancellor fixed a day for the disposal of the case so far as the issue of the great seal was concerned. Mr. Bower, for Messrs. Loibl and Sonhammer, put in a number of affidavits tending to prove that the invention was, by no means, new, and that it had been exhibited in London and throughout the country as far back as 1845; the parentage of it seemed to rest on Herr Dobler, the celebrated conjuror. As the proprietors of the Pavilion had taken a model stage down with them, all complete, "the house was lighted up," and his lordship had the pleasure of witnessing the ghost business very conveniently. In the course of the argument, his lordship said that he remembered seeing the same thing when a boy, fifty-five years ago; it was exhibited by Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, and an account of it published. It was urged that by Messrs. Pepper and Dircks exhibiting it in December last year, at the Polytechnic, it was a publication that barred the right of patent. On the other side affidavits were put in from Sir David Brewster and Professor Wheatstone, testifying that the invention was new. The Lord Chancellor then reviewed all the affidavits, and said that the objectors had no grounds before him; they came in at the last moment, and wanted to overturn all the three hearings of the Attorney-General, who must have been satisfied of the merits before he remitted the patent for the great seal. If he withheld it, the patentees had no remedy, no appeal elsewhere, but by granting the patent he placed them in a position to prove and maintain their right to do it. Nor would this inflict any wrong on the objectors, as they could try the value of the patent in a court of law. His lordship then directed the great seal to issue, with all costs and charges against the objectors.





## SELF-MADE;

OR,

## "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER LV.

ENVY.

Well! blot him black with slander's ink,  
He stands as white as snow!  
You serve him better than you think  
And kinder than you know:  
What? is it not some credit, then,  
That he provokes your blame?  
This merely, with all better men,  
Is quite a kind of fame!

M. F. Tupper.

MR. BRUDNELL found Ishmael in the ante-room of the court in close conversation with an elderly solicitor and a care-worn woman in widow's weeds. He caught a few words of her discourse, to which Ishmael appeared to be listening with sympathy.

"Yes, sir; we belong to Bangor. He went to California some years ago and made money. And he was on his way home and got as far as this city, where he was taken ill with the cholera, at his brother's house, where he died before I could get to him; leaving three thousand pounds, all in Californian gold, which his brother refuses to give up, denying all knowledge of it. It is a robbery of the widow and orphan, sir, and nothing short of that!"—she was saying.

"If this is, as you state, it would seem to be a case for a detective policeman and a criminal prosecution, rather than for an attorney and a civil suit," said Ishmael.

"So it ought to be, sir, for he deserves punishment; but I have been advised to sue him, and I mean to do it, if you will take my case. But if you do take it, sir, it must be on conditions."

"Yes. What are they?"

"Why, if you do not recover the money, you will not receive any pay; but if you do recover the money, you will receive a very large share of it yourself, as a compensation for your services and your risk."

"I cannot take your case on these terms, madam; I cannot accept a conditional fee," said Ishmael, gently.

"Then what shall I do?" exclaimed the widow, bursting into tears. "I have no money, and shall not have any until I get that! And how can I get that unless I sue for it? Or how sue for it, unless you are willing to take the risk? Do, sir, try it! It will be no risk, after all; you will be sure to gain it!"

"It is not the risk that I object to, madam; said

[CLAUDIA HEARS ALFRED BURGHIE MALIGN ISHMAEL.]

Ishmael, very gently, "but it is *this*—to make my fee out of my case would appear to me a sort of professional gambling, from which I should shrink."

"Then, Heaven help me, what shall I do?" exclaimed the widow, weeping afresh.

"Do not distress yourself. I will call and see you this afternoon. And if your case is what you represent it to be, I will undertake to conduct it," said Ishmael. And in that moment he made up his mind that if he should find the widow's cause a just one, he would, once more, make a free offering of his services.

The new client thanked him, gave her address, and departed.

Ishmael turned to go into the court-room and found himself confronted with Mr. Brudnell.

"Good morning, Mr. Worth! I see you have another client already."

"A possible one, sir," replied Ishmael, smiling with satisfaction as he shook hands with Mr. Brudnell.

"A poor one, you mean! Poor widows with claims always make a prey of young lawyers, who are supposed to be willing to plead for nothing, rather than not plead at all! And it is all very well, as it gives the latter an opening. But you are not one of these briefless lawyers; you have already made your mark in the world, and so you must not permit these forlorn females that haunt the courts to consume all your time and attention."

"Sir," said Ishmael, gravely and fervently, "I owe so much to God—so much more than I can ever hope to pay, that, at least I must show my gratitude to him by working for his poor! Do you not think that is only right, sir?"

And Ishmael looked into the face of this stranger, whom he had seen but once before, with a singular longing for his approval.

"Yes; I do! my—I do, Mr. Worth!" replied Brudnell with emotion, as they entered the court together.

Late that afternoon, Ishmael kept his appointment with the Widow Cobham, and their consultation ended in Ishmael's acceptance of her brief. Other clients also came to him, and soon his hands were full of business.

As the Supreme Court had risen, and Judge Merlin had little, or no official business on hand, Ishmael's position in his office was almost a sinecure, and, therefore, the young man delicately hinted to his employer the propriety of a separation between them.

"No, Ishmael! I cannot make up my mind to part with you yet. It is true, as you say, that there is but little to do now; but recollect that for months past there has been a great deal to do, and you have done about four times as much work for me as I was entitled to expect of you. So that now you have earned

the right to stay on with me to the end of the year, without doing any work at all."

"But, sir—"

"But I won't hear a word about your leaving us just yet, Ishmael. I will hold you to your engagement, at least until the first of June, when we shall all return to Tanglewood; then, if you wish it, of course I will release you, as your professional duties will require your presence in London. But while we remain in town, I will not consent to your leaving us, nor release you from your engagement," said the judge.

And Ishmael was made happy by this decision. It had been a point of honour with him, as there was so little to do, to offer to leave the judge's employment; but now that the offer had been refused, and he was held to his engagement, he was very much pleased to find himself obliged to remain under the same roof with Claudia.

Ah! sweet and fatal intoxication of her presence! he would not willingly tear himself away from it.

Meanwhile this pleasure was but occasional and fleeting. He seldom saw Claudia except at the dinner-hour.

Miss Merlin never now got up to breakfast with the family. Her life of fashionable dissipation was beginning to tell, even on her youthful and vigorous constitution. Every evening she was out until a late hour, at some ball, party, concert, theatre, lecture-room, or some other place of amusement. The consequence was that she was always too tired to rise and breakfast with the family, whom she seldom joined until the two o'clock lunch. And at that hour, Ishmael was sure to be at the court, where the case of Cobham *versus* Hanley, in which Mr. Worth was counsel for the plaintiff, was going on. At the six o'clock dinner he daily met her, as I said, but that was always in public. And immediately after coffee she would go out, attended by Mrs. Middleton as *chaperone* and the Viscount Vincent as escort. And she would return long after Ishmael had retired to his room, so that he would not see her again until the next day at dinner. And so the days wore on.

Mr. Brudnell remained the guest of Judge Merlin. A strange affection was growing between him and Ishmael Worth! Mr. Brudnell understood the secret of this affection; Ishmael did not. The father, otherwise childless, naturally loved the one gifted son of his youth, and loved him the more that he durst not acknowledge him. And Ishmael, in his genial nature, loved in return the stranger who showed so much affectionate interest in him. No one perceived the likeness that was said by the viscount to exist between the two, except the viscount himself; and since he had seen them together, he ceased to comment on the subject.

Reuben Gray and his family had returned home, so that Mr. Brudnell got no further opportunity of talking with Hannah.

The season was, at length, drawing to a close; and it was finished off with a succession of very brilliant parties. Ishmael Worth was now included in every invitation sent to the family of Judge Merlin, and, in compliance with the urgent advice of the judge, he accepted many of these invitations, and appeared in some of the most exclusive drawing-rooms, where his handsome person, polished manners, and distinguished talents made him welcome.

But none among these brilliant parties equalled in splendour the ball given early in the season by the Merlins.

"And since no one has been able to eclipse my ball, I will eclipse it myself by a still more splendid one—a final grand display at the end of the season, like a final grand tableau at the close of a pantomime," said Claudia.

"My dear, you will ruin yourself," expostulated Mrs. Middleton.

"My aunt, I shall be a viscountess," replied Miss Merlin.

And preparations for the great party were immediately commenced. More than two hundred invitations were issued; and for a few days the house was closed to visitors, and given up to suffer the will of the decorator and his attendant artificers, who soon contrived to transform the sober mansion of the judge into something very like the gorgeous palace of an Oriental prince. And, as if they would not be prodigal enough if left to themselves, Claudia continually interfered to instigate them to new extravagances.

Meanwhile nothing was talked of in fashionable circles but the approaching ball, and the novelties it was expected to develop.

On the morning of the day, Yvonne and his impu having completed their fancy papering, painting and gilding, and put the finishing touches by festooning all the walls and ceilings, and wreathing all the gilded pillars, with a profusion of artificial flowers, at last evacuated the premises, just in time to allow Davian and his army to march in, for the purpose of laying the feast. These forces held possession of the supper-room, kitchen and pantry for the rest of the evening, and prepared a supper which it would be vain to attempt to describe. A little later in the evening, Durezie and his celebrated troupe arrived, armed with all the celebrated dances—waltzes, polkas, etc.—then known, and one or two others composed expressly for this occasion.

And, when they had taken their places, Claudia and her party came down into the front drawing-room to be ready to receive the company.

On this occasion it was Miss Merlin's whim to dress with exceeding richness. She wore a robe of dazzling splendour—a fabric of the looms of India, a sort of gauze of gold, that seemed to be composed of woven sunbeams, and floated gracefully around her elegant figure and accorded well with her dark beauty. The bodice of this gorgeous dress was literally starred with diamonds. A coronet of diamonds flashed above her black ringlets, a necklace of diamonds rested upon her full bosom, and bracelets, of the same, encircled her rounded arms. Such a glowing, splendid, refulgent figure as she presented, suggested the idea of a Mohammedan sultana rather than that of a Christian maiden. But it was Miss Merlin's caprice upon this occasion to dazzle, astonish and bewilder.

Beatrice, who stood near her, like a maid of honour to a queen, was dressed, with her usual simplicity and taste, in a fine white *crêpe*, with a single white rily on her bosom.

Mrs. Middleton, standing also with Claudia, wore a robe of silver grey.

And this pure white on one side and pale grey on the other did but heighten the effect of Claudia's magnificent costume.

The fashionable hour for assembling at evening parties was then ten o'clock. By a quarter past ten the company began to arrive, and by eleven the rooms were quite full.

The Viscount Vincent arrived early and devoted himself to Miss Merlin, standing behind her chair like a lord-in-waiting.

Ishmael was also present with this group, ostensibly in attendance upon Beatrice, but really and truly waiting every turn of Claudia's countenance or conversation.

While they were all standing, grouped in this way, to receive all comers, Judge Merlin approached smiling, and accompanied by a military officer, whom he presented in these words.

"Claudia, my love, I bring you an old acquaintance—a very old acquaintance—Captain Burghie."

Claudia bowed as haughtily and distantly as it was possible to do; and then, without speaking, glanced inquiringly at her father as if to ask—"How came this person here?"

Judge Merlin replied to that mute question by saying: "I was so lucky as to meet our young friend to-day;

he is but just arrived. I told him what was going on here this evening, and begged him to waive ceremony and come to us. And he was so good as to take me at my word!" said the judge, appealing for relief to his amiable niece.

Now, Beatrice, was too kind-hearted to hurt any one's feelings, and yet too truthful to make professions she did not feel. She could not positively say that she was glad to see Alfred Burghie; but she could give him her hand and say:

"I hope that you are well, Mr. Burghie."

"Captain! Captain, my dear! he commands a company now! Lord Vincent permit me—Captain Burghie."

A haughty bow from the viscount and a reverential one from the captain acknowledged this presentation. Then Mrs. Middleton kindly shook hands with the unwelcome visitor.

And finally Claudia unbent a little from her hauteur, and condescended to address a few common-place remarks to him. But at length her eyes flashed around upon Ishmael standing behind Beatrice.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Worth, I presume, Captain Burghie?" she inquired.

"I have not that honour," said Alfred Burghie, arrogantly.

"Then I will confer it upon you!" said Claudia, very gravely. "Mr. Worth, I hope you will permit me to present to you Captain Burghie. Captain Burghie, Mr. Worth."

Ishmael bowed with courtesy; but Alfred Burghie became violently red in the face and with a short nod turned away.

"Captain Burghie has a bad memory, my lord!" said Claudia, turning to the viscount. "The gentleman to whom I have just presented him once saved his life at the imminent risk of his own! It is true the affair happened long ago, when they were both boys; but it seems to me, that if anyone had exposed himself to a death by fire to rescue me from a burning building, I should remember it to the latest day of my life."

"Pardon me, Miss Merlin. The circumstances to which you allude was beyond my control, and Mr.—a—Word's share in it without my consent; his service was, I believe, well repaid by my father; and the trouble with me is not that my memory is defective, but rather that it is too retentive. I remember the origin of—"

"Our acquaintance with Mr. Worth!" interrupted Claudia, turning deadly pale, and speaking in the low tones of suppressed passion. "Yes, I know! there was a stopped carriage, rifled hamper, and detected thieves. There was a young gentleman who dishonoured his rank, and a noble working boy who distinguished himself in that affair. I remember perfectly well the circumstances to which you refer."

"You mistake, Miss Merlin," retorted Burghie, with a hot flush upon his brow, "I do not refer to that boyish frolic, for it was no more! I refer to—"

"Mr. Burghie, excuse me. Mr. Worth, will you do me the favour to tell the band to strike up a quadrille. Lord Vincent, I presume they expect us to open the ball. Beatrice, my dear, you are engaged to Mr. Worth for this set. Be sure when he returns to come to the same set with us and be our *vis-à-vis*," said Claudia, speaking rapidly.

Before she had finished, Ishmael had gone upon her errand, and the band struck up a lively quadrille. Claudia gave her hand to Lord Vincent, who led her to the head of the first set. When Ishmael returned, Beatrice gave him her hand, and told him Claudia's wish, which, of course, had all the force of a command for him, and he immediately led Beatrice to the place opposite Lord Vincent and Miss Merlin.

And Captain Burghie was left to bite his nails in foiled malignity.

But later in the evening, he took his revenge, and received his punishment.

It happened in this manner. New quadrilles were being formed. Claudia was again dancing with Lord Vincent, and they had taken their places at the head of one of the sets. Ishmael was dancing with one of the poor, neglected "wall-flowers" to whom Beatrice had kindly introduced him, and he led his partner to the foot of one of the sets; he was so much engaged in trying to entertain the shy and awkward girl, that he did not observe who was their *vis-à-vis*, or overhear the remarks that were made.

But Claudia, who, with the viscount, was standing very near, heard and saw all. She saw Ishmael lead his shy young partner up to the place in the set exactly opposite to where Alfred Burghie, with his partner, Miss Tournesee, stood, and she heard Mr. Burghie whisper to Miss Tournesee:

"Excuse me; and permit me to lead you to a seat. The person who has just taken the place opposite to us is not a proper associate even for me, still less for you."

And she saw Miss Tournesee's look of surprise and heard her low-toned exclamation:

"Why, it is Mr. Worth! I have danced with him often!"

"I am sorry to hear it. I hope you will take the word of an officer and a gentleman that he is not a respectable person, and by no means a proper acquaintance for any lady."

"But why not?"

"Pardon me. I cannot tell you why not. It is not a fit story for your ears. But I will tell your father. For I think the real position of the fellow ought to be known. In the meantime, will you take my word for the truth of what I have said, and permit me to lead you to a seat?"

"Certainly," said the young lady, trembling with distress.

"I regret exceedingly to deprive you of your dance; but you perceive that there is no other vacant place."

"Oh, don't mention it. Find me a seat."

This low-toned conversation, every word of which had been overheard by Claudia, who, though in another set, stood nearly back to back with the speaker, was entirely lost to Ishmael, who stood at the foot of the same set with him, but was at a greater distance, and was, besides, absorbed in the task of re-assuring his timid school-girl companion.

Just as Burghie turned to lead his partner away, and Ishmael, attracted by the movement, lifted his eyes to see the cause, Claudia gently drew Lord Vincent after her, and going up to the retiring couple, said:

"Miss Tournesee, I beg your pardon; but will you and your partner do myself and Lord Vincent the favour to exchange places with us? We particularly desire to form a part of this set."

"Oh, certainly!" said the young lady, wondering, but rejoiced to find that she should not be obliged to miss the dance.

They exchanged places accordingly; but as they still stood very near each other, Claudia heard him whisper to his partner:

"This evening, I think, I will speak to your father and some other gentlemen, and enlighten them as to who this fellow really is!"

Claudia heard all this; but commanded herself. Her face was pale as marble; her lips were bloodless; but her dark eyes had the terrible gleam of suppressed yet determined hatred!

However, she went through all the four dances very composedly. And when they were over, and Lord Vincent had led her to a seat, she sent him to fetch her a glass of water, while she kept her eye on the movements of Captain Burghie, until she saw him deposit his partner on a sofa and leave her to fetch a cream or some such refreshment.

And then Claudia arose, drank the ice-water brought her by the viscount, set the empty glass on a stand, and requested Lord Vincent to give her his arm down the room, as she particularly wished to speak to Captain Burghie.

The viscount glanced at her in surprise, and saw that her face was bloodless, but ascribed her pallor to fatigue.

Leaving on Lord Vincent's arm, she went down the whole length of the room until she paused before the sofa on which sat Miss Tournesee and several other ladies, attended by General Tournesee, Captain Burghie and other gentlemen.

Burghie stood in front of the sofa, facing the ladies, and with his back towards Claudia, of whose approach he was entirely ignorant, as he discoursed as follows:

"Quite unfit to be received in respectable society, I assure you, general! Came of a wretchedly degraded set, the lowest of the low, upon my honour. This fellow—"

Claudia touched his shoulder with the end of her fan.

Alfred Burghie turned sharply around and confronted Miss Merlin, and on meeting her eyes grew as pale as she was herself.

"Captain Burghie," she said, modulating her voice to low and courteous tones, "you have had the misfortune to malign one of our most esteemed friends, at present a member of our household. I regret this accident exceedingly, as it puts me under the painful necessity of requesting you to leave the house with as little delay as possible!"

"Miss Merlin! ma'am!" began the captain, crimsoning with shame and rage.

"You have heard my request, sir! I have no more to say but to wish you a good evening," said Claudia, as with a low and sweeping curtsy she turned away.

Passing near the hall where the footmen waited, she spoke to one of them, saying:

"Powers, attend that gentleman to the front door."

All this was done so quietly that Alfred Burghie was able to slink from the room, unobserved by any one except the little group around the sofa, whom he had been entertaining with his calumnies. To them he had muttered that he would have satisfaction! That he would call Miss Merlin's father to a severe account for the impertinence of his daughter on this occasion.

But the consternation produced by these threats was soon dissipated. The band struck up an alluring waltz, and Lord Vincent claimed the hand of Beatrice,



and Ishmael, smiling, radiant and unsuspecting, came in search of Miss Tournaysee, who accepted his hand for the dance without an instant's hesitation.

"Do you know"—inquired Miss Tournaysee, with a little curiosity to ascertain whether there was any mutual enmity between Burghie and Ishmael—"Do you know who Captain Burghie is that danced the last quadrille with me?"

"Yes; he is the son of the late Captain Burghie, who was a gallant officer," said Ishmael, generously, uttering not one word against his implacable foe.

Miss Tournaysee looked at him wistfully, and inquired:

"Is the son as good a man as the father?"

"I have not known Captain Burghie since we were at school together."

"I do not like him. I do not think he is a gentleman," said Miss Tournaysee.

Ishmael did not reply. It was not his way to speak even deserved evil of the absent.

But Miss Tournaysee drew a mental comparison between the meanness of Alfred's conduct, and the nobility of Ishmael's. And the dance interrupted the conversation.

Claudia remained sitting on the sofa, beside Mrs. Middleton, until at the close of the dance, when she was rejoined by the viscount, who did not leave her again during the evening.

The early summer nights are short, and so it was near the dawn when the company separated.

The party, as a whole, had been the most splendid success of the season.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## FOILED MALICE.

Through good report and ill report,

The true man goes his way,

Nor condescends to pay his court

To what the vile may say—

Aye, be the scandal what they will,

And whisper what they please,

They do but fan his glory still

By whistling up a breeze.

M. F. Tupper.

The family slept late next day, and the breakfast was put back to the luncheon hour, when, at length, they all, with one exception, assembled around the table.

"Where is Mr. Worth?" inquired the judge.

"He took a cup of coffee and went to the court at the usual hour, sir," returned Powers, who was setting the coffee on the table.

"Humph! that hotly contested case of Cobham *versus* Hanley still in progress, I suppose," said the judge.

At this moment Sam entered the breakfast-room, and laid a card on the table before his master.

"Eh! 'Lieutenant Springald?' Who the mischief is he?" said the judge, reading the name on the card.

"The gentleman, sir, says he has called to see you on particular business," replied Sam.

"This is a pretty time to come on business. Show him into my study, Sam."

The servant withdrew to obey.

The judge addressed himself to his breakfast, and the conversation turned upon the party of the preceding evening.

"I wonder what became of Burghie? He disappeared very early in the evening," said Judge Merlin.

"I turned him out of doors," answered Claudia, coolly.

The judge set down his cup and literally stared at his daughter.

"He deserved it, papa! And nothing on earth but my sex prevented me from giving him a thrashing as well as a discharge," said Claudia.

"What did he do?" inquired her father.

Claudia told him the whole.

"Well, my dear, you did right, though I am sorry that there should have been any necessity for dismissing him. Degenerate son of a noble father, will nothing reform him!" was the comment of the judge.

Mr. Brudnell, who was present and had heard Claudia's account, was reflecting bitterly upon the consequences of his own youthful fault of haste, visited so heavily in unjust reproach upon the head of his faultless son.

"Well!" said the judge, rising from the table, "now I will go and see what the deuce is wanted of me by Lieutenant—Spring—Spring—Spring chicken! or whatever his name is!"

He found seated in his study a beardless youth in uniform, who arose and saluted him, saying as he handed a folded note:

"I have the honour to be the bearer of a challenge, sir, from my friend and superior officer, Captain Burghie."

"A—what?" demanded the judge, with a frown as black as a thunder-cloud and a voice sharp as its clap, which made the little officer jump from his feet.

"A challenge, sir," repeated the latter, as soon as he had composed himself.

"Why, what the deuce do you mean by bringing a challenge to me? breaking the law under the very nose of an officer of the law?" said the judge, snatching the note and tearing it open. When he had read it, he looked sternly at the messenger and said:

"Why, don't you know it is my solemn duty to have you arrested and sent to prison, for bringing me this, eh?"

"Sir," began the little fellow, drawing his figure up, "men of honour never resort to such subterfuges, to evade the consequences of their own acts."

"Hold your tongue, child! You know nothing about what you are talking of. Men of honour are not duellists but peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Don't be frightened, my brave little bantam! I won't have you arrested this time; but I will answer your heroic principal instead. Let us see again—what is it that he says?"

And the judge sat down at his writing-table and once more read over the challenge.

Judge Merlin smiled grimly as he laid the precious communication aside and took up his pen to reply to it.

He then carefully folded and directed his note, put it into the hands of the little lieutenant, and said pleasantly:

"There, my child! There you are! Take that to your principal."

The little fellow hesitated.

"I hope, sir, that this contains a perfectly satisfactory apology?" he said, turning it round in his fingers.

"Oh, perfectly! amply! we shall hear no more of the challenge."

"I am very glad, sir. Good day," said the little lieutenant, rising, with a vast assumption of dignity, and strutting towards the door.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Judge Merlin heard no more of "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The remainder of that week the house was again closed to company, during the process of dismantling the reception-rooms of their festive decorations, and restoring them to their ordinarily sober aspect.

By Saturday afternoon this transformation was effected, and the household felt themselves at home again.

Early that evening Ishmael joined the family circle perfectly radiant with good news.

"What is it, Ishmael?" inquired the judge.

"Well, sir, the hard-fought battle is over at length, and we have the victory. The case of Cobham *versus* Hanley is decided. The jury came into court this afternoon with a verdict for the plaintiff."

"Good!" said the judge.

"And the widow and children get their money! I am so glad!" said Beatrice, who had kept herself posted up in the progress of the great suit by reading the reports in the daily papers.

"Yes, but how much money will you get, Ishmael?" inquired the judge.

"None, sir, in this case. A conditional fee, that I was to make out of my case, was offered me by the plaintiff in the first instance, but of course I could not speculate in justice."

"Humph! Well, it is of no use to argue with you, Ishmael. Now, there are two great cases which you have gained, and which ought to have brought you at least a hundred pounds, and which have brought you nothing!"

"Not exactly nothing, uncle; they have brought him fame," said Beatrice.

"Fame is all very well, but money is better," said the judge.

"The money will come also, in good time, uncle; never you fear. Ishmael has placed his capital out at good interest, and with the best security."

"What do you mean, Beatrice?"

"Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," Ishmael's services, given to the poor, are lent to the Lord," said Beatrice, reverently.

"Humph!" muttered the judge, who never ventured to carry on an argument when the Scripture was quoted against him. "Well, I suppose it is all right. And now I hear that you are counsel for that poor wretch Toomey, who fell through the grating of Sarsfield's cellar, and crippled himself for life."

"Yes," said Ishmael, "I think he is entitled to heavy damages. It was criminal carelessness in Sarsfield and Company to leave their cellar grating in that unsafe condition for weeks, to the great peril of the passers-by. It was a regular trap for lives and limbs. And this poor labourer, passing over it, has fallen and lamed himself for life! And he has a large family depending upon him for support. I have laid the damages at two hundred pounds."

"Yes; but how much do you get?"

"Nothing. As in the other two cases, my client is not able to pay me a retaining fee, and it is against my principles to accept a contingent one."

"Humph! that makes three 'free, gratis, for nothing' labours! I wonder how long it will be before the money cases begin to come on?" inquired the judge, a little sarcastically.

"Oh, not very long," smiled Ishmael. "I have already received several retaining-fees from clients who are able to pay, but whose cases may not come on till next term."

"But when does poor Toomey's case come on?"

"Monday."

At that moment the door opened, and Powers announced:

"Lord Vincent!"

The viscount entered the drawing-room; and Ishmael's pleasure was over for that evening.

On Monday, Ishmael's third case, Toomey *versus* Sarsfield, came on. It lasted several days, and then was decided in favour of the plaintiff—Toomey receiving every shilling of the damages claimed for him by his attorney. In his gratitude, the poor man would have pressed a large sum of money, even to one-fourth of his gains, upon his young counsel; but Ishmael, true to his principle of never gambling in justice, refused to take a shilling.

That week the court adjourned; and the young barrister had leisure to study and get up his cases for the next term. The season was, in fact, at an end, everybody was preparing to leave town, and Judge Merlin issued directions that his servants should pack up all his effects, preparatory to a migration to Tanglewood.

One morning the Viscount Vincent called as usual, and, after a prolonged private interview with Miss Merlin, he sent a message to the judge, requesting to see him alone for a few minutes.

Ishmael was seated with Judge Merlin in the study at the moment Powers brought this message.

"Ah! 'Lord Vincent requests the honour of a private interview' with me, does he? Well! it is what I have been expecting for some days! Wonder if he doesn't think he is conferring an honour instead of receiving one? Ask him to be so good as to walk up, Powers. Ishmael, my dear boy, excuse me for dismissing you for a few minutes; but pray return to me as soon as this Lord—'Foppington'—leaves me. Confound him, for I know he is coming to ask me for my girl!"

It was well that Ishmael happened to be sitting with his back to the window. It was well also that Judge Merlin did not look up as his young friend passed out, else would the judge have seen the haggard countenance which would have told him more eloquently than words could of the force of the blow that had fallen on Ishmael's heart.

He went up into his own little room, and sat down at his desk, and leaning his brow upon his hand struggled with the anguish that wrung his heart.

It had fallen, then—the crushing blow! Claudia was betrothed to the viscount! He might have been, as every one else was, prepared for this! But he was not! For he knew that Claudia was perfectly conscious of his own passionate love for her, and he knew that she loved him with almost equal fervour. It is true his heart had often been wrung with jealousy when seeing her with Lord Vincent; yet even then he had thought her vanity only was interested in receiving the attentions of the viscount; and he had trusted in her honour, that he believed would never permit her, while loving himself, to marry another, or even give that other serious encouragement. It is true, also, that he had never breathed his love to Claudia, for he knew that to do so would be an unpardonable abuse of his position in Judge Merlin's family, a flagrant breach of confidence, and a fatal piece of presumption that would ensure his final banishment from Claudia's society. So he had struggled to control his passion, seeing also that Claudia strove to conquer hers. And though no words passed between them, each knew, by secret sympathy, the state of the other's mind.

But lately, since his brilliant success at the bar, and the glorious prospect that opened before him, he had begun to hope that Claudia, conscious of their mutual love, would wait for him only a few short years, at the end of which he would be able to offer her a position not unworthy even of Judge Merlin's daughter.

Such had been his splendid "castle in the air." But now the thunderbolt had fallen, and his castle was in ruins.

Claudia, whom he had believed to be, if not perfectly faultless, yet the purest, noblest and proudest among women; Claudia, his queen, had been capable of selling herself to be the wife of an unloved man for the price of a title and a coronet—a breath and a bauble!

Claudia had struck a fatal blow, not only to his love for her, but to his honour for her; and both love and honour were in their death-throes.

Anguish is no computer of time. He might have sat there half-an-hour, or half-a-day, he could not have told which, when he heard the voice of his kind friend calling him:

"Ishmael! Ishmael, my lad! where are you, boy? Come to me!"

"Yes, yes, sir, I am coming," he answered, mechanically.

And like one who has passed from torture into bewilderment, he rose, and walked down to the study.

Some blind instinct led him straight to a chair that was standing with its back to the window; into this he sank, with his face in the deep shadow.

Judge Merlin was walking up and down the floor, with signs of disturbance in his looks and manners.

A waiter with decanters and some glasses stood upon the table. This was a very unusual thing.

"Well, Ishmael, it is done! my girl is to be a viscountess; but I do not like it—no, I do not like it!" Ishmael was incapable of reply; but the judge continued:

"It is not only that I shall lose her—utterly lose her—for her home will be in another hemisphere, and the ocean will roll between me and my sole child—it is not altogether that—but, Ishmael, I don't like the fellow; and I never did and never can!"

Here the judge paused, poured out a glass of wine, drank it, and resumed:

"And I do not know why I don't like him! that is the worst of it! He is good-looking, well-behaved, intelligent and a well-educated young fellow enough, and so I do not know why it is that I don't like him! But I don't like him, and that's all about it!"

The judge sighed, ran his hands through his grey hair and continued:

"If I had any reason for this dislike; if I could find any just cause of offence in him; if I could put my hand down on any vice in his character, I could say to my daughter, 'I object to this man for your husband upon this account;' and then I know that she would not marry him in direct opposition to my wishes. But you see, I cannot do anything like this, and my objection to the marriage, if I should express it, would appear to be caprice, prejudice, injustice."

He sighed again, walked several times up and down the floor in silence, and then, once more, resumed his monologue:

"People will soon be congratulating me on my daughter's splendid marriage! Congratulating me! Good Heaven, what mockery! Congratulating me on the loss of my child to a man whom I half-dislike and more than half-suspect—though without being able to justify either feeling? What do you think, Ishmael? Is that a subject for congratulation? But, good Heaven, boy! what is the matter with you? Are you ill?" he suddenly exclaimed, pausing before the young man, and noticing, for the first time, the awful pallor of his face and the deadly collapse of his form.

"Are you ill, my dear boy? Speak!"

"Yes, yes, I am ill!" groaned Ishmael.

"Where? where?"

"Everywhere."

The judge rushed to the table and poured out a glass of wine, and brought it to him.

But the young man who was habitually and totally abstinent, shook his head.

"Drink it! drink it!" said the judge, offering the glass.

But Ishmael silently waved it off.

"As a medicine, you foolish fellow! As a medicine? You are sinking, don't you know?" persisted the judge, forcing the glass into Ishmael's hand.

Ishmael then placed it to his lips and swallowed its contents.

The effect of the wine upon him, unaccustomed as he was to alcoholic stimulants, was instantaneous.

The wine diffused itself through his chilled, sinking, and dying frame, warming, elevating and restoring its powers.

"This is the fabled 'elixir of life.' I did not believe there was such a restorative in the world!" said Ishmael, sitting up and breathing freely under the transient exhilaration.

"To be sure it is, my boy!" said the judge, heartily, as he took the empty glass from Ishmael's hand and replaced it on the waiter.

"But what have you been doing to reduce yourself to this state? Sitting up all night over some perplexing case, as likely as not."

"No."

"But I am sure you overwork yourself. You should not do it, Ishmael! It is absurd to kill yourself for a living, you know."

"I think, Judge Merlin, that as you are so soon about to leave London, and as there is so little to do in your office, I should be grateful if you would at once release me from our engagement and permit me to leave your employment," said Ishmael, who felt that it would be to him the most dreadful trial to remain in the house and meet Claudia and Vincent as betrothed lovers every day, and, at last, witness their marriage.

The judge looked annoyed and then asked:

"Now, Ishmael, why do you wish to leave me before the expiration of the term for which you stand engaged?"

And before Ishmael could answer that question, he continued:

"You are in error as to the reasons you assign. In the first place, I am not to leave London so soon as I expected; as it is arranged that we shall remain here for the solemnization of the marriage, which will not take place until the first of July. And in the second place, instead of there being but little to do in the

office, there will be a great deal to do—all Claudia's estate to be arranged, the viscount's affairs to be examined, marriage settlements to be executed—(I wish it was the bridegroom that was to be executed instead), letters to be written, and what not! So that you see I shall need your services very much. And besides, Ishmael, my boy, I do not wish to part with you just now, in this great trial of my life; for it is a great trial to me, Ishmael, to part with my only child, to a man whom I dislike. I have loved you as a son, Ishmael! And now I ask you to stand by me in this crisis—for I do not know how I shall bear it! It will be to me like giving her up to death!"

Ishmael arose and placed his hand in that of his old friend. His stately young form was shaken by agitation, as an oak-tree is by a storm, as he said:

"I will remain with you, Judge Merlin! I will remain with you through this trial! But oh! you do not know! you cannot know how terrible the ordeal will be to me!"

A sudden light of revelation burst upon Judge Merlin's mind! He looked into that agonized young face, clasped that true hand and said:

"Is it so, my boy? Oh, my poor boy, is it indeed so?"

"Make some excuse for me to the family; say that I am not well, for that indeed is true; I cannot come into the drawing-room this evening," said Ishmael.

And he hastily wrung his friend's hand and hurried from the room, for after that one touch of sympathy from Claudia's father, he felt that if he had staid another moment, he should have shamed his manhood and wept!

He hurried up into his little room, to strive in solitude and prayer, with his great sorrow.

Meanwhile the judge took up his hat for a walk in the open air. He had not seen his daughter since he had given his consent to her betrothal. And he felt that as yet, he would not see her. He wished to subdue his own feelings of pain and regret, before meeting her with the congratulations which he wished to offer.

"After all," he said to himself, as he descended the stairs, "after all, I suppose, I should dislike any man in the world, who should come to marry Claudia; so it is not the viscount who is in fault; but I who am unreasonable! But Ishmael! Ah, poor boy! poor boy! Heaven forgive Claudia, if she has had anything to do with this? And may Heaven comfort him, for he deserves to be happy!"

(To be continued.)

## THE CONCEALED WILL

### CHAPTER I

SIR WILLIAM DRISCOLL lay upon his dying bed. Not all the array of luxury that surrounded him, its downy pillows and silken drapery, could make it an easy place to him. He tossed restlessly upon his couch, low moans escaped from his pallid lips, while upon his whole countenance was stamped an expression which showed that they proceeded from something more than mere physical suffering.

All the sad mistakes of his misdirected life loomed up before him. There thronged around his pillow many old familiar faces, all looking sadly and reproachfully upon him. There stood the wife of his youth, his gentle-hearted, loving Alice, who commended with her last breath their child to his care and protection.

There was his brother, who, dying, left his only son to his guardianship. And lastly, there came the brave, high-spirited youth, whom he had goaded into rebellion by harshness and injustice, and then driven from his home and country.

But soon exhausted nature came to his relief, and closing his eyes he seemed to slumber.

There was only one person present—a woman about forty, still handsome, and who, in her youth, must have been surpassingly beautiful. Yet was there something unpleasant in the general expression of her countenance—a hard, cold glitter in the dark eyes, and an expression of mingled pride and cunning around the lips, which were too thin and inflexible for beauty.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a man entered, whose footsteps fell heavily, even on the soft, luxurious carpet. He strongly resembled the woman, though there seemed to be more of the animal in his composition, and the words that fell from his lips showed that they were mother and son.

"Hush! he is sleeping," said the woman, raising her hand with a warning gesture.

The person addressed turned and looked upon the sleeper. The sight of that haggard face, the thin, grey hair and hollow temples should have awakened feelings of regretful tenderness in the heart of the man who had been loved and cherished by him from his boyhood. But there was nothing in the expression of his countenance that indicated it. His eyes had an eager, dissatisfied look, as though he was counting the few remaining sands of life, and was impatient that there were still so many.

Had he looked a little closer, he might have discovered a slight tremor of the eyelids; but it escaped his notice, and turning carelessly away, he threw himself into a seat beside the woman, in a recess at the other end of the room, where they conversed in low but audible tones.

"He is a long time dying," said the new-comer, with a shrug of impatience.

"Yes; but the doctor says he cannot possibly survive the night."

"And the will—have you induced him to sign it yet?"

"Yes; he signed it more than six months ago, the day after he received the letter informing him that his nephew knew of his desire to be reconciled with him, but refused to return."

"Ah! that was a good move of yours, mother," said the young man, with a low chuckle.

"Have you seen Ethel since your return?" inquired his companion, breaking the silence that followed.

"Yes; I just met her as I was crossing the hall. I held out my hand to her, but with the air of an insulted queen she drew back and refused to take it. She will come down a trifle from her present elevation, I'm thinking, when she finds out the conditions of her father's will. Confound the little gipsy! but she is lovelier than ever. Do you really think that she will prefer beggary to a union with me?"

"It is impossible to say," said his mother, musingly.

"She is very strongly attached to her cousin. By the way, another letter came from him to Sir William last week."

"It didn't fall into the old man's hands, I hope."

"Oh, no; I took good care of that."

"Well, what did he write?"

"The same old story—full of contrition and affection. He complains of receiving no answers to his letters, and says that he needs no pecuniary assistance, but is very anxious to hear of the welfare of his uncle and Ethel."

"Well, I suppose the baronetcy will be his—there is no help for that—and this gloomy old building, with the few acres that surround it. I wish him joy of his inheritance! If there is a man on earth that I hate, with a perfect hatred, it is Alfred Driscoll! The blow that he gave me at our last meeting, if not wiped out, as it should be, in his heart's blood, he shall find will yet cost him dear."

As Gilbert Manning said this, he brushed back the hair from his left temple, disclosing a small scar, while his whole countenance darkened with an expression of deep, concentrated rage.

"Be careful, my son," said Lady Driscoll, looking cautiously toward the bed; "Sir William may wake and hear you."

Gilbert arose and approached the bed.

"He is still sleeping," he said, returning. "But come," he added, "let us take a few turns in the garden; I have something of importance to tell you, and this room is so close and deathly that it oppresses me."

After a moment's hesitation, Lady Driscoll consented.

As she passed through the ante-room, she directed the servant in waiting to watch beside his master, charging him to call her at once if there was any change in him.

As soon as the door closed after them, Sir William's eyes flashed open; and summoning all his strength, he raised himself upon his elbow, and glared wildly around the room.

"Great God!" he ejaculated, striking his clenched hand against his forehead, "am I awake or dreaming? How basely have I been deceived! Is it possible that there can be such black ingratitude? Oh, Alfred, my dear brother's son, how cruelly have I wronged you! But, thank God, it is not too late, even now! Go to Miss Ethel, and bid her come to me at once," he said to the attendant, who now approached him, alarmed at these incoherent expressions.

"Shall I speak to Lady Driscoll, sir?" inquired the servant, as he was about to leave the room. "She told me to be sure and call her if you were any worse."

"Not on any account. Do as I bid you. And, hark'ee, see that we are not interrupted."

When Ethel entered the room, the strength born of excitement had subsided, and Sir William lay pale and gasping upon the pillow.

The gentle-hearted girl had ever more feared than loved her father, whose habitual manner towards her, especially of late years, had evinced little parental tenderness; but the sight of this terrible change in him threw down the barrier of reserve that had been erected between them.

"Dear father," she said, "you are very ill. Let me call for assistance."

"No," said Sir William, speaking with great difficulty; "what I have to say must be said to you, and you only. Listen to me, my child, and remember every word that I say, for I have but a brief time to speak in. You know that, in a moment of anger, I



banished your cousin Alfred from my house. God is my witness that I meant not that it should be for ever; but hearing nothing from him, and believing him to be rebellious and ungrateful, I would not stoop to recall him. Instigated and influenced by others, I signed a will, disinheriting him so far as the law would let me. But, thinking that he might return when he heard of my declining health, I secretly made another will, dividing my property between you, putting it, for safe keeping, in a place known only to me. At the back of your Uncle Edward's portrait, that hangs in the library, is a secret panel, so constructed as to be invisible to the eye, but which a firm pressure of the hand will slide back. You will find it there. Communicate this fact only to him. Write to him when I am gone, giving him my blessing and forgiveness. I withdraw my interdiction to your marriage, in the full belief that he is worthy of you. Tell him to return at once. Would that he were here now to protect you! I leave you among enemies. Beware! your step-mother—"

Just at this juncture Lady Driscoll entered. Her countenance darkened as she observed who was present; for it was her policy to keep the father and daughter separate.

"How often have I told you," she said, sharply, "that your father cannot endure the least excitement? Stand aside!"

The weeping girl mechanically obeyed this imperious mandate, and the wily woman, bending over the pillow, said, in her most dulcet tone:

"My own love, are you any worse?"

The dying man threw up his hands with a look of detestation and horror.

"Take her away—she suffocates me!" he said.

Then the arms fell back; there was a sharp rattle in the throat, a momentary convulsion of the features, and he was gone.

With a bitter cry of grief, Ethel threw herself upon her knees beside the lifeless form of her father, who had never seemed so dear to her as now.

But Lady Driscoll gazed for a moment steadfastly into the face of the dead, as if to make sure that life was indeed extinct, a look of satisfaction gradually settling upon her countenance; and then, gathering up the folds of her costly robe, with her usual slow and stately step, left the room.

## CHAPTER II

WITH all the pomp and pageantry with which earth honours the wealthy and high-born, Sir William Driscoll was laid in the old family tomb, and upon the ensuing morning Ethel was summoned to the library, to hear what purported to be the last will and testament of the deceased.

She found Lady Driscoll and her son already present, together with the lawyer, a small weazen-faced man, a relative of Lady Driscoll's and for whom Ethel had always had an instinctive dislike. The former was attired in the deepest possible mourning, with which the ill-concealed look of triumph which sat upon her countenance but little accorded.

Ethel was very pale, but her manner was perfectly calm and self-possessed. She simply inclined her head in reply to Lady Driscoll's ceremonious salutation, but entirely ignored the presence of her son, who half arose from his seat at her entrance, and passing directly by him, without giving him a look or sign of recognition, took a seat at some distance from them both.

Upon reading the will, it was found that Sir William, after settling upon Lady Driscoll a life annuity, had left the remainder of his large estate, with the exception of the small portion strictly entailed, to his daughter Ethel, on the sole condition, however, that she gave her hand to Gilbert Manning, his wife's son by a former marriage. In case she refused, it was to revert to said Gilbert and his heirs for ever.

Contrary to the expectations of both mother and son, whose eyes were fixed curiously upon her, Ethel manifested neither surprise nor discomfiture at this singular revelation. But when interrogated by the lawyer, as to whether she intended to comply with the only condition which would save her from actual poverty, she returned a prompt and decided negative.

Lady Driscoll was well aware of the repugnance with which her step-daughter would regard any such proposition, but her haughty spirit took fire at the slight conveyed by these words to her idolized son.

"It strikes me as being a little singular," she said, sneeringly, "that the daughter, who seemed to be so overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her father, should so deliberately disobey his last wishes."

"Madam," returned Ethel, looking her step-mother steadily in the eye. "I am not disobeying my father's last wishes. When he signed that will he was, as you well know, greatly deceived. Were he living now, he would not wish me to marry a man whom I can neither love nor respect."

"Very good. But I may inquire, since you refuse my countenance and protection, what you propose to do with yourself?"

"Certainly. It is my intention to remain here, for

the present, to await the return of my cousin, Sir Alfred Driscoll. Whatever disposition may have been made of the principal part of my father's estate, Driscoll Hall is his; and I shall, therefore, infringe upon neither the rights of yourself nor son by so doing."

"I, of course, have nothing to say in regard to so proper and maidenly a proceeding," said Lady Driscoll, irritated by her step-daughter's unruffled composure of look and manner, which she could not at all comprehend. "Though when your lover is aware that you are penniless, it is a question in my mind as to whether he will be so anxious, as you imagine, to claim the hand that you are in such unseemly haste to place at his disposal; especially as he is very nearly a beggar himself."

Ethel's eyes flashed at this unprovoked insult, but feeling how important it was that she should retain her self-command, without trusting herself to reply, she arose and left the room.

Gilbert Manning ground his teeth together with rage and disappointment.

"Death and furies!" he exclaimed, "I had thought myself sure of her, but she seems, now, to be further from my grasp than ever. By St. George! but she bears herself right royally; as though she was a queen in her own right, and I but the dust beneath her feet. But let her be careful. My love may turn to hate; and she will find it then, a thing not to be despised!"

"What do you care for this doll-faced girl, Gilbert?" said Lady Driscoll, soothingly. "Her entire fortune will be yours, whether she marries you or not; and with this in your possession, you can easily win a far more fitting bride. Ethel Driscoll has been a hindrance and a thorn in my path ever since I came into the house; and I, for one, shall be glad to be well rid of her."

"I tell you I do care for her, mother!" returned Gilbert, fiercely. "I would give half the wealth that we have schemed so much to obtain to call her mine; if it were only for the sake of humbling her haughty spirit. And I will find some means of bringing it about yet."

Lady Driscoll said no more; for she had learned by experience how useless it was to oppose any purpose that he was bent upon accomplishing; and after sitting for some minutes in moody silence, he got up and went to his own room.

When there, he rang the bell, with a quick, impatient hand.

"Send Carlos to me," he said to the servant who answered it.

Carlos soon made his appearance.

"Carlos," said Gilbert, in a low voice, after taking the precaution to see that there was no one within hearing, "I have several times entrusted you with commissions of importance, which you have discharged to my entire satisfaction. I have now something for you to do, of a similar nature, which will test still further your skill and fidelity. You know Miss Driscoll, my mother's step-daughter?"

"The fair, blue-eyed lady, who looks so pale and sad?"

"Well, I wish you to keep a quiet but close watch upon all her movements, and to use your utmost endeavour to intercept any letters that she may attempt to send from the house, and bring them directly to me. She will be likely to send by the hands of her waiting-maid Hannah, as I have sent away all the other servants in whom she would be likely to place any confidence. It strikes me that you are getting up quite a desperate flirtation with this damsel."

Carlos stroked his moustache with a complaisant air, through which gleamed a momentary glimpse of his white teeth.

"Anything to pass the time away in this dull place," he drawled.

"Well, do you think that you have sufficient influence over the girl to induce her to place in your charge any letters that her mistress may entrust to her keeping?"

"She will do whatever I ask her. I have promised to marry her next Christmas."

"To marry her?" said his master. "Why you unconscionable rascal! you have a dozen wives now, to my knowledge."

"Only four," returned Carlos, coolly.

"Quite a moderate number! But it is little that I care how many you have, providing you get yourself into no trouble. Be very cautious. Do not let Miss Driscoll see you conversing with her maid, or she will suspect something. If you succeed, you shall have this," he added, holding up before him a well-filled purse.

Carlos's eyes sparkled as he caught a glimpse of the glitter of the gold through its silken meshes, for avarice was one of the ruling propensities of his nature.

"I will not fail," he replied, as he turned away.

A few days after this conversation, Carlos entered his master's room and handed him a letter.

Gilbert Manning's countenance lighted up with exultation as he observed the superscription, and giving Carlos the promised reward, he quickly bolted the door

and tore it open. But his look of triumph turned to fear and consternation as he read it.

It was directed to Colonel Driscoll, Calcutta, and ran as follows:

"DEAR ALFRED,—Lose no time in starting at once for England. My poor father is dead. A great change seemed to come over him a short time before his death. He expressed much regret for the wrong and injustice he had done you, and bade me give you my blessing. A will has been found, in which he disaherits you, leaving the bulk of his property to me, but only on condition that I marry Gilbert Manning, to which death would be far more preferable. In case I refuse, it all goes to this base man, who, together with his unprincipled mother, has schemed for years to this end."

"But fortunately, in some relenting mood, Sir William made another will, of a later date, dividing the estate equally between us. *That will is still in existence.* My father revealed to me the place of its deposit, charging me to communicate it only to you. He seemed, at that late hour, to have imbibed a sudden distrust of his wife, who, as you know, had obtained a strong ascendancy over his mind, which she used for the basest purpose. My unhappy father is far more to be pitied than blamed. He loved you to the last, and I am convinced would have recalled you, had he received the slightest intimation that you desired a reconciliation. But Lady Driscoll was untiring in her efforts to poison his mind against you. She it was who induced him to believe you to be wholly in fault in regard to the difficulty you had with her son, and which led to that fatal misunderstanding which has made you an exile from your home and country; and not satisfied with this, she has done her utmost to alienate his affections from me, his only child."

"I trust that you will not fail to return as soon as possible. My situation is very unpleasant. Gilbert Manning is still here, and seizes every opportunity to press upon me his hateful suit. Nearly all of our faithful servants left some time before Sir William's death; unwilling to submit to the haughty, overbearing sway of their new mistress, and the remainder were dismissed by Lady Driscoll immediately after, and their places have been filled by creatures of her own. So, with the exception of my faithful maid Hannah, who is still with me, I feel as if I was surrounded by spies and foes instead of friends."

"I have many things on my mind to tell you, but must reserve them until the happy time of our meeting, which I pray God may be soon."

"Your true and loving cousin."

"ETHEL DRISCOLL."

Gilbert Manning read this letter through twice, and then, with compressed lips and frowning brow, sought his mother's room.

"Here is a fine termination to all our deeply laid plans," he said, throwing the letter upon the desk before her. "If that is true, I am a beggar, and you little better."

Lady Driscoll turned pale as her mind took in its import.

The indifference that Ethel had manifested when informed of the singular disposition of her father's estate had puzzled her, and her quick eye had not failed to discover that just before his death, there had been a renewal of affection and confidence between the father and daughter. But believing that it came too late to enable him to make any change in her favour, it had made little impression upon her.

All this seemed clear to her now.

"If that will is not found and destroyed, we are lost!" she said.

"And there is no time to lose," returned her son; "for, though this precious epistle will never reach him, the news of his uncle's death through the public prints will not fail to bring him home. I move that we compel this headstrong girl to tell us where the will is. We can easily do it; she is so completely isolated from the world as to be entirely in our power."

But Lady Driscoll opposed this proposition. She was fully as anxious and determined as her son, but she had great faith in the power of diplomacy, especially in her own. Through the means of her remarkable powers of address and dissimulation, she had completely ruled the late haughty and arbitrary baronet, and she had little doubt but that she could as easily influence his daughter, did she consider it worth while to attempt it; inducing her, if not to reveal the place where the will was secreted, to give her some clue which would lead to its discovery.

## CHAPTER III

THE next morning, as Ethel was sitting in her own apartment, she was not a little surprised at receiving a visit from her step-mother, whose hatred and aversion to her had been plainly visible to her eye through the veil of cold and stately politeness, which had been the extent of their intercourse.

"My dear daughter," she said, blandly, her whole countenance transformed into an expression of winning gentleness, "you doubtless feel surprised to see me here; but it was the last wish of my lamented husband

that I would be a mother to his orphan child, and it seems to be fitting that we, who have lost our dearest earthly friend, should lay aside all unfriendliness, and cultivate a spirit of confidence and affection. I deeply lament our long estrangement, and feel that I have been the most to blame. Your rejection of my son, who, with all his faults, is naturally dear to me, could not fail to be a great disappointment; but conscious that the right of choice belongs to you, I feel, now, that you were perfectly justified in so doing.

Ethel, though young, was a person of too much penetration to be deceived by this sudden profession of friendship from one whose every word and action, until now, had expressed sentiments of a far different nature. She was too well acquainted with her step-mother's character not to feel certain that there was something behind all this assumed softness of manner, and that it boded her no good. So, unwilling to commit herself, she merely bowed, awaiting in silence the development of the object of all this unexpected display of affection.

Without appearing to notice the coolness of her reception, Lady Driscoll continued:

"In looking over the papers of your dear father, I came across something that convinced me that he left a will of a later date, and which should take the place of the one now in force."

As the wily woman said this, she fixed her eyes keenly upon the young girl's face, who, in spite of all her efforts, could not wholly conceal the alarm which this unexpected intimation occasioned.

"I presume that you are well aware of the existence of such a will," added Lady Driscoll, as Ethel made no reply.

Ethel experienced a sudden sensation of relief; for she was convinced, by her step-mother's manner, that she knew of nothing but the mere fact, and even that might be only a suspicion. So she replied:

"I neither deny nor affirm it."

"I was confident that you would not," said Lady Driscoll, in the same bland, insinuating tone, affecting to take this as an admission of the truth of her assertion; "especially to me, who have such an undoubted right to know. Neither do I believe that you will withhold from me the privilege of carrying out his intentions, whose slightest wish is sacred to me, and which is now the only consolation that I have."

Knowing, as Ethel did, that she had not only married her father from mercenary motives, but had looked forward with impatience to the period of his death, the scorn that was aroused in her heart by these words was plainly visible in her countenance.

"If there is such a will, madam," she replied, "which I have not, neither do I now acknowledge, you need not have the slightest fear but that it will, at the proper time, be made known to you, and that every opportunity will be afforded you of complying with all its provisions."

The first glance at Ethel's countenance, as she said this, convinced Lady Driscoll that she was understood, and that all this acting was entirely thrown away. Rage at this unexpected failure, and mortification at having humbled herself for naught, by turns filled her bosom. The mask dropped from her face, disclosing all the evil passions of her nature.

"Have a care, girl," she hissed through her closed teeth; "you have crossed my path once too often! Think not to evade me; there is more than one way of obtaining the information I seek, as you will find to your cost!"

This threat, coupled with the knowledge that her step-mother had, by some means, gained possession of her secret, filled Ethel with alarm at her unprotected situation. She had for several days been conscious that a secret watch had been set upon her movements. She never took even a walk in the garden but what she was followed by Carlos, generally upon some pretext or other, but evidently keeping a close watch on her every motion. Gilbert Manning had grown daily more insolent and overbearing, and Lady Driscoll had now thrown aside every disguise, and openly avowed her enmity.

Driscoll Hall was situated in a pleasant but lonely part of the country, at some distance from any human habitation, the nearest village being nearly three miles distant. In this village resided a distant relative of her mother's, and she determined to place herself under his protection until her cousin's return, which might be delayed some time.

But fearful of opposition, if not detention, should Lady Driscoll or her son know of her intentions, she resolved to wait until night, and then leave the house secretly and upon foot. She imparted her design to her maid Hannah, in whom she had perfect confidence, and who, until she was subjected to the influence of Carlos, was worthy of it; placing in her charge some articles which she wished to preserve, and directing her to follow her to her place of refuge the ensuing morning.

After waiting until the house was still, Ethel started with some trepidation upon her lonely journey. She became more composed when she lost sight of the

house; for, accustomed to walking, she felt that she should soon be in a place of safety.

But she had not proceeded far when two men suddenly sprang up from behind some bushes that were directly in her path. One of them seized hold of her while the other wound a large mantle around her head, to stifle her outcries, and then taking her up in his arms, bore her swiftly back in the direction from which she started.

But though they proceeded to Driscoll Hall, they took a bye-path, which led to an unoccupied part of the building. Through a number of dark passages, ways and down a pair of steep, narrow stairs, they carried the helpless girl, who, from fright and partial suffocation, had become insensible, and opening with a huge, rusty key a low, heavy door, thrust her into a dark dungeon, some feet in the bowels of the earth, used in the ancient times for the incarceration of criminals, but which had not been open for many a year, and whose very existence was almost forgotten.

When Ethel returned to consciousness, she started to her feet and looked anxiously around. The faint light of the lantern at her side revealed the extent of her gloomy prison, and the utter impossibility of an escape.

As her mind was busy with the horrors of her situation and her probable fate, with a heavy jar the massive door swung back and a man entered. He had a black mask upon his face, while a large cloak nearly concealed his figure; but in spite of this disguise, a shudder more deadly than that of fear crept over Ethel as she looked upon him. But struggling against the terrible suspicion that made her cheek pale, she said, boldly:

"Gilbert Manning, what is the meaning of this outrage? Nay, do not start! Did you suppose that that mask and cloak could conceal you from me? Even if I did not recognize you, I should know this to be your work. Again I ask, what is the meaning of this?"

"And so you know me, do you, fair lady?" replied Gilbert, with a brutal laugh; "it is well; my revenge will be all the sweeter. When you remember all the insults you have heaped upon me, do you not tremble to find yourself completely in my power?"

"Base wretch!" returned Ethel, "I know that there is no deed of darkness of which you are not capable; but I am not in your power. I am in the hands of One far mightier. To him I commend myself!"

"Do so," said Gilbert, sneeringly, "and see how much it will avail you. But I have not come to parley with you, but to give you this one chance to escape the doom that awaits you. Tell me where the will is that Sir William revealed to you upon his death-bed, and I will restore you to life and liberty. Otherwise, you will never leave this place alive! I will give you one hour in which to make your decision. At the expiration of that time I shall return, and if you refuse to tell me, you shall die!"

Slowly the heavy door swung back into its place, and Ethel was left alone. A cold moisture started out upon her face, a deadly sickness overpowered her, and she sank down upon her knees. The pulsations of her heart grew fainter, her very breath seemed to congeal upon her lips. She made a strong effort to speak, to even move, but vainly. And when Gilbert Manning returned, he found his victim stretched upon the floor, apparently as cold and insensible as the stones upon which she was resting.

Supposing it to be a mere fainting fit, he raised her upon a rude couch that was placed in a niche in the wall, and busied himself for some minutes in endeavouring to restore her to consciousness. But, finally alarmed at her coldness and pallor, and the fast increasing rigidity of the limbs, he went out, soon returning, accompanied by his mother.

Lady Driscoll regarded that motionless form attentively for a moment, and then laid her hand upon the wrist and heart.

"She is dead!" she said, turning upon her son an inquiring look.

"She died of fright, then," he returned, quickly replying to the look she gave him, rather than her words; "for I can swear that I have not laid my hand upon her!"

"She is dead, nevertheless," said Lady Driscoll, quietly; "and it is well for us that she is. She can do us no mischief now, for her secret dies with her."

"True! And I am sure that I ought to be obliged to her for stepping off so quietly. She has saved me an ugly job; for I really believe that the obstinate girl would have died rather than reveal what is so important that we should know. But how had we better dispose of the body?"

"It will be the safest way for us to carry her back, and leave her upon her own bed," said Lady Driscoll, after a moment's reflection, "leaving the impression that she died in her sleep. There are no marks of violence about her, and it will be likely to prevent any unpleasant rumours that otherwise might be set afloat concerning us."

In the dead of night, quietly and cautiously, the remains of the unfortunate girl were conveyed to her

chamber, which she had quitted in the glow of youth and health, but a few hours before.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning the whole neighbourhood was astir with the intelligence that Ethel Driscoll had been found dead in her chamber.

Physicians were summoned, who gave it as their opinion that she died from some organic disease of the heart, precipitated by grief at the loss of her father, or by some sudden emotion.

Both Lady Driscoll and her son were generally disliked, and there were not wanting a few to assert that there was something singular in the circumstances connected with her death, and that they ought to be investigated; but these were silenced by the prevailing belief, that there was nothing for either mother or son to gain by this event. And so the matter rested.

Followed to the tomb by those who could not but be conscious that they were as much her murderers as though their hands were reddened with her blood, Ethel Driscoll was laid beside her father.

Upon the same day, near the close of the afternoon, a horseman dismounted at the village inn. His frank, intelligent countenance was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and his erect, soldierly bearing would have betrayed his profession, had it not been for the undress uniform he wore, which indicated that he was an officer in the British army.

As he alighted, he cast a searching glance around, and as his eyes rested upon a tall, sturdy yeoman, who stood leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, a glow of pleasure lighted up his face, and stepping up to him, he laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder.

The man turned and stared at him with a look of blank amazement.

"Don't you know me, Giles?" said the stranger, smiling.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the individual addressed, a look of intense delight overspreading his countenance, "if it isn't master Alfred. Sir Alfred, now, begging your pardon. A thousand welcomes home!"

A saddened look shadowed the countenance of the young baronet at this allusion to his new title. "So my poor uncle is gone," he said. "I heard of his declining health, and started at once for England, hoping to find him alive. But the first paper that I took up upon landing contained an announcement of his death. Did he show any relings towards me at the last?"

"It is hard telling, sir. That she-devil that he married took care that none of the old servants should approach him, especially in his last sickness."

Sir Alfred's countenance darkened. "And my cousin Ethel," he said, after a pause, "how is she?"

Giles started, and cast a mournful look upon the face of the speaker. "Is it possible that you have not heard the saddest news of all?" he faltered. "My sweet young lady is dead! She was placed in the tomb this morning."

Sir Alfred staggered back. "Dead? my Ethel dead?" he ejaculated.

"Yes," returned the poor fellow, unable to conceal his own grief at the recollection. "Her death was very sudden; she was, to all appearance, as well as any one the night before. God forgive me if I am unjust, but I do think that she has been the victim of some foul play."

He then proceeded to give Sir Alfred a brief account of the events that had occurred during his absence, mentioning many circumstances which induced him to believe that the unfortunate girl had been unfairly dealt with.

As Sir Alfred listened, to the expression of grief that his features wore was added a sterner look. "If this be so," he said, "it shall go hardly with all who have had any hand in it. And I will know whether it is or not before the rising of another sun."

Then directing Giles to follow him, he sprang into the saddle, and in a moment more was on his way to Driscoll Hall.

Lady Driscoll was considerably startled by his appearance, for she had not expected him for some days. She received him, however, with an appearance of great joy; apparently quite forgetful of their former difficulties.

"You have come to a sad house," she said, slowly, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, partly because it suited her purpose to assume the appearance of one overwhelmed with grief, and partly to hide the mocking smile that curled her lip, as she observed the sorrow that was plainly visible upon his countenance. "You have, doubtless, heard that my dear daughter and your cousin is no more."

Sir Alfred's eyes fairly blazed with scorn. "Madam," he said, "I am but a blunt soldier; unlike yourself, unused to disguise my real sentiments and feelings. You never loved my cousin Ethel, neither have you been a friend to me. There is something strangely suspicious



in the suddenness of her death, which I shall make it my special business to investigate."

And without giving the discomfited woman opportunity to reply, Sir Alfred Driscoll left the room, and bidding Giles accompany him with a lantern, took his way to the ancient church, beneath which was the family tomb, that had been the last resting-place of the Driscolls for many generations.

After they had succeeded in raising the heavy door, Sir Alfred directed Giles to precede him with the light, lingering a moment to make sure that there was no danger of the door falling back and shutting them in.

While he was thus engaged, he heard a loud scream, and immediately Giles came rushing back, nearly pushing him down in his eagerness to escape.

"The saints preserve us—a ghost!" he gasped, pale and breathless with terror.

"A ghost?" returned Sir Alfred, impatiently, "what nonsense! You have got frightened at your own shadow."

"May I never speak another word," said Giles, solemnly, "if I didn't see a tall form, clothed all in white, sitting upon one of the coffins. As soon as I saw me, it rose up, and seemed to be coming toward me. Nothing could tempt me to go down into that vault again!"

"Give me the lantern, then." And taking it from his unresisting hand, Sir Alfred descended the stairs. When he reached the bottom, and looked around, his heart beat fast. There certainly was a slender figure there, attired in white, sitting in the same position that Giles had described. And as he looked at it steadily, it seemed to assume the form and features of his lost Ethel.

"It is I—Ethel Driscoll," said a feeble, plaintive voice. "In God's name don't leave me to perish in this horrible place!"

Quick as thought Sir Alfred sprang forward, and taking up tenderly the form of the half-fainting girl, bore her to the open air. Then wrapping a large cloak around her, he carried her in his arms to the house. Oh! joy unutterable, to feel the faint throbbing of her heart against his own, and to know that she still lived!

It was some days before Ethel was able to give an account of her wrongs and sufferings.

It seems, though to all appearance dead, she was only in a trance; part of the time being conscious of all that was passing around her, though unable to speak or move.

After she was deposited in the vault, and all the people had departed, the terrible mental agony which came over her at the thought of the horrible fate to which she seemed to be doomed, broke the spell that bound her; and after some time spent in unavailing effort, she succeeded in bursting the coffin-lid. Yet she was unable to find any way of egress, or even to make herself heard; and sick and exhausted, and weak from want of food, she would have soon perished had it not been for Sir Alfred's providential appearance.

Before Ethel could relate the cruel treatment she had received from their hands, Lady Driscoll, her guilty son, and his accomplice, had fled the country, not daring to brave the consequences of their criminal conduct.

The will was found in the place where Sir William had secreted it, and declared to be legal. It divided the property equally between his daughter and nephew. But there could be no division of interests with those whose hearts had been so long united, and whose hands were soon joined in the holiest of all earthly covenants.

The after-life of Sir Alfred and Lady Driscoll was smooth and tranquil, and more joys circled round their path than are usually allotted to the denizens of earth. Many fair children sprang up round them, making vocal with their gleeful shouts the stately halls of their ancestral home, and binding their hearts more closely to one another. Yet Ethel never forgot the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, and often related to her children the strange story of her signal deliverance from the prison and the tomb.

M. G. H.

#### ONE OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS.

—We (*Court Chronicle*) desire to direct especial attention to a letter in another column bearing the above heading, addressed to us by W. Coningham, Esq., the member for Brighton, relative to the claims of the unfortunate Mrs. Ryves. Justice has been too long deferred towards this claimant for royal honours and emoluments, and, as we have carefully and minutely investigated all the circumstances of this remarkable case, we cannot but express our surprise that this lady should have been allowed to spend her declining years in poverty and neglect. Mrs. Olive Serres was the daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George III., and Mrs. Ryves is the daughter of Olive Serres; consequently, the right to the possession of the title and honours she seeks to recover ought never to have been withheld. We are aware of the difficulty that has

been brought to bear upon the case, but we believe that the next step to be taken will be to secure a declaration of the legitimacy of Mrs. Olive Serres, which step will be taken as soon as funds can be raised for the necessary legal expenses. Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Dr. Phillimore have, we believe, undertaken to conduct the appeal. To give an insight into the nature of Mrs. Ryves's claims, we will mention a singular circumstance which obtained extensive publicity some time since. It is recorded that her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Kent was brought with great difficulty from the Continent to this country just prior to the birth of Victoria, our most gracious and beloved Queen. The Duke of Kent was in great pecuniary difficulties at the time; and it is nearly certain that the Sovereign of these realms would not have been British born had it not been for Olive Serres, who at the last moment, and at great personal sacrifice, advanced £400 to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to enable him to defray the expenses incurred by the duchess in the journey to England. Olive Serres is dead; the Duchess of Kent is also dead. The daughter of the former is now an impoverished claimant for royal honour; the daughter of the other occupies the grandest and mightiest throne in all the world! It has recently been made known that this unfortunate lady (far advanced in years) has been for a long time, and is now, in actual want of the common necessities of life. Should she die in this state there is but little doubt that then a great outcry would be made.

#### HOW TO GET MARRIED.

AMONG all the mysteries of life, none is more thoroughly mysterious than one act that is occurring amongst us every day, and which should, as a consequence, become very familiar. Hundreds of writers have illuminated us upon the marriage-rite, and attendant ceremonies, as connected with every nation of the earth, but they have all failed to throw light upon that momentous beginning, that first laying of the keel, to build the ship of matrimony, to sail down the sea of life: the popping of the question. We all have certain theories connected with the matter, and we all pertinaciously reject, in our sound common sense, the way in which the thing is described to us by novelists and story-tellers, confident that such scenes, and such askings, only occur within the realms of fiction.

We have no power to speak from personal experience, but we shall always remember the astounding answer received from a venerable friend who had married four wives over a period of a half a century; affectionate and happy spouses, every one of them, if common report could be credited, and to whom we went, in the early stage of our inquiry, to ask how he uttered, and in what phrase, the question that secured his prizes. We say that we shall never forget, when we received, for answer, that he had never popped the question at all, but that all four of his matrimonial arrangements had come about in the most natural manner possible, each party having made up their mind that the event was to occur, and not thinking it worth while to utter or expect the formal words.

Again, and I trust that my fair readers will pardon me if I am uttering a libel, and attribute it only to my desire to elicit knowledge, I asked information from one who had piloted two brides to the altar, and dwelt in peace and happiness a quarter of a century, as a Benedict, and received my answer in these very words:

"Pop the question! Why, I never did such a thing in my life, my boy. No occasion for it, I assure you. I've had two wives, both excellent women, angels in fact, and could have had a dozen; all asked me, sir; never had to put myself the least out of the way; they managed the thing entirely themselves."

I must confess this struck me as odd, as I knew that my friend Smith was not at all the style of man to be taken without his will, nor yet to be henpecked when once taken. Is it strange, therefore, that I sought further enlightenment?

"Why, you don't mean to say, Mr. Smith, that you had the direct question popped to you by any fair lady?"

"N-o-o! can't say that, exactly, but, pretty near it, my boy. I've been obliged to decline many very fine offers in my life, to say nothing of those I have accepted. There is something very flattering in the idea of a fair woman giving you the preference, and expressing to you as plainly as though spoken in so many words, that she would be happy to link her fortunes with yours, for the journey of life."

I admitted the fact, and looked earnestly in Smith's face for an elucidation of the mystery. He was not a handsome man, certainly, but then he had a smooth, pleasant way of talking, and was, as I well knew, a practical admirer of the opposite sex. When I say "practical," I mean that Smith was always, on an emergency, ready to serve them. He could be depended on for all those attentions that a father, brother, or husband, would do, and would perform them as though

it were a matter of course, whether he was in love with the lady or not. This is what we call practical admiration. Perhaps it was somewhat unravelled in his next declaration.

"Then again, my boy, you see, there are mothers. They generally understand something more of life than daughters. I have had several flattering propositions from mothers on behalf of their daughters; the broadest was that made by our old mutual friend, Mrs. Jones, who as she has since gone the way of all flesh, and as Miss Maria is eligibly married, will not feel scandalized in my repeating it. She did it in this way. I had just dropped in for a morning call, and Mrs. Jones opened on me with, 'Oh, dear! I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Smith. I can hear somebody talk a little sense now. I've been so dreadfully bored by that old stupid Robinson. He's been telling me his dreams and declaring that they seemed so vivid that he could not tell, sometimes, whether they were dreams or truths. He said he dreamed last night that you and Maria were married, and he came right round this morning to know whether it was true or whether it was only a dream. I told him that it wasn't true, though I wished it was.' Now this was rather embarrassing to me, my boy, though possibly Mrs. Jones, may only have meant it as a compliment."

I thought then that I saw through it. Smith had always been a substantial man, and mothers cannot be blamed for looking upon a son-in-law with a sound bank account, in a favourable light.

In our own experience we know but of one instance wherein the proposal came from the woman, which we shall relate.

The gentleman was an engraver, with talent far above his profession, or, at least, the mechanical part of it. He had worked faithfully for a certain publisher, occupying rooms in the publishing building. This said publisher one day took into his head the idea of stepping into the next world, leaving a young and good-looking widow. The business was in a flourishing condition, and the widow, instead of selling it out, chose to assume the management herself, which she did with success. By some means our engraver managed to get sadly in arrears, most likely by devoting too much time to the easel, and not enough to the graver, and had hopelessly overdrawn his account. In this predicament he went direct to the lady proprietor, stating his case, and saying plainly, that the chances of getting right were very far distant, and asking her advice in the matter. The advice was given on the spot, that he should marry, and that she should be the bride. After a moment's consideration, the advice was acted on, and our engraver not only became the head of a prosperous concern, but had time and means to study, which has since made him an artist of a high order, and he is still rising.

We do not mean to assert that we agree with the old quaker lady, who, among the things she wondered at and would reform, cited that of the custom of the boys going to see the girls, asserting, roundly, that if the boys would only stay at home the girls would go to see them; but we have before us the custom of Abyssinia which allows every woman to have as many husbands as she pleases, and to ask them herself, muleting them in a fine if they refuse, and the gentle maiden of Paraguay who, when she falls in love, demands, through the chief of her tribe, the hand of the gentleman she has honoured with her preferences.

We have heard of many cases of "popping" under very singular circumstances, the eccentric, the abrupt, the business-like, the silly, and a hundred other styles. Of the eccentric we would cite the case of a certain well-known merchant, who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat next to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty to any rare degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate, an appreciation which he endeavoured to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B—?"

"Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?"

"Yes."

"Buttered on both sides?"

"Yes."

"That is strange, so do I! Let us get married."

There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taken slightly aback, a fact that did not prevent the marriage coming off in about a month afterward, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, half-jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire but a wife."

The host was silent for a moment, and then said, musingly:

"That's true; I must think of it," and then relapsed

into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room.

He seized his hat and went instantly to a neighbour's, and was shown into the parlour with the information from the servant that neither his master nor his mistress was at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman addressed her:

"Sarah, I've known you many years, and I have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I should be willing to trust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit.

"I agree."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"I will."

"I shall return for you at that time."

Which he did. The gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanied him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen cause to regret the abrupt proposal and acceptance.

Of the business style, we can cite a case related to us, which we know for a true one.

A young man who had succeeded to the ill-kept and badly cultivated, though really valuable farm of a deceased uncle, saw, at a glance, that two things were absolutely necessary to enable him to succeed; the first being a wife, to take charge of the woman's department; and the second, a few hundred pounds to get stock with. He could not help thinking to himself that, possibly, these two great aids to his happiness and prosperity might be found together, and yet without attempting to put his matrimonial and financial ideas into practice, he allowed them to haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer started upon a horseback journey to a distant part of the country, and upon his return made an acquaintance upon the road in the person of an old gentleman who was jogging the same way. The companions dined together at a wayside inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during which the young man opened his heart to the elder, telling him all his plans and aspirations. Toward evening they separated, when the old gentleman addressed the younger:

"I rather like you, my young friend, and your honest way of telling your story, and if you will come and see me I would be glad. I have three daughters, all as good girls as ever lived. Now, perhaps one of them may be the very one you are looking for; if so, I will do my best toward making the balance of the matter agreeable. Ride over and see me to-morrow, take dinner and stay the afternoon, which will give you a fair chance to see them and judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the proposal, making only a condition that the young ladies should not be informed of the nature of his errand. This was agreed to, and they separated.

The next day at the time appointed, the young man dismounted at the door of the house of his new-made friend, and was heartily welcomed. The hour before dinner was consumed in looking over the farm, the young man in admiring its keeping, and the old one in approving of the sensible and practical remarks of the younger, when the meal was announced and the three young ladies and their mother, were introduced. They were all, as the old gentleman had said, fine girls, but the younger, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and laughing-faced, charmed the young farmer especially. The dinner over, they once more walked out for a chat.

"Well, how do you like my daughters?" was the old gentleman's first question.

"They are all nice girls, very nice," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"And which of them do you like best?" was the next question.

"The youngest, Katie, she is charming, and if I am to be your son-in-law, you must give me Katie!"

"That will never do, to take the youngest, and by all odds the prettiest," said the old gentleman, seriously.

"I must have her or none," was the response, spoken decidedly.

"How much money did you say you wanted?"

"A few hundreds will put my farm in excellent order, and make it worth thousands to-morrow."

"I'll give you what sum you want with either of the older girls," said the old man, positively; "but I will give less with Katie."

"Then I may as well go to my home. Five hundred I must have. I have set my mind upon it."

"And I have just as strongly determined to do nothing but what I have said," was the old gentleman's reply; "so I suppose the matter is at an end. However, we will be good friends, and you must sometimes run over and see me."

This ended the conference, and they parted. The young man mounted his horse, and rode down the lane

towards the road, but just as he was about opening the gate, stooping from his saddle, the laughing-faced Katie sprang through the shrubbery to save him the trouble, and looking half-bashfully up into his face as she did so, said:

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"

"Yes, by George, I will if you say so!" was the instantaneous response.

"Then come over to-morrow morning, before ten o'clock, and tell him so," and the girl vanished like a fairy among the leaves.

The young man rode slowly home, but was on hand next morning according to bidding, and married the fair Katie two months after.

J. W. W.

#### THE REPUTED NANA.

THE man supposed to be the rebel Nana Dhoondia Punt denied, at his trial, that he was so, and declared that he was a Brahmin, who had been a fakir nearly all his life. His name is Appa Ram, son of Damoodhur, born in a village on the banks of an obscure river in the Deccan; and while he was yet a child his father was murdered there. He had two brothers. On the death of his father he (then twelve years old) with his brothers adopted the vagrant life of a fakir. His brothers had never seen or heard of since they set out after their father's death. He stated that a few years ago he visited the village where he was born, and was then recognized by three or four persons living there, but these are all dead now. The village itself, too, he declared, has now ceased to exist, having been washed away and entirely destroyed by an encroachment of the river, and its inhabitants are now undiscoverable, being, as he says, absorbed in the population of the surrounding country.

Dr. Cheke, in his office as civil surgeon, attended professionally upon the Nana, but does not recognize the prisoner in any way. In fact, Dr. Cheke is very strongly of opinion that the prisoner is not the Nana. It was the belief of the authorities in Cawnpore that the prisoner was not the Nana; that so far from there being evidence against him proving him to have been a rebel of note, or even a rebel at all, there was not produced against him evidence sufficient to justify legally his continued imprisonment for any long period.

The prisoner was confined in a separate ward of the gaol, apart from all other prisoners. Inside the gaol was an additional guard of twelve men, who were quartered in tents immediately adjoining the cell or room where the prisoner lay. The guard was under a European inspector, who remained on duty, in a room close by, night and day. Inside the prisoner's cell a sentinel walked on duty day and night, while one or two others were posted outside. The prisoner seldom spoke, but sat or lay on his rug for hours together, almost motionless, and seemingly quite at his ease. He eat nothing, refusing all solid food of every description, even from the highest caste men. He lived on milk alone, drinking one seer in the morning and one in the evening. During the day he was fettered only on the legs, but at night he was closely handcuffed. He seemed to care nothing about the curiosity of people who went to see him as he lay in gaol, and appeared, on the whole, to have very little fear as to the result of the case. He was acquitted as not the monster of Cawnpore.

#### REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BRUSH a little of the fuzz from the wing of a dead butterfly, and let it fall upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine golden dust. Slide the glass under the microscope, and each particle of the dust will reveal itself as a perfect symmetrical feather.

Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a small drop of blood; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or discs, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, appear under the microscope each larger than a letter "o," of this print.

Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool, or ditch, or sluggish brook; dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination.

This invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In endless variety of form and structure, they are bustling

through their active lives—pursuing their prey—defending their persons—waging their wars—prosecuting their amours—multiplying their species—and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other fields of creation may yet, by some inconceivable methods, be revealed to our knowledge, who can tell?

#### CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE rebuilding of the tower and spire with the supporting arches of this venerable pile—which were so suddenly demolished on the 21st of February, 1861—is slowly but steadily proceeding, and considerable progress has been made in the work of restoration during the past few months. The four main piers connecting the arches were at once placed in position, ornamented as of old with the grand cable moulding and the curious bands of diaper-work. The walls of the tower, which are five feet and a half in thickness, have been carried up a considerable height, and are already visible from the outside of the building—the top of the scaffolding, which it will soon be necessary to raise, being now on a level with the apex of the leaden roof of the nave. A large portion of the beautiful inlaid marble flooring, intended for the new choir, has been received.

This pavement, which was designed by Mr. Slater, the cathedral architect, was manufactured by Messrs. Henry Poole and Son, of Great Smith Street, Westminster. The portion just received is to be put down in front of the communion-table. Its general design is that of a large circle, containing a foliated cross, surrounded by four large circles, each differing from the other in design, and four smaller ones, the whole being enclosed within a square double border of exquisite workmanship, and the interstices within the circle being filled with diaper-work of various patterns. It is composed of variously coloured marbles, which have been selected from Irish, French and Italian, as well as the best English quarries; and an idea may be formed of its elaborate and intricate nature when it is stated that, in a space only two inches square, no fewer than 42 distinct pieces of marble have been counted.

The new communion-table, elegantly carved in cedar-work, together with a number of seats for the choir, richly ornamented with oak-carvings, have also lately been received. These, which were prepared at the works of Mr. J. Forsyth, Edward Street, Hampstead-road, London, from designs furnished by Mr. Slater, have been placed in the cathedral library until required. Mr. George Gilbert Scott, who made a survey of the sacred edifice after the catastrophe, estimated the cost of restoration at £50,000, and a considerable portion of this sum has already been either received or promised. It is anticipated that the work will be completed by the month of July, 1866.

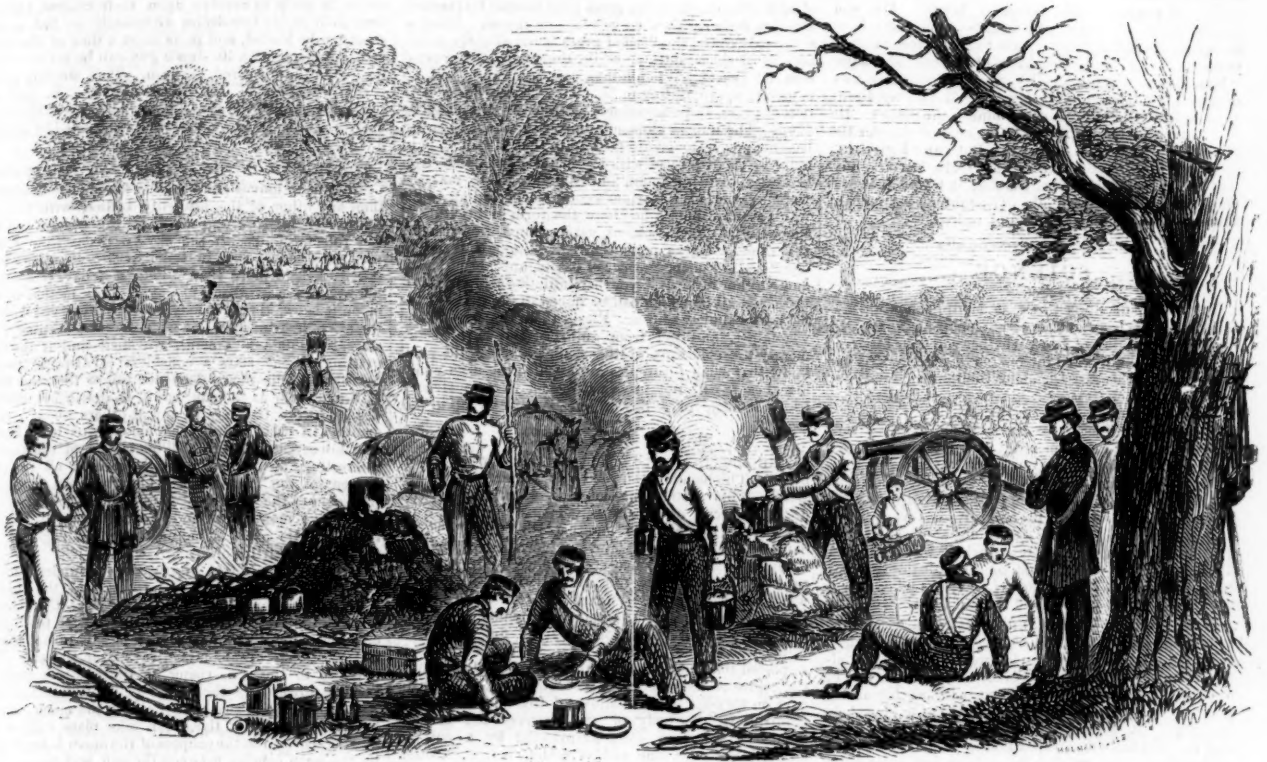
THE French dockyards are going to turn out something startling in iron-clads: they are to be called Bull-dogs.

SIR TATTON SYKES' magnificent stud has been brought to the hammer, and the great breeders of Europe thronged the sale with their representatives. The prices obtained were unexampled, the broodmares, 111 in number, averaging 81 guineas, the stallions, 400 guineas; the three year old fillies, 62 guineas; the two year old fillies, 55 guineas; the yearlings, 60 guineas. The total amount obtained was 24,174 guineas, or about double the estimate. The Prussian, Austrian, and Belgian Governments were all represented at the sale, and a representative of the Australian breeders purchased largely.

ECHOES.—The best echoes are produced by parallel walls. At a villa near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley Church in Sussex, repeats twenty syllables: There is also a remarkable echo in the venerable abbey church of St. Albans.

ANOTHER PHASE OF ROBBERY.—A new mode of robbery has just been introduced into Paris. A shopwoman at a lace-seller's was surprised to observe a piece of lace suddenly leave its place in the window, and slowly unwinding itself, disappear. She immediately informed a clerk in the establishment, who on going outside discovered a man gently drawing the tissue through a hole left in the window-frame to admit the iron pin of the shutter. The end of the piece of lace had been caught hold of by the insertion of a piece of bent wire. The thief was arrested, and on being searched a number of pawn-tickets were found on him, showing that the operation had been practised pretty extensively.





[FIELD-DAY IN ALEXANDRA PARK.]

## ALEXANDRA PARK.

RECENTLY the Hon. Artillery Company of London had "a field-day" in Alexandra Park, which promises to become a very popular place of resort in the northern suburbs of the metropolis. The extensive tract of land which forms the park remains in the same state in which it passed into the hands of the present company, with the exception of some of the hedges, which have been cut down and the ground levelled, but works on a large scale are about to be commenced, and will be continued during the winter. The surface of the park is marked by considerable undulations, and from all the different eminences uninterrupted views of the whole surrounding country are obtained. It is unquestionably one of the prettiest, nay the most beautiful, spots near London, and will show to great advantage any amount of skill in building and landscape gardening. At present it is finely diversified with wood and field, and is the only scene with which we are acquainted so closely situated to the north of the "Great Metropolis," that must command a universal admiration. The portions of the International Exhibition building which have been purchased for re-erection at Muswell Hill are the nave, transepts, fifty feet gallery, and domes; in short, the entire structure excepting the brick front, the courts, and the two annexes. One of the domes only will be employed in the construction of the new building, the twin cupola being turned to a separate use, as a palm-house. The dome, which will form a part of the edifice in Alexandra Park, is not to be glazed, as at South Kensington, but considerably strengthened, with a view to its permanence, and externally covered with shining metal. A small space only, near the top, will be left as a skylight. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, who have been laudably expeditious in their demolition of the old building, will, it is to be hoped, make equally good speed in raising the new.

On the day of the review, the weather was highly favourable for a military display, and a large number of persons passed from town to witness the operations. The infantry travelled by the Great Northern Railway from King's-cross, and the artillery and cavalry arrived by the coach road, each portion reaching the park about one o'clock, at which hour the evolutions commenced. Lieutenant Jay commanded the horse-artillery, and Lieutenant Mease the field-batteries. The light cavalry was commanded by Sergeant Cox, and the infantry by Captain Davies. The general command was assigned to Captain Blockley, who did his best to carry out successfully the arrangements of the day, which consisted of a sham fight with an imaginary enemy. There was much manoeuvring, skirmishing and firing, which lasted about two hours, and was well

kept up on both sides, until the enemy, under the command of Adjutant Potts, were compelled, from being outflanked, and want of ammunition, to send in a flag of truce for the cessation of hostilities. In this affair the artillery particularly distinguished themselves by the rapidity of their movements on the very uneven and difficult ground, the other portions of the force likewise distinguishing themselves.

On the conclusion of these operations, the men dispersed over the park, and lighting camp-fires, for which there was an abundance of wood at hand, began, with the greatest hilarity and good-humour, to cook their dinners in small canteen tins, and to uncork bottles of wine, stout, and porter, and other liquids of a much stronger flavour. Stews and soups, steak and roast potatoes, seemed to be the staple of the savoury meals; but as each man was required to provide for himself, it may readily be imagined that there was a great variety in the hot dishes whose aroma floated over the park. The only hindrance to the interesting labours of the amateur corps was the curiosity and inconvenient pressure of the sight-seers who crowded round each camp fire, and could with difficulty be kept back. When the officers and men had concluded their repast, cigars and pipes were brought out, and served to while away the time until the bugle sounded the assembly. The whole of the troops left the park soon after five o'clock, on their return to town, their departure being somewhat hastened by a heavy shower of rain, which then began to fall.

**RATHER TOO COOL!**—Another miracle is mentioned by Italian letters. There is a saint at Bergamo, whose speciality, it seems, is to cure "gibbosity." The other day a person afflicted with a hump, after praying for some time, went up a ladder to the niche of the saint, "in the presence of countless witnesses." To their amazement, as he ascended, the hump gradually diminished, and finally altogether disappeared. A sceptical French paper, however, asserts that, on examination, it was found that the hump was a block of ice the man had under his clothes, and which melted away under the influence of the natural heat of his body.

**LAW AGAINST WEEDS.**—In Denmark the farmers are bound by law to destroy the corn-marigold, and in France a farmer may sue his neighbour who neglects to eradicate the thistles upon his land at the proper season. In Austria a similar regulation has been imposed by legislative authority, with, it is said, the most beneficial results. In Canada, we believe, enactments have been issued against allowing thistles to ripen on the roadsides and exposed situations, both from the legislature and township corporations; and it is pass-

ing strange that such important and beneficial regulations, on the proper observance of which both private and public wealth is so closely dependent, should in many districts become practically inoperative. It is time that some firm stand should be taken, not only against thistles but pigeon-weed, and the whole tribe of pests of this nature, forming, as they do, insuperable barriers to agricultural progress, and consequently to the increase of wealth and national prosperity.

**POLICEMEN'S BEARDS.**—Last week, a Liverpool police officer stepping into the witness-box to prove an offence against the dock laws, Mr. Jeffery, looking towards the officer, said: "Officer, what is your number?" The policeman, who wore an enormous beard, completely covering his collar, and preventing his number being seen, put his head first to one side and then to the other, so as to afford the magistrate an opportunity of ascertaining that which was denied to ocular demonstration by the extraordinary dimensions of the officer's beard. Mr. Jeffery remarked that it might be desirable, and perhaps almost necessary in cold weather, that the officers should wear moderately-sized beards as some protection; but at the same time the wearing of these enormous beards prevented the public ascertaining what they had a right certainly to know—the number of the police officers.

**A STRANGE TALE.**—A respectably-dressed man, named Stevens, attended before the Brighton magistrates and asked their advice under the following circumstances:—He said that early in the year 1862 the widow of a gentleman, well known in Brighton, left her child with his wife to nurse, offering to pay 6s. per week for its care and maintenance. She was of very lady-like appearance, and represented herself to be a niece of Lord St. Leonard's. She neglected to pay the money as she had promised, and he searched Brighton for her, but in vain. In August, 1862, however, he accidentally met her in the International Exhibition, where she had charge of a stall in the French Court. From that time till December she remitted sums of money to applicant, and then, when the Exhibition closed, he heard nothing of her for some time.—Mr. Verrall (Magistrates' Clerk): Where is she now?—Applicant: On the 9th of August she was living with Colonel Sudborough. What I wish to know, sir, is—am I bound to keep her child?—Mr. Verrall: What would you do with it?—Applicant: Well, I don't know, sir; I've got nine children of my own.—Mr. Scott: Well, one more can't make any difference. (Laughter.)—Applicant further stated that on the 20th January last he was to have received some money from the lady, but about that time a letter was received by a Mr. Wood, in Brighton, in her own handwriting, to say that she had taken poison by mistake and was

dead. (Laughter.)—Mr. Verrall: What! Do you say she wrote after she was dead?—Applicant: It is in her handwriting, but purports to come from another person. (Laughter.) Speaking of herself she says, "Mrs. Boorman is dead."—Mr. Scott: That's her medium. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. Verrall told applicant the magistrates could not assist him in the matter. He had better sue the person for the amount due to the child's maintenance.—Applicant: But can't I give her in charge for deserting her child?—Mr. Verrall: She has not deserted it. She has left it where it is evidently well taken care of. (Laughter.)—Applicant then thanked the magistrates and retired.

## SCIENCE.

**DISCOVERY OF ROCK SALT AT MIDDLESBOROUGH.**—The following is an extract of a letter from Newcastle-on-Tyne:—"I do not know whether you have observed anything about a very interesting discovery that had been made in this district, under the new red sandstone—a bed of rock salt at Middlesborough, where they have bored. It is about 120 feet thick; it is deep, I think, about 200 fathoms. It is likely to prove very valuable in this great chemical district, salt being the basis from which many of our great works derive their product. It will, of course, interfere with the Nantwich mines and Liverpool salt. It opens out a curious speculation in connection with the coal Mr. — went to see, also under the new red sandstone at Canobie. Of course nobody knows how far and which way it extends. It is now pretty well understood that salt lies in large natural basins, as if the water of a natural lake or sea-arm had been evaporated and the salt left behind."

**NEW USE FOR APPLE JUICE.**—It appears from the following statement, that we are threatened with a colder famine; not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose, so far as the growers are concerned, than in making a household beverage. It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colours for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire and the lower parts of Somersetshire, buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £250, and yet he has sold it this year to a Manchester man for £360. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create a revolution in the apple trade; and we may add that it will give an impetus to the cultivation of this hardy fruit.

**THE SHOOTING FISH.**—This very remarkable fish is a native of the East Indies. Nature has constructed this aquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predilections. The fish has a hollow cylindrical beak. He frequents the rivers or the seashore in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants, he derives his name. When this hungry gentleman spies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five feet, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed, and so swiftly sent forth, that it never fails to knock the fly in the water, and once there, all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon its prey and eagerly devours it; thus supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes by which Nature qualifies its countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for procuring food.

## FLESH IN VEGETABLES.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood, and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed (burned) for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future food when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly the whole of its food can be traced to the production

of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat (butter) and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat (suet). When a man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to a workman, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field, or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals; the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny awaited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.

## SINGING BY ELECTRICITY.

The singer, say at London, the listener at Liverpool. The medium an acoustic telegraph, by Mr. Ladd. This instrument consists essentially of two distinct species of apparatus. That for transmitting the signal has a small mouth-piece. On the right-hand side there is a finger-key, forming part of the circuit, and an electro-magnet, with a vibrating armature and binding-screw to connect with one of the line wires. Within a case, under a glass cover, is an elastic membrane, in the centre of which is fixed a platinum plate in connection with the finger-key. A light piece of angular metal, resting on three pins, is so placed that the pin at the angle rests on the plate in the centre of the membrane, the other two resting in cups on its edge, so as to allow of free motion on the points. In the body of the receiver box is suspended a soft iron core, surrounded by a coil of silk-covered wire, one end of which is in connection with the finger-key, and the other with a binding-screw.

The method of producing sound in the receiving instrument, depends upon the fact that, at the moment of magnetising or demagnetising a piece of iron, there is an alteration in the arrangement of the particles which gives rise to a slight ticking noise. Having connected the transmitter by means of an insulated wire with the receiver, and the binding-screws having been brought in connection with a battery of three or four elements, if the finger-key on the transmitter be pressed, the person at the receiving station hears the ticking noise; and, as all musical notes are the production of pulsations at regular intervals, we have simply to find some means of making and breaking contact, a number of times equal to the pulsations of the note to be conveyed. This is done by the elastic membrane. The operator places his mouth to the tube in front of the instrument and sings a note, when, immediately, the membrane begins vibrating in accordance with the note sounded, and at each vibration breaks contact between the pin and the plate in its centre. This, forming part of the circuit, causes the iron core in the receiving instrument to be magnetized and demagnetized a number of times equal to the number of vibrations of the membrane, and so conveys to the receiver an impression of a musical sound. The finger-keys and small magnet at the sides of the instruments are for the purpose of varying the methods of combination by the communication of single sounds, and can, also, be fused with the other parts for the purpose of regulating the lengths of the notes, and dividing them into varying portions, so as to form a sound-alphabet somewhat similar to the signals written by Morse's telegraph.

**NEW MODE OF STEERING SHIPS.**—The peculiarity of the new screw, which has just been experimented upon, consists in a universal joint, which is placed within the hollow boss of the screw, which is thereby connected with the main shaft, the centre of gravity of the screw, and the centre line of the rudder intersecting the centre line of the main shaft; and by means of a tail or spindle to the screw, projecting from the boss working in the rudder, or an iron carrier in lieu of rudder, whatever may be the movement of the tiller or wheel, it communicates an equal movement to the screw, which becomes not only the propelling but also the guiding power of the ship, as before mentioned. A series of most interesting experiments have just been performed, to test the power of the screw in twisting the vessel into every imaginable position, the result being unequivocally satisfactory, and clearly demonstrating that it is no longer needful to apply double screws, hydraulic steering apparatus, or add any other extra complications to the machinery of a steamer, when by a wave of her own screw her motion can be directed and controlled at will. Revolving turrets will become obsolete if our present colossal screw line-of-battle ships can, by the application of this truly original contri-

vance, be made to revolve upon their centres, and deliver their entire broadsides alternately, as fast as the guns can be loaded, and in as short a time as the cumbersome turret with its single gun can be revolved and trained to the required position. This steering screw is the invention of Mr. W. J. Curtis, C.E., and the trial screw applied to the Charger, one of her Majesty's vessels of sixty horse-power, was constructed by Messrs. J. and A. Blyth, of Fore-street, Limehouse.

## THE MOTION OF THE MOON AMONG THE STARS.

THE moon moves more rapidly among the fixed stars than any other of the heavenly bodies, with the exception of meteors and some of the comets. While she rolls around with the sky every day from east to west, she is moving in the opposite direction at the rate of a little more than 13 degs. a day, completing her revolution in about 27 days. This motion of the moon is so rapid that it may be easily observed without the aid of instruments. If we notice one evening what stars the moon is among, we shall find it the next evening among stars a considerable distance to the eastward. The moon does not follow the same track in the heavens as the sun, but it is sometimes about 5 degs. north of the ecliptic, and at others about 5 degs. south. In other words, the moon runs both higher and lower than the sun. This motion of the moon is interesting, as being the single case in all the phenomena of the heavens in which the real motion is the same as the apparent motion. The moon appears to revolve monthly around the earth—and it does so revolve. Its orbit is inclined about 5 degs. to the plane of the earth's orbit.

It is easy by direct observation to understand the causes of the changes of the moon. At the time of the new moon we can always see that the moon is nearly in a line between us and the sun, so that only a crescent-edge of the illuminated half is turned toward us; while the full moon is always upon the side of us opposite to the sun, rising as the sun sets, and thus turning toward us the whole of its illuminated half. As eclipses of the sun are caused by the moon coming between us and him, these can take place only at the new moon; while the eclipses of the moon being caused by the earth coming between the sun and moon, these can take place only at the full moon.

**REMEDY FOR THE INJURIOUS ACTION OF LEAD PIPES ON WATER.**—The importance of discovering a really efficient means of preventing the injurious action of lead pipes on water is universally acknowledged, and the experiments of Dr. Crace-Calvert have proved beyond question that no proposition hitherto brought forward has been calculated to remedy the evil complained of. A discovery, however, has now been made through which the water supplied by leaden pipes may be obtained by the consumer as pure as from the original source. Dr. H. Schwartz, of Breslau, has discovered a means by which the portion of the lead forming the interior surface of the pipe may be converted into an insoluble sulphide, the natural consequence being that the water passing through will be as free from contamination as if glass were used. The means by which Dr. Schwartz effects this conversion are extremely simple. He simply passes a strong solution of the sulphide of an alkali through the pipe to be acted upon, and the process is completed. This solution, which is either a sulphide of potassium or sodium, is used at a temperature of about 212 degrees Fahr., and is allowed to act upon the metal for from ten to fifteen minutes. It is stated that, in practice, the boiling solution of caustic soda and sulphur is found to answer every purpose.

**SILK CULTURE ON THE ISTHMIUS OF SUEZ.**—Mr. Sala, inspector-general of the Suez Canal, took formal possession, in 1861, of El Waddy—an extensive grant of land made to M. Ferdinand Lesseps, by the Pasha of Egypt, for the benefit of the Suez Canal Company. The land has evidently been once in cultivation; and it is said that a colony of Syrians formerly bred silk-worms successfully on it. A few hundred mulberry trees are all that remain among the village ruins. In 1862, M. Lesseps ordered a new attempt at silk culture on the estate. Thousands of mulberry trees were planted, and silk-worms enough raised to furnish eggs for the year 1863. The mulberry leaves may be used the third year after the tree is planted. So far, the attempt has been a complete success, despite the inexperience of the Arab employes. The soil of this part of the desert has been found particularly suitable to mulberries, as it also is to cotton, owing to the abundance of the fertilizing Nile water, furnished by the main canal feeder. This new enterprise may be an important source of revenue to the Suez Company, which is in correspondence with the Imperial Silk Company of France. As it was found impossible to raise eggs in France, the Suez Company may furnish that indispensable article, as well as cocoons, which formerly were imported from Italy and China.

**THE SUN'S PATH AMONG THE STARS.**—The sky, including the sun, moon and stars, rolls around us every day, from east to west. But the sun moves each day among the stars about one degree in the opposite



direction; completing the circle of 360 degrees in 365 days. As the sun illuminates that half of the heavens in which it is situated at the time, it carries the day with it; slipping the illuminated half of the heavens slowly round from west to east. Hence the several stars rise about four minutes earlier each day than they did the day before; and, in the course of the year, they are each in turn brought up to our view during the night; excepting those that are so near the south pole of the heavens that they never rise. The sun's path among the stars is not round the celestial equator or equinoctial, half-way between the poles, but it crosses the equinoctial at an angle of 23 deg. 58 min.; so that in midsummer the sun is among those stars which are 23 deg. 28 min. north of the equinoctial, and in mid-winter he is among those stars which are 23 deg. 28 min. south of the equinoctial. This motion of the sun was observed and the ecliptic was named long before the true cause of the phenomenon was suspected. It is now known to be produced by the annual revolution of the earth, in its orbit around the sun. The place of the ecliptic among the stars is always the same, while the places of the equinoctial and the poles are constantly but slowly changing.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**HOME-BREWED ALE.**—G. Burton gives his method of making home-brewed ale, as follows:—"The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt in a tea-pot, then fill it with water—the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood some time, pour off the liquor, just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water. In a similar manner, pour that off, and so go on filling it up and pouring it off, till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all its virtue is extracted. The liquor, or malt-tea, must then be boiled, with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough—that is, about blood heat—add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing; and to brew a large quantity requires just the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea-breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, and of better quality than can usually be purchased."

### WINE RECEIPTS.

**BLACKBERRY WINE.**—To make a wine equal in value to Port, take ripe blackberries or dewberries, press the juice from them; let them stand thirty-six hours to ferment, lightly covered; skim off whatever rises to the top; then, to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water and three pounds of sugar (brown will do), let it stand in an open vessel for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it, let it stand eight or nine months, when it should be racked off and bottled, and corked close—age improves it.

**BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.**—To three pounds of ripe blackberries add one pound of white sugar, let them stand twelve hours, then press out the juice and strain it; add one-third of good spirits; to every quart add one teaspoonful of finely-powdered allspice. It is at once fit for use. Our native grapes produce the best of wine, which is easily made.

**COMMON GRAPE WINE.**—Take any quantity of sound, ripe grapes, with a common cider-press press out the juice, put it into barrels, cover the bung-hole lightly; after fermentation has ceased, cork it; place it in a cellar or house. In twelve months you will have good wine, which improves by age; let it stand on its lees.

**How to STOP BLOOD.**—Many a death has resulted from an accident, when a little skill in the treatment of a wound might have prevented a sacrifice of life. In the excitement attendant upon the injury of a fellow-being, we are apt to lose the presence of mind necessary to a proper consideration of the means by which relief can be rendered; and thus the necessity of making ourselves perfectly familiar with the manner in which wounds and injuries should be treated in cases of emergency, for the knowledge of the proper means to be adopted for the stoppage of bleeding from a wound may be of service to us when we least expect it. First, if the blood flows out in a stream, notice particularly whether the stream is an even, steady, or a jerking or pulsating stream; if it is even and steady, the probability is it is from a vein, particularly if the colour of the blood is a dark red. Bleeding from an artery is peculiar, the blood being of a light scarlet colour; the stream comes in that jerking manner which is seen when a fire-engine is playing upon a high building. To stop the flow of blood in a vein, first close the wound with the hand firmly, then fold up any cloth, tow, flax, or leather, and make it into a hard pad, an inch thick, at least, large enough to cover the entire wound; bind over this firmly any bandage, handkerchief, or strap, or even the bark of a tree; raise the wounded part higher than the body of the patient; keep him quiet; if

he has bled a large quantity, give him (if at hand) a little spirits and water, and send for the doctor. If the bleeding is from an artery, take your handkerchief, tie it round the part between the wound and the heart; put a strong stick under the handkerchief; give it two or three twists, and you will stop the blood, if you have made it tight enough. In all other respects the same treatment as above. In all small wounds, merely elevating the part higher than the body, and retaining it so for a short time, will arrest the bleeding. For bleeding at the nose apply ice to any part of the body, moving the ice round; it is best to apply it to the arm-pits, nape of the neck, &c. Keep the patient quiet; do not let him cough, or bleeding will return. A piece of brown paper folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum will stop bleeding at the nose.

### STATISTICS.

**A VALUABLE PARISH.**—A return just issued shows that the single parish of St. Pancras, London, was assessed last year to the property-tax under schedule A, the schedule for the annual value of land (including the houses built upon it, the railways, &c.), at £5,798,521.

**CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.**—A volume of the "Population Tables," compiled from the English census returns of 1861, has been issued. Among the subjects with which it deals is that of the civil condition of the people of England and Wales. In April, 1861, there were found to be in England and Wales, 12,032,157 persons—men, women, and children—who had never been married, 6,917,395 persons married, and 1,116,672 persons widowed—in all 20,066,224. The females were 10,289,965 in number, being 513,706 more than the males; but against this excess must be set about 162,000 for persons belonging to England in the army and navy, and merchant seamen abroad at the time of taking the census, and consisting mostly of adult males. In 1851 there were 3,015,634 married women in England and Wales; in 1861 there were 3,488,952. The proportion of children to a marriage and the increase of population are greatly affected by the age at which marriage takes place. The number of wives who were under 25 years of age when the census was taken in 1851 was 290,034; but in 1861 the number had risen to 350,919, an increase of more than a fifth. Marriages increased in the ten years, and celibacy declined. Of the women of the age of 20 and upwards, 28 in every 100 were without husbands in 1851, not 27 in a 100 in 1861. Or, taking none but persons in the prime of life, 20 and under 40 years of age, 45 in 100 of the men of this age were bachelors in 1851, but only 42 in 1861; and of the women 41 in 100 were spinsters in 1851, but only 39 in 1861. These figures indicate a time of prosperity and comfort. The census of 1861 still found in England and Wales 1,201,576 of the men between 20 and 40 years of age bachelors, and 1,229,051 of the women between 20 and 40 left in celibacy; but it must be remembered that the celibacy of some makes it prudent for the rest to marry. The census again shows that though a large number of men and women never marry, the population in England can increase moderately, and the work of colonizing and subduing the earth still go on.

**WALKING-STICKS FOR LADIES.**—The Empress Eugénie has again appeared with a long walking-stick, and now the fashion is fixed. Every lady at a watering-place must "wear a cane;" and the shop windows of Paris are beginning to display them, with "prices to suit customers." Some are very cheap and homely; others elegant and costly. The length of the stick depends on the height of the lady, as they are recommended to come about up to the lady's shoulder. They are carried for support, for protection, and for distinction; that is, the ladies like to have "something in their hands to play with," and especially at the sea-side, where they are always breaking the points of their parasols by poking at pebbles and things. And then, why should not a woman carry a cane as well as a man? Is she not the weaker vessel?

**A DUEL BETWEEN LADIES.**—Recently, several ladies, while on a visit to a friend's house, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, were amusing themselves by singing and dancing, when one of them, a resident of Baltimore, sang a verse of the "Bonny Blue Flag;" one of the ladies jestingly said, "You're a rebel," at which another commenced the "Southern Marseillaise;" when it was finished, the lady who had been called a rebel, said, "I wish we had pistols, I'd fight a duel with you for calling me a rebel." At this, a daughter of the gentleman at whose house they were, said, "We have pistols in the house, but they are not loaded." They were brought, and in order to give it the form of a duel, distances were measured in the room, the ladies took their places, word was given, one, two, three, when the lady who had called the other "rebel," said, "I will sit in this chair, as I wish to die easy." Word was again given, and the Baltimore lady, who had a

self-cocking pistol, pulled the trigger, and bang went the pistol, a piercing scream was heard, and in an instant the room was filled with the members of the family, when it was discovered that two of the ladies had swooned; the Baltimore lady was standing motionless, and the one who wished to "die easy," sitting pale with terror in her chair; one ball had passed through her dress on the left side, grazing the skin, while in the leaf of a table on which she rested her arm were eight distinct shot-holes, and one bullet embedded in the wood. The pistol had been loaded by a boy on the 4th of July, but the charge had not been fired. The ladies were soon restored to consciousness, and commenced to realize the danger of meddling with firearms, a warning, it is needless to say, they will not disregard for the future.

**BADEN-BADEN GAMBLING.**—The bank is held by a company whose manager is the above-mentioned M. Blanc. In spite of the large sums which are expended in beautifying Homburg and his vicinity—in spite of the very high rent which the Bath Commissioners claim, and in spite of the heavy salaries of the directors, croupiers and servants—the dividend is rarely less than forty per cent. This enormous profit has a very natural cause. With a few rare exceptions, every player loses. Hence the croupiers do not find their equanimity disturbed, even should the bank be broken twice or thrice in the evening. On an occasion of this sort, M. Blanc remarked about the fortunate winner, "He belongs to us, as they all do; he will bring back what he has won, and will leave his skin in the bargain." When a gambler asked him whether he had better back the red or the black, the worthy humourist replied, "Back red or black, it is all the same; white (Blanc) always wins."—*The Gambling Houses of Germany.*

**THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS.**—The chiefs attended lately at the Zoological-gardens, at Liverpool, when a large number of persons assembled to see them. They appeared in their native costume, and upon the lawn they performed their war-dance, and went through the ceremony of a levee, each of the chieftains in turn addressing the others, and recounting their deeds of warfare and those of their tribe. They also gave several of their characteristic war-chants, much to the gratification of those assembled. Addresses were delivered through Mr. Jenkins, the interpreter. The chiefs visited the establishment of Messrs. Tanner, paper-makers, a few days before, and have also inspected the Ashley-down Orphan Asylum. They subsequently visited the Misses Thomas, 8, York Place, Clifton, half-sisters to Sir George Grey, Governor of New Zealand. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited to meet the chieftains. Every attention was paid the dusky visitors, especially by a niece of Sir George Grey. The chiefs alluded in affectionate terms to Sir George.

**THE CARTE DE VISITE.—HINTS ON DRESS, &c.**—All coloured materials take equally well in photography, except very light blues and purples, which should be especially avoided by brunettes. The general opinion that nothing takes so well as black is a popular error. The difficulties in the way of taking even the most objectionable colours can be obviated by a judicious management of the background. Short dresses are especially to be avoided. Small plaids take very nicely, and black lace over any light material has a very charming effect. Of all the qualities in a photograph good expression is the most desirable, but at the same time the most difficult to secure; and a face which is full of animation often loses that quality directly it comes under the influence of the photographer's camera. Much may be done by putting sitters at their ease as much as possible, and much also lies with the sitters themselves, who should endeavour to call up pleasant thoughts. Four positions give an immense advantage in this respect, as the human face is so changeable that no two pictures of one person have exactly the same expression. The most perfect stillness is necessary during the operation, and the eyes should be kept fixed on one spot; all the skill of the photographer will avail him nothing if these two considerations are not borne in mind.

**GALLANTRY OF A BRITISH SHIP'S CREW TO AMERICANS.**—In November last the American ship *Sartelle* was in a sinking state in the Atlantic, when she was hailed by the British brig *Lacoste*, whose captain rescued her crew. Not only did Captain Gray and the crew of the *Lacoste* endanger their own lives and go through considerable labour to rescue their shipwrecked brothers, but went on "short allowance" in order to feed them. The affair was brought under the notice of President Lincoln, who determined to reward Captain Gray, as representing the crew of the ship, for the gallantry displayed on the occasion, and, accordingly, a gold chronometer watch was forwarded by the United States Government for presentation in acknowledgment of the services rendered. This watch has been presented to Captain Gray at a meeting of the Liverpool Local Marine Board. It contained the following inscription on the inside: "The President of

the United States to Captain Gray, for the rescue of the crew of the American ship *Sartelle*, 1862." On one side was engraved the national armorial ensign of the United States, and on the other a representation of a man rescuing a shipwrecked mariner.

#### EFFECTS OF FEAR ON THE IMAGINATION.

A GENTLEMAN of great energy of character, staying at an hotel at Turcoing, was seized with excruciating toothache, accompanied with great swelling of the gums. He was recommended to apply a leech, and the keeper of the hotel undertook the delicate operation, using for the purpose a piece of paper screwed up so as to form a kind of case. At the end of a few minutes, as the sufferer did not feel the leech, an examination took place, but the leech was not in the paper, and it had disappeared. It was immediately concluded, to the great horror of the sufferer, that he had swallowed the morbid worm. No sooner was this dreadful conclusion arrived at, than he felt terrible bites in his stomach, and although he swallowed a glass of oil of sweet almonds, renewed bites apparently evinced that the leech was still alive. A doctor was called in, and an ounce of castor-oil was administered immediately, but repeated agonizing pains proved that the leech was in another part of the stomach. A dreadful fear now took possession of him, and he anticipated that his intestines would soon be perforated, and that death was certain. A second doctor called in, prescribed two more ounces of castor-oil, which the patient swallowed most stoically, but the bites and pains were renewed. The hotel-keeper happened then to change his coat, and in the sleeve he found the leech, which had made its escape at the end of the paper held to the gum of the sufferer. The unfortunate man was thus assured that his life was no longer in danger.

#### THE BODY AND THE MIND.

By the exercise of a very little reflection we shall discover that the mind and the body are both dependent on each other. The mind, more especially, upon the physical structure; for without stimulant from bodily vigour, the brain refuses to work and thought is paralyzed. These are truisms, and are not put forth as embodying any new and startling doctrine. They are so true, that all thinking men know the force of the remarks, but fail to take any steps to practice what is suggested by them; for when a man is told that his mind is weak, it implies bodily waste, and he must of necessity recruit the one to improve the other. This article is no plea for gymnasia, or other similar institutions; in fact, we look upon these as the last resort for restoring lost animal strength, and invigorating the wasted tissues and muscles of the body. Rather do we seek in these lines to impress upon every person engaged in sedentary pursuits, the absolute need that exists for sensible and diverting bodily activity.

How does the case stand: how do men in general spend the few hours they can spare from business? Let the reader look around among his acquaintance, or ask himself, and he can see clearly that but few persons give the attention they ought to this subject. One individual, for instance, stands all day in his office, bends over his desk, and wears out his body and mind by close attention to business. Possibly, at five o'clock he goes home, because he can't stand the strain any longer: what does he do then? He plays five minutes with his baby, or else dozes in the corner over a newspaper, all doubled up like a jack-knife. Still other men of business snatch a hasty minute to dine, and come home at night, only to pore over ledgers and business accounts without end. These plans may be very excellent ones to get rich by, but there are demands of the body to be attended to, which neglected, all the wealth in the world cannot compensate for. The obvious remedy is to give each function and organ of the body its proper degree of care. The millionaire will not consent that his horses shall stand idle in the stable, for he knows that by so doing they lose in beauty and spirit; yet he denies to his own body what he recognizes as indispensable for the animal, and suffers his energies to waste for want of use. The mechanic who has an overabundance of muscular exercise, requires intellectual food, that his brains may develop and his ideas be enlarged; while the reverse is true of literary men.

In the beginning of this article we mentioned gymnasia, and their influence; we think that one great feature in developing our frames is too often overlooked, and that is the degree of interest or sympathy an individual has, in his efforts to become robust. Most persons will concede that if a man forces himself to walk about in a pen, open to air and sunlight, for a certain period, he will not necessarily present a picture of perfect health; and that mere tramping over a stated number of miles may not always bring him in sight of the fountains of youth. But let nature inspire the part of man with all her beautiful sights and sounds;

let him feel the sweet influences of the landscape filling his heart with joy and gratitude; and then a walk of half a mile is better for his body than five miles under other circumstances. It is not so much what we do for the restoration of lost physical energy, as how we do it. Active exercise is, in fact, only another name for recreation; and that this is imperatively necessary to a healthy body, all will admit. Outraged nature inflicts sore present punishment upon men for their neglect of this law, as well as future unhappiness, in a line of degenerated and figuratively emasculated descendants.

#### THE PRESENT DUTY ON CARDS.

THE seventh annual report of the commissioners of her Majesty's Inland Revenue, though dated July, 1863, has only just been published. Among other matters, it draws attention to the recent reduction of the duty on playing cards, from one shilling a pack to three-pence. The tax was reduced "in the hope of suppressing the enormous evasion of the duty which notoriously prevailed," as, we suppose, in expectation of rendering it worth no one's while to run the risk of a penalty for the sake of evasion. The evasion alluded to was that of selling card-makers' "waste" as "second-hand cards," which under the then Act of Parliament (9 Geo. IV., chap. 18) were not liable to duty. Accordingly the form in which the duty was levied has been amended; the duty is now charged on the wrapper instead of on the ace of spades, and all cards, whether new or second-hand, have been made equally liable to duty. Thus, suppose a pack is opened, and, as in the case at the clubs, is used only once, under the old law the soiled pack was exempt from further duty if the words "second-hand cards" were legibly written or printed on the wrapper. Now, however, second-hand cards are required before being resold, to be enclosed in a fresh wrapper, bearing a fresh stamp.

During the investigation which preceded the alteration it transpired that the clandestine manufacture of cards, sold as "second-hand," was carried on to such an extent, that one person alone, who was engaged in the traffic, "owned to the sale of more unstamped packs in one year than the whole number which, according to the returns, had been charged with duty in the same period, that is to say, upwards of 260,000 packs."

It was hoped that under the new system no cards would escape duty, when, if the evasion were stopped, the additional number stamped would more than compensate for the reduction in the amount of the duty. This anticipation has not been realized. The additional number of packs stamped last year was only 163,000, and the revenue therefore suffered by the alteration to the extent of some £4,500. Whether the tax will become more productive, under a rigid enforcement of the provisions of the Act, remains yet to be seen.

One important consequence of the present duty is that it renders second-hand cards a drug. The three-penny stamp makes them rather dearer than the cheapest new cards. So many people had rather buy rubbish at a small price than expend a penny or two in more durable goods, that common new cards beat the best second-hand ones out of the market. It is much more to the purchaser's interest to give a shilling for "Mogul" club-house cards once used, than ninepence for "Highlanders," or for cards which are as soft as blotting-paper, and which are done for after a dozen deals. But the public cannot be persuaded of this, and hence makers, such as Messrs. Banks, who take back the slightly-soiled club-cards, are getting almost overstocked with them.

The duty, as we before mentioned, is now levied by means of a wrapper in which each pack must be enclosed previous to sale. The wrapper is prepared at the Inland Revenue Office, and sold to the card-makers as required. The duty as formerly levied was strictly a stamp-duty on the ace of spades. The ace of spades, which bore the stamp, was impressed at the Inland Revenue Office on paper which the card-makers afterwards pasted on their cards. The aces were supplied to the makers on credit, and the duty was exacted when the packs were made up for sale, when it was the duty of a revenue officer to attend to put on the wrappers, and to take an account of the numbers.

The commissioners remark that "there were many disadvantages connected with these arrangements." The principal disadvantages were the expense incurred in printing the aces, and the difficulty of adjusting the card-makers' accounts. The card-makers were always in arrears; they always had more aces supplied than were accounted for in the packs made up for sale; and though the department had the power of taking an account of the stock not made up for sale, and held by the card-makers, and of charging for aces not accounted for, the power was but occasionally exercised, on account of the practical difficulty of taking exact stock without serious inconvenience to the makers. It may be stated, moreover, that when stock was taken, a deficiency of aces always appeared, even with the most respectable makers, who were above the suspicion of intentionally defrauding the revenue. This deficiency was in many

instances allowed to stand over, so that in practice the amount thus owing was as good as remitted.

According to the statement of the commissioners, it appeared that, "from the mode in which the ace of spades was necessarily prepared at the office, that important card was always different from the rest of the pack, and that this difference, though slight, was, to those who were aware of it, readily perceptible by the touch," so that, in fact, the duty, "which was meant to be *pro tanto* a discouragement to gambling, was abetting the designs of the card-sharper." On inquiry, we find that the difference here spoken of was a difference in the size of the card; but we are assured by Messrs. Banks, of Glasshouse-street, St. James's, who are the oldest-established card-makers in London, that if the ace of spades were properly manipulated, it had no need to differ either in size or thickness or in perceptible feel from the other cards. Owing to the kind assistance of Messrs. Banks, we have been enabled to test this statement, by comparing some old aces of spades with other cards of their manufacture, and we have certainly been unable to detect the slightest difference in size or feel. We noticed, however, that the face of the old ace of spades looked dirtier than that of the other cards. This dirty appearance was explained to be the consequence of printing from a copper-plate, the plate not being wiped perfectly clean after each operation. The printing of the aces, it must be remembered, was not done by the card-makers, but by the Stamp-office. The cards other than the ace of spades were printed by the makers, and Messrs. Banks have always adhered to the old process of stencilling the pip cards, by which means all risk of a dirty face was avoided. The dirtiness, however, could in no way affect the feel of the card, and, being confined to its face, would not enable anyone to pick it out.

The ace of spades being now printed by the manufacturers, they have discontinued the elaborate frizzled flourishes which characterized the old ace. In altering the design of the ace, each card-maker has adopted a device in accordance with his own fancy. We will here only mention two of the designs—that of Messrs. Banks, and that of Messrs. De la Rue. Messrs. Banks's ace of spades we think extremely elegant and appropriate. In general appearance it somewhat resembles the old ace. Above the design, in place of the words "Duty one shilling," the name "Banks Brothers, late Hunt," appears, and under the design the words "Card-makers to her Majesty." At the bottom of the design, above the words just quoted, an heraldic label runs across the card, bearing the Royal motto, "Dieu et mon droit." From either side of the motto springs a semicircular spray of natural leaves and flowers, containing the emblems of England, Ireland, and Scotland—the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. The lion and the unicorn peep out at us, one on each side, between the label and the spray—the lion looking as though he had just emerged from the forest, and was determined not to let go of the Royal motto; the unicorn appearing more unconcerned, but evidently ready to show fight if called on. In the centre of the space left by the sweep of the national emblems is an unmistakable spade-pip, bearing within it the cypher V.R. Surmounting the whole design, between it and the maker's name, is the Royal crown.

The device adopted by Messrs. De la Rue is, in our judgment, anything but pretty. We suppose, however, that, according to the notions of artistic taste which prevail in this most inartistic nineteenth century, the design must be intensely beautiful, for it is the work of Owen Jones. It may be described as an ellipse with a border. In the upper half of the border appear the words, "Duty three-pence;" and external to the oval figure, and on either side, the words, "When used in Great Britain and Ireland." This inscription we take to be a mistake, as the ace of spades is now liable to no duty whatever. These meaningless words would be better obliterated. Still external to the oval are, above a crown, below the maker's name. The interior of the ellipse, which looks for all the world like an anatomical section of a hen's egg at an advanced period of incubation, is filled with an outline spade-point, somewhat indistinct, the pip containing a conventionalized rose on either side, fitting the lower half of the border, and conventionalized trefoil leaves (shamrock), and above and within the border, filling the ellipse by the side of the spade pip, are shamrock and rose leaves, and filling the ellipse above the pip are thistle flowers, also conventionally treated. We regard the foliage and flowers as the most successful portion of the design. The conventional treatment is more appropriate to the spade (*espada*, sword), which is the conventional symbol of the barbed head of a sword or lance. Were the foliage somewhat less formally disposed, and the stupid oval with its inscription altogether removed, the idea might be rendered very effective.

THE ANNAMITE AMBASSADORS IN PARIS.—These Eastern representatives have arrived in Paris, and like the Chinese and Japanese they dispense with pocket-handkerchiefs, are great smokers, and hardly ever to



be seen without a cigar or cigarette in their mouths. They show a lively appreciation of French *cuisine*; are fond of champagne, and truffles in particular, and even prefer this savoury tuber to their favourite dish at home—pickled caterpillars. Like other countries, the empire at Annam possesses several orders of chivalry—the "Order of the Elephant's Tusk," and that of the "Horn of the Rhinoceros" being the principal. These honorary marks of distinction are not, it is stated, greatly coveted, as the insignia weighs, according to the various classes, from 15 to 100 pounds, so that a grand cross is exposed literally to sink beneath the weight of his sovereign's favour. The ambassadors have commenced their rounds of official visits, and are said to be well versed in the laws of etiquette. The Emperor of Annam wishes to recover the three provinces of Lower Cochinchina, occupied by the French troops; but the motive for this desire is not so much to recover a few hundred leagues of territory as to plunder and hang the faithless subjects who have submitted to the French. At the same time he would not be sorry to dupe the foreign barbarians, to whom he offers, it is said, 40,000,000*l.*, without having the remotest intention of giving them a sou. The ambassadors will consequently have to broach a very difficult question, and the more so as it is with people already aware of their manner of interpreting treaties with which they have to deal. Accustomed as they are to conceal their thoughts and never telling the truth, they believe that everyone else acts in the same manner. They will not be presented at Court until the Emperor's arrival at Compiègne, in the course of next month.

**THE SOCIÉTÉ D'ACCLIMATISATION.**—The French consul at Pernambuco has sent to the Société d'Acclimatization a number of animals, among which are a royal vulture, a guaras or flamingo, two Brazilian golden plessants, an electric fish or torpedo, and two large aras (birds of the parrot tribe), male and female. One of the latter was, last year, the unconscious cause of a useful discovery. Having one day thought proper to pick off the inflammable matter from a quantity of lucifer matches, it was soon seized with violent convulsions. The consul, its master, guessing the cause, forced a spoonful of a mixture of water and arnica, or leopard's bane, down its throat. As this remedy seemed to produce a good effect, it was repeated for several days, and so conscious was the bird of its beneficent effects that it, at length, used to come and ask for it of its own accord. At the end of a week it was perfectly cured. The Jardin d'Acclimatization has also received a Chinese rose-tree, the flowers of which change their colour three times a day.

#### MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD'S GIANT CHIMNEY.

ROYAL Mint-street is to become the site of the gold and silver refinery of the Messrs. Rothschild. No doubt circumstances rather than choice have impelled the wealthy Jewish house to locate itself in this poverty-stricken quarter. These circumstances may be briefly explained. Up to the year 1858 the premises occupied by the Messrs. Rothschild formed part of the Royal Mint. They constituted the copper foundry of that establishment, and extended from the die department to Rosemary-lane, a distance of 150 feet, and possessed a frontage in the lane of about the same dimensions. In the year named, the Mint authorities discovered that it would be more expedient and more economical to obtain copper in the form of planchets prepared for coining, than to buy it in the shape of slabs and reduce it to planchets themselves.

This discovery was acted upon forthwith, and the copper foundry of the Mint became practically valueless to the Queen's money-makers. It was advertised to be let, and the Messrs. Rothschild, aware of the eligibility of the place for their purposes, became its lessees. From that time to the present the late Royal copper foundry has been in full swing as a refinery for the precious metals. Night and day have the chemical and mechanical operations incidental to the refining process been going on; and though, doubtless, those operations have been profitable enough to their promoters, they have proved a great nuisance to all who reside within a certain radius of the refinery. The acid fumes continually arising from the open roof have descended, in their condensed form, in burning and blighting showers upon the back-yards and forecourts of unhappy neighbours. In the "dead waste and middle of the night," poisonous and choking vapours have stolen through the crannies and the crevices of dwelling-houses, half-stifling their occupants. Numerous have been the complaints levelled at the offending refiners, and at length they appear to have taken effect. In order at least to distribute their favours over a wider area, if not to dissipate them entirely, the Messrs. Rothschild are causing a gigantic chimney to be erected. This is to be carried to a height of 220 feet. Its exterior diameter at the base is 30 feet, that of the summit or cap will be eight feet. It is of circular form; and when we state that its erection is in the

hands of Mr. William Cubitt, it will be a guarantee to most persons that it will be successfully executed.

The foundation of this monster chimney, which will overtop the Monument, has been carried to a great depth; in fact, the lowest course of brickwork and cement—no concrete has been employed—rests on the original undisturbed gravel stratum of the London basin. Intercepting chambers are, we understand, to be constructed at intervals in the interior of the stack, so as to catch and condense the acid fumes as they ascend. The orifice or smokeway will be fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and four feet six inches at the summit. The Rothschild chimney will certainly form a conspicuous landmark, as it will assuredly indicate unerringly the whereabouts of the late Rosemary Lane to the inhabitants of London and its suburbs.

#### CHINESE BRIDE.

At Hong-Kong the bride is sold by her parents, or parent, and on the day appointed for the wedding, is sent to her future lord and master in a chair, the door of which has been carefully closed and locked, the key having been deposited in the keeping of a relative or friend, who, with an air of importance, denoting a proud consciousness of the great trust confided to his watchful guardianship, accompanies or walks behind the bride. On arriving at the door of the bridegroom's house, the bearer of the key steps forward, arrests the progress of the sedan by a wave of his hand, and enters the door of the house, opened for his reception. After a delay of some minutes, during which the friends and relatives, as well as the assembled crowd, wait with impatient looks, the door again opens, and the key-bearer, who has transferred his charge to the care of the expectant bridegroom, re-appears. Without any hesitation, or unnecessary bashfulness, the gentleman at once opens the door of the chair, and inspects his purchase. If her face—for its beauty in the Chinese conception of the term, and her feet for their diminutive size—suit him, he gives her his hand, and with great efforts at gallantry, conducts her to the principal room of his house, where both burn incense, bow before idols, and worship the memory of their ancestors, the parents following their example. The bride then retires for a few minutes, and all partake of a grand feast. The chief ceremony, in which both bride and bridegroom drink from one cup of wine, signifying that their union is now irrevocable, is then performed. Should the bride, however, prove distasteful to the bridegroom's fancy, he at once relocks the door, hands the key back to the man who brought it, and returns to his own house, merely forfeiting the sum he had paid, varying, according to circumstances, from six dollars to five or six thousand, which sum the parents retain as their lawful right. This, frequently repeated, would soon impoverish any but the richest merchants, and as they are never allowed to see their bride before they open the door of the chair in which she is sent, it is not strange that they should sometimes repent of their bargain. The poor bride, on the other hand, has no such alternative. Kept in confinement until she is marriageable, she is then disposed of to the highest bidder, and despatched from the paternal roof, where all her life of limited joy, from childhood's innocent gambols to the pleasures of more sedate years, has been passed, where the gentle mother who lovingly tended her infant years, and guided her childish steps, is left to live out her lonely existence, uncaring and uncared for by the voluptuous father, who has, probably, long since discarded her for a younger and "fairer favourite." The young girl arrives in front of her purchaser's house, and, with breathless anxiety and gloomy forebodings, hears the key placed in the lock, and the door turn on its hinges. If, after inspection, his purchase is deemed satisfactory, she becomes the property of a new master, to all of whose wishes and commands she must be subservient, her own feelings or inclinations being totally disregarded. So subject is the condition to which the marriage-tie condemns a woman in China, that she may be divorced, not only for any levity of manner, or impropriety of behaviour, but even for being too sickly, or more than usually talkative.

In Macao, there is a little difference in the process: on reaching the house of the intended bridegroom, the bride is shown to a room where are deposited the boxes containing her trousseau, &c., upon one of which she sits to receive her "future," closely veiled, and, doubtless, trembling in every limb. Entering, after a few moments' delay, fan in hand, eager to behold his purchase, he raises the veil which conceals her features, gazes for some seconds on the bashful maiden, and, if satisfied with her appearance, places the fan at the back of his neck. The matter being thus settled, the ceremonies proceed. If, on the contrary, he disapproves of her, he places the fan in the garter below his knee, and the mortified damsel is taken back to her home. The next ceremony, in case the bride suite, takes place the following day. All the relatives of the bridegroom having been invited, tea is made, and the

newly-married couple serve their guests; the bride being, of course, the cynosure of all eyes, and open to every kind of criticism. They then go to the joss-house, and all make "chin-chin-joss." When night comes on, small candles are stuck about the wooden floor, which, being lighted, the young bride is made to pick her steps between them, a task of great difficulty, during the performance of which the guests examine narrowly her poor deformed feet. The last probationary duty imposed on her is that of cutting out flowers, &c., in paper. If she shows herself sufficiently expert in this ornamental accomplishment to satisfy the taste of those who are watching her performance with critical eyes, the general approbation with which she meets, probably makes up, in some measure, for the severity of the ordeal through which she has had to pass.—*A Lady's Visit to Manila and Japan.*

#### THE COAL MINES OF MONTE DIABLO.

In a Californian paper we notice a very interesting account of the coal mines of that district, of which we present a synopsis:—

The first mentioned is the Parrott mine, near Clayton. A shaft 300 feet was sunk in it; but the coal proving too soft, it was abandoned. Three other mines are worked in this vicinity—the Carbondale, Cumberland, and Black Diamond. The last is worked 1,500 feet into the mountain and yields excellent coal. The vein is four feet six inches thick; and the mine is well ventilated by furnaces at its mouth. The miners earn three dollars a day. The coal is carted to the river, and shipped to San Francisco, where it readily sells for nine dollars a ton. There are many other veins in the vicinity of Devil Mount, all of which are worth working. The cost of transportation and high price of labour, are obstacles to the successful working of some of these veins. The coal interests of California are sufficient to enrich the State and make it independent of all other countries. The author of the sketch begins with this pretty compliment to the scenery along the road:

"Leaving the busy little town of Clayton, the route immediately becomes interesting, by reason of several vineyards and orchards, that give to the scenery a very pleasant contrast with the dry and seared pastures on the one side, and the wild and uplifted peaks of Diablo, that rear their black heads over and above, while along the sides of the mountains are often seen excavations and neglected tunnels, the result of prospecting after coal, or copper, or some hidden treasure. No one who looks from a distance upon dark Diablo would ever conceive of the broad and pleasant valleys, or of the orchards, gardens, and fruitful fields, that are hidden among the many hills high up—many valleys, miles in extent, and of as rich land as can be found in any part of the State, and far superior to some that are in high repute."

THE Confederate steamer *Alabama* was last spoken off the Cape of Good Hope, in the first week of August. She had taken and destroyed seventy-four Federal vessels, and had then on board two American consuls. One of her prizes had been fitted as a vessel of war, and many of the captured seamen had joined her crew, which enabled Captain Semmes to man the tender. The Georgia was said to be cruising in the same neighbourhood.

**INSECT SUICIDES.**—Can anybody explain why all the insect blinkards that shun the beams of day as if troubled with chronic ophthalmia, should make for the gas burners and lamps when night appears? The multifarious tribes of insects and beetles of nocturnal habits, that you cannot find between rise and set of sun anywhere but in the gloomiest nooks and corners, rush with every indication of frantic joy, at anything in the shape of a flame after dark. No Christian martyr ever displayed more exultation at the stake, no Hindoo widow ever went to her roasting with more alacrity, than your moth exhibits as she takes her death by instalments from lamp or candle. The hard-shell winged fire-worshippers that hide themselves from the "garish eye of day" under the thickest foliage and in the hollows of trees, all seem possessed with a burning desire to set themselves ablaze as soon as the means of combustion are presented to them after night-fall.

**WILL OF LORD CLYDE.**—The will of Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, G.C.B., K.S.I., D.C.L., was proved in her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 7th inst. The executors and trustees are Major-General Henry Eyre; Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Alison, C.B., Colonel William Montague Scott M'Murdo, C.B., and Lieutenant-General Duncan Alexander Cameron, C.B. The will and two codicils are dated May 23, 1863, and a third codicil July 11 last, signed "Clyde, F.M." There are many legacies to officers and personal friends. To Sir William Maxwell he leaves the sword presented to him by the City of London, together with the document conferring upon him the freedom of the City, and that Sir William (whom he wished to have appointed as an executor

had not his official duties prevented him from acting) should be consulted as to what papers, if any, should be made public; and, should any memoir of himself (Lord Clyde) appear, which he would rather did not, it should be limited to Hart's "Army List," and be simply the recital of the services of a plain soldier. His lordship's personal property was sworn under £70,000. To his sister, Miss Alicia Campbell, his lordship leaves an annuity of £1,000, and divides his real estate and the residue of his personal estate between her and General Eyre, leaving also to the general and his family many specific bequests. Lord Clyde died August 14, 1863, at the Government House, Chatham, aged 71.

## FACETIE.

**LAZY MAN'S RELATIONS.**—Solomon advised the sluggard to go to the ant. In our day the sluggard often has to go to his "uncle."

**A NOTE FROM THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.**—A Concert-singer having murdered a tune, subsequently tried his voice, and with ease acquitted himself.—*Punch.*

### AN UNFITTED SOLDIER.

A famous bootmaker, named, Hoby, was apt to take rather an insolent tone with his customers. He was, however, tolerated as a sort of privileged person, and his impertinence was not only overlooked, but was considered as rather a good joke. He was a pompous fellow, with a considerable vein of sarcastic humour. Horace Churchill, (afterwards killed in India with the rank of Major-General,) who was then an ensign in the Guards, once entered Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill-made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby putting on a pathetic cast of countenance, called to his shopman:

"John, close up the shutters. It is all up with us. I must shut up shop; Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Churchill's fury can be better imagined than described.

**DURING** the recent thunderstorm an argumentative gentleman was suddenly struck by the force of his friend's remarks. It is feared he will not get over the shock.—*Comic News.*

**THAT** worthy sect, the Quakers, have a custom of shaking hands all round at the close of their religious meetings. To a gentleman who inquired the meaning of this practice, the reply was that it was done to show that they parted "good Friends!"

**A KISS** 144 ELLS LONG IN ICELAND.—Women are protected by the most stringent and anti-kissing laws; any one kissing anybody with or without the lady's consent, save his own lawful wife, is liable to a fine of 144 ells of wadmal per kiss—enough to furnish a ship's company with monkey-jackets.

**BOUND TO ADORE.**—We are repeatedly told that "love laughs at locksmiths." It is true to a turn, for there are instances on the legal books, of Cupid not only laughing at the locksmith, but actually taking his pick of all the wards in Chancery.—*Punch.*

**TWO** Irishmen in a smart engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one, touching the piece, noticed it was very hot. "Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd better stop firin' a little."—"Divil a bit," replied Mike; "jist dip the cartridges in the river afore yeess load, an' kape it cool."

### A BIG INCLINATION.

Cobbett, who lived for more than a year at Hempstead, used sometimes to tell laughable stories at the expense of the Quakers, some of whom lived in his neighbourhood there. The author of "Recollections of Mr. Jay," of Bath, gives the following as received from Cobbett's own lips:

I was acquainted with a well disposed young gentleman of large fortune, whose only fault was the habit of swearing—such a habit that he often declared that he would give half his fortune to get rid of it. This desire came to the ears of a Quaker, who thereupon had an interview with the young gentleman, and said:

"I can cure thee of that bad habit."

Whereupon the youth caught hold of the Quaker's hand and gave it a hearty shake, saying:

"How can you perform the miracle?"

"I can tell thee. I have heard that thou art just my size: nobody will know thee; thou shalt come to my house, put on the hat, the coat without buttons, the knee-breeches, and the shoe-buckles; and thou wilt find that the strangeness of the dress will have such an effect on thee, when thou art going to talk, that it will restrain thee from swearing—as thou perhaps knowest my friend, that we Quakers never swear."

The young man cheerfully assented to the proposal, and accompanied the Quaker to his house, where, after changing his clothes, he took his departure in the garb

of a Quaker, and went on his way rejoicing. The period of the young gentleman's tour elapsed, and the Quaker, all anxiety, started to meet him. Having met him, he said:

"Well, friend, how hast thou got on?"

"Very well," replied the young man.

"Hast thou sworn so much with that dress on thee?"

The young man, rubbing the sleeves of his coat, replied: "Certainly not; but I felt a great inclination to lie!"

**MALE VIRGINS.**—An anecdote is related of a young preacher at a city church, who had for his text a verse from the parable of the ten virgins, and in the course of his sermon, explained: "That in old time it was customary, when the bridegroom and the bride were coming, for ten virgins to go out to meet them, and escort them home—five of those virgins being males and five females."

### A DILEMMA FOR A WIFE.

**Wife.**—Augustus, I wish you would dye! There's Mr. Brown, who I know is much older than you, has such magnificent black whiskers and hair.

**Husband** (who is a little given to fibbing).—I would not dare to, my love. If you only knew how I am annoyed by the women. I thought the dear creatures admired a sprinkle of white in the whiskers, from the attentions I've received from certain quarters. If dyeing will be such an improvement—for your peace of mind I must not do it.

**TAKING IT LITERALLY.**—A weak-minded house-keeper was lately informed by an economical friend that if he wished to save money, the best thing he could do would be to lay in his coals at once, as they would become dearer now every week. When the time for dinner arrived, the unfortunate man was missing. After searching the house, the cook (who had her experience in hiding) suggested examining the coal-cellar, and there, sure enough, was the luckless Paterfamilias, covered with the nubby ones and the slack, in which he lay in a grimy and unhappy condition. He accounted for his behaviour by saying that his friend had advised him to lay in his coals, and he was doing it.—*Comic News.*

### THE PRUSSIAN KING AND CONSTITUTION.

The murder is out. We now see the cause of the otherwise unaccountable conduct of the King of Prussia. When a man does take to it, the prudivility with which he goes to the dogs, is fearful. The sovereign who would attempt to govern Prussia without a parliament, would be capable of putting the following advertisement into a newspaper:

"Lost.—In Chatham, a small charm, in the shape of a bottle; foreign make. Whoever will bring the same to the King of Prussia, shall be rewarded."

Poor William! Poor old king! No wonder he has upset the Prussian Constitution, having previously impaired his own. Now, doubtless, he could not even articulate the words Prussian Constitution. People said that he was playing Charles the First, and the fool, under the influence of Von Bismarck, and they insinuated that he would lose his head. Alas! it is plain that he has lost his head, not merely under the influence of Bismarck. He is too evidently under the influence of something else that begins with B, or he would not advertise for a bottle.—*Punch.*

**SOUTHERN HISTORY IN SHORT.**—Consecutive readings for a few dozen years of Southern history—past and prospective:—Nullification, repudiation, annexation, arrogation, cotton domination, self-inflation, intoxication, separation, confederation, depredation, frustration, circumligation, starvation, confiscation, humiliation, demoralization, desperation, negotiation, capitulation, pacification, emancipation, immigration, regeneration.

ONE of our village damsels, who was digging the potatoes for the family dinner, was thus accosted by a Saxon gentleman of rather dwarfish proportions, who stood scarcely five feet in his shoes:—"Are these good potatoes, girl?" "Pretty fair," she replied. "Do potatoes grow well in this cold country?" "Better than men do in yours, if you are to be taken as a specimen," she smartly answered. The small gentleman vanished, muttering something, inaudibly to himself.

**SPEN WHIFFLER'S FIGHT.**—Spencer Whiffler was a low-comedy boy, the Merriman, the Touchstone of the school. He could do as many funny tricks on his slate as he could cut queer capers in the play-ground. Once he had a fight with a tall boy from the country, who came a long distance every day, to school, in company with a gingham bag (on the exterior of which there was a big grease-spot, suggestive of fat meat and bread in addition to the dog-eared spelling book and grammar); the tall boy had never been able to lift Spen once, whilst Spen on the contrary, contrived to knock his man down, and when his man was down. Spen turned a somersault over his prostrate form and striking an attitude after the fashion of St. George at the death of the dragon in the circus, he put one foot upon

the tall boy's stomach, and varying the St. George and the dragon business, crowed for all the world like a cock, upon which the tall boy from the country could not restrain his laughter, and a lasting friendship was thereupon cemented.—*Life and Adventures of Jacob Morriston in "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle."*

### A DANGEROUS PUBLICATION.

It is long since we have received anything pleasant in the shape of American news. "Out on ye, owls, nothing but songs of death!" is the exclamation with which we have greeted the senders of each successive batch of telegrams that we have, for the last two years and upwards, received from New York, and the editors of all the newspapers in America. At last, however, one of the latter has sent us a joke, and here it is:—

"Punch, a London publication of considerable promise, and no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun*, has a very clever squib upon the practice of noblemen putting their names down as directors of new hotels. It represents a number of noblemen, with their coronets on, waiting upon customers."

Now this is really a good joke. It must not be passed over as if it were a broad play upon words, or an outrageous Yankeeism of ordinary impudence. To call *Punch* no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun* is a bit of fun, which, if a fair sample of the fun of the last-named periodical, should deter anybody from attempting to read it who is unwilling to burst his sides with laughter.—*Punch.*

**SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.**—*Coaly*: The gov'n'r he say to me he say that a scientific gent found out that in two hundred years there won't be a hundred of coal he say—and a jolly good job tew, I say.—*Fun.*

### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

I sauntered into the police-court one morning, just as a fat Frenchman was being examined on a charge of having been found drunk and and incapable, when the following scene ensued:

Magistrate: "Do you deny what the constable states?"

Defendant: "No, sare."

Magistrate: "Then you'll pay five shillings?"

Defendant, (staring): "For what, sare?"

Magistrate: "For getting drunk."

Defendant: By Got, me paid the publican for dat last night; me no pay him over again."

Magistrate: "The fine will go to the Queen, and not to any publican."

Defendant: "De Queen is rich enough—she don't want for five shillings. I can't pay her."

Magistrate: "If you don't you'll go to prison."

Defendant, (in anger): "Why, what you mean? You call dis de land of liberty, sare? Let me tell you, John Bull, no liberty; not even de liberty to get drunk. It is not so in my country, people get drunk there for nothing."

Magistrate: "Lock him up."

Defendant: "Wot! lock me again in dat coal (cold) hole. I'd sooner pay de money dan dat."

Jailor: "Come this way, then. Five shillings for being drunk, and one shilling for the discharge, make six shillings you have got to pay."

Defendant: "Discharge! I vos only drunk—what you fine me for? Dat do you, and call dis free country? I vont pay it—I'll go and acquit de consul."

It was here explained to the choleric Frenchman that one shilling was the customary fee paid by a prisoner on his release from durance.

The money was then reluctantly forked out by the foreigner, who left the office, muttering that it was not a free island, and that he should speedily quit it.

**VARUM ET MUTABILE.**—Woman is always a variable and changeable thing. Our authority for this statement is pretty widely known, and as a particular example to this general rule, we give the following remarkable instance: "The other day a young lady, whose antipathy to all dangerous gymnastic exhibitions is proverbial among her own immediate friends, actually made a speech on the tight rope.—*Punch.*

### MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE.

The medical profession, if it is a learned one, may have been amused by the following advertisement, which lately adorned the *Medical Circular*:

"Aloina.—The discoverers of this, T. and H. Smith, (vide *Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, for February, 1851,) the crystalline principle of aloes, continue to prepare and supply it."

"They have the gratification of knowing that the most eminent of the profession prescribe it in preference to the various kinds of aloes, and especially to females both alive and in a confined form."

We learn from the above announcement that the discoverers of aloina are T. and H. Smith, and that those gentlemen are also the crystalline principle of aloes. Moreover we observe that they spell crystalline with a single L. And they seem to say that the crystalline principle of aloes continues to prepare and supply aloina.



What the discoverers of aloina mean by females in a combined form, we cannot make out. In saying that "the most eminent of the profession" prescribe aloina, "especially to females both alive and in the combined form," they place females "in the combined form" in antithesis with females "alive." Hence we might infer that by females in "the combined form," they meant dead women; but as medicine is never prescribed for the dead of either sex, that inference would be absurd.

The discoverers of aloina are doubtless expert in pharmacy, so that we will not say that they have mistaken their vocation; but they might have chosen a branch of learning for the cultivation of which their genius appears much better calculated than it is for the pursuit of chemical science. We do not mean English grammar; but metaphysical theology.—*Punch*.

"I AM afraid sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No madam, my melancholy won't settle—it has too much ground."

A GENTLEMAN, popping his head through a tailor's shop window, exclaimed: "What o'clock is it by your lapboard?" Upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard, and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just struck one!"

A YOUNG lady of extraordinary capacity, addressed the following letter to her cousin:—"We is all well, and mother's got the his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister Ann has got a babe, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite suns. Your affectionate kuzzen."

AN Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young friend make the following announcement:—"Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "Och, 'n ye are," said Pat; "faith, an' it'll be a long time afore ye'll see yer father-in-law."

PICKED UP FROM THE BEACH.—Old Salt (who has got sixpence a piece out of two children): "There, my dears, you've got a kitten for a shillin' as had ought a bin sevin and sixpence at least; and if you'll meet me here to-morrow at the same time, you shall have such a boat for a half-a-crown, as you couldn't get at a shop for five bob?"

WHEN the great American aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, having been on exhibition, was under the care of the gardener a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of conversation the inquirer remarked: "This plant belongs to the cactus family, does it not, sir?" "No, sir it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply of the straight-forward attendant.

A MAN OF LETTERS.—Old Abe has been penning such an epistle! It is difficult to guess how he came to be trusted with a pen and ink. His friends might have been sure he would commit himself, as well as what he had to say, to writing. He has managed to put his "webbed foot" into it, with a vengeance. The funniest part of his letter is the finish. "Let us be sober," he says. Well, it would be better to be sober, for it is a double evil when a man is drunk as well as a fool.—*Pun*.

HAPPY LAND.—At the opening of the session of the two Legislative Chambers, the King of Holland is reported to have said: "Various bills will be presented to you with a view to a general reduction of taxes." Would that our Chancellor of the Exchequer would be animated with the above good example! However, we fancy we hear Gladstone, catechised on the subject, exclaiming, with Homeric fire: "If ever you catch me reducing the income-tax, why then I'm a Dutchman."—*Punch*.

SLOW WORK.—Sir Edwin Landseer is sixty-one years old. One-third of that number of years, the London *Athenaeum* reminds that eminent artist and the British public, has passed since he received the commission to execute the famous African Lions that will some day astonish us in Trafalgar Square. No man has ever yet seen the models for them, nor anything more solid than a drawing on paper, and it is reported that the sculptor's visit to the Zoological Gardens, where he has dissected several lions, are incessant, and so alarming to those brutes, that each one turns tail when the growl is passed that he has arrived.

AN old farmer, as he was trudging along with Dobbin, going to market, was overtaken by a young lawyer on a splendid horse, (for which, of course, he had not paid the livery man, and never meant to), who addressed him after this fashion: "My friend, can you chop logic?" The farmer replied that he did not know what chopping logic was. The lawyer then said [here our reporter's attention was drawn to the chipping of a ground squirrel, and he did not hear what the lawyer said]. The old farmer said: "If that is chopping logic, I can chop logic too," and then asked the lawyer why his saddle was like a mule." The lawyer gave it up. "Why," said the farmer, "it is between a horse and a donkey."

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life, and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendour of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honours, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment, while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendour of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom if ever contented. They are petulant, fretful, irascible. Bid them good-morning, and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their views. While in this state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitution.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And persuade myself that I am not old,  
And my locks are not yet grey;  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And it makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,  
And they say that I am old;  
And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,  
And my years are well-nigh told.  
It is very true—it is very true—  
I'm old, and "I bide my time,"—  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring,  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing.  
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop the smother'd call;  
And my feet slip on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
And I shall be glad to go,  
For the world, at best, is a weary place,  
And my pulse is getting low;  
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail,  
In treading its weary way;  
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
To see the young so gay. N. P. W.

## GEMS.

MODESTY.—Unaffected modesty is the very sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honour.

MONEY has its use, it is true; but, generally speaking, the benefit does not counterbalance the care that goes along with it, the hazard and the temptations to abuse it. It is the patron and the price of all wickedness; it blinds all eyes, and stops all ears, from the prince to the very beggar; it corrupts faith and justice; and, in one word, it is the very picklock that opens the way into all cabinets and councils: it debauches children against their parents; it makes subjects rebel against their governors, it turns lawyers and divines into advocates of sacrilege and sedition, and it transports the very professors of the gospel, into a spirit of contradiction and defiance of the practice and precepts of our Lord and Master.

VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to utter one vulgar or profane word, has not shown that there is a foul spot in his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot, and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control

the tongue so that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able also to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts from bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE son of Lord St. Vincent, born a few days ago, is to be christened St. Leger.

THE Duke of Cambridge, who has just arrived in Paris, alighted at the Hôtel du Rhin, in the Place Vendôme, and occupied the same apartments the Emperor Napoleon did in 1848.

Two petrified men have been found near Castle-maine, Australia. They were in a sitting posture—veins, muscles, finger-nails, &c., all perfect. One had a stone axe by his side.

A MINER at Pike's Peak writes that the miners are very much discouraged. They have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they can reach the gold.

AN old bachelor says that he has received a basket of peaches this season that look as though pretty girls had watched their growth, and tinted them with their blushes.

From a honey pear-tree, trained horizontally on the garden-wall at Blairs College, the gardener took more than forty pecks of pears—above 5,000. The tree is about forty-five years of age, and about fifteen feet high, with a spread of about forty feet.

RUSSIAN PRECAUTION.—The Russian Warsaw police paper contains an article forbidding the admission to Poles, imprisoned in the citadel, of all women dressed in dark colours, this being held as an indication of the forthcoming reign of terror.

MUSCOVITE TYRANNY.—The Russian authorities in Lithuania have resolved on the non-admission of the children of Polish parents above fourteen years of age, to the public schools, unless they can find substantial bail for their good behaviour whilst at school.

ROWLAND HILL rode a good deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. When asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, to be always so well, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary a donkey."

A STRANGER who will create some excitement is expected in London, and apartments have been taken for him, not at Mivart's, but at the Zoological Gardens. It is a most magnificent Chinese tiger, the first of the kind ever seen in London; and the tiger will be a lion among the visitors.

THE visitors to Mont Blanc have been 9,000, the largest number known during any season. It is calculated that each one has not, on the average, dropped less than two louis at the foot of the monster, and thus the hotel-keepers, guides, &c., have made a very pretty golden feathering for their winter's nests.

THE Prince of Wales has consented to become Patron to the Highland Rifle Association. It puts a feather in the cap of a northern institution to have the patronage of Royalty, and it is all the more to be appreciated in this case that the Prince does not on all occasions accept such offices when asked to do so.

THE oddest report from the Yaukees is that they intend to abolish the King and Queen in playing-cards, as they are not Republican. The King is henceforth to be a Colonel, and the Queen is to be called Liberty—that is, the goddess of Liberty. We presume the Knave will be retained as a national character, as no objection has been raised to him.

A FATHER'S INFLUENCE.—By his daily conduct at home, he must obtain the respect and veneration of his son; by the uprightness and blamelessness of his private character, he must secure his admiration; by the integrity of his intercourse with others, he must assure him of the honesty of his motives; by his firmness in the hour of temptation and in the season of trial, of his moral courage; by a rigorous and conscientious discharge of every duty, of his entire rectitude; by a living example of meekness and love, of the verity of his faith; by frequent and earnest prayer with him, of the yearnings of his soul for his salvation; by his loving hope and trust in Christ, of the sufficiency of the Redeemer's work. The father who, daily surrounded by his children, makes it a duty never to arise from before his family without having first specially prayed for them, sends his son forth into the world with a precious legacy. In his waywardness—in the hour of temptation and forgetfulness—in nearness or at a distance—his father's example, his father's prayers, will be all remembered; and the most powerful counteracting influence of evil will be the ever-present associations of home.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**EMILY.**—A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

**A HIGHLANDER.**—After Prince Charles Edward Stuart escaped from England, he resided for some time in France, but finally retired to Italy, where he died. The last of the Stuarts—a Roman Cardinal—received a pension from George III.

**J. T.**—A young girl should never appear too anxious to seek a reconciliation with a lover with whom she has quarrelled. The gentleman should be the first to make a concession.

**M. Y.** prefers an extraordinary request: she would feel greatly obliged to us if we would be kind enough to give a few words of advice to the young men of Hastings, who are so terribly conceited, that it would be quite a charity if they could be made to think less of themselves and more of other people. What have the young men of Hastings done to offend M. Y.? Cannot she find a sweetheart among them?

**EXCELSIOR (MANCHESTER).**—The interest which your case has excited in us, coupled with the confidence which you express in the sincerity of our judgment as a sound adviser, force us to reply, at once, to your note. Before we can render you such advice as we might otherwise more confidently do, we must first observe that we would require greater information regarding the present position and future prospect of the interesting young man of whom you speak.

**E. S.**—If the name of your late husband has been spent wrong, and an *r* substituted for a *s*, you may have some difficulty in obtaining the money due to him from the benefit club. But if you can prove your identity, the club might, without further trouble, remit you your due. A letter takes about four months in going to Australia. The postage for an ordinary letter is sixpence.

**O. L.**—Jupiter, the largest planet in the solar system, being 1,300 times as large as the earth, has a day only 9½ hours long, but no change of season. It is supposed that the inhabitants, if any, of the planet Saturn live, as it were, under arches of coloured light, produced by the confluent brilliance of the satellite moons.

**GERTRUDE** has a fortune of £250 per annum, which she would be most happy to lay at the feet of any gentleman who might desire her a person adapted to his own social position. His habits must be regular and his morals impeccable. She cares far less for looks than for goodness; and if he is of an affectionate disposition, he will not find himself disappointed as to this, in herself. She does not care to enter minutely into a description of her own personal appearance. But she bids us say that she has Auburn hair, a clear, and some say, a beautiful complexion; is rather short—5 ft. 11 in. tall, and is round in her figure. She possesses the usual accomplishments of her sex, loves music, and converses agreeably. She is nineteen years of age, and as she is domesticated and has few male acquaintances, she would be glad to form a correspondence with any gentleman who has a sincere desire to change his own condition by forming, at some early day, a matrimonial alliance. The gentleman must not be older than twenty-five. (This lady is entirely at her own disposal, having no person who has the power to exercise any control over her own inclinations.)

**A. B.**—The only way to obtain a good style is by practice. There's Johnson, with his two-handed sword, striking with the edge, while he pierces with the point and stuns you with the hilt, hitting right and left with antithesis, and wielding the ponderous weapon as easily as you could a flail. Then there's Burke, with his glittering rapier, all rhetorical rule and polish according to school—*passato, montato, staccato*—one, two, three—the third in your bosom. Then comes Macaulay, who runs in under your guard, and stabs you to the heart with the heavy dagger of a short epigrammatic sentence; Jeffrey, who first kills, then scalps; and Carlyle, who advances armed with an antique stone axe, and with which he mashes his foes as you would drugs in a pestle-and-mortar. All these artists have acquired their different styles by practice, and the originality they severally display is the natural result of their own order of minds.

**C. S. E.**—He must be a poor creature indeed whose practical convictions do not, in all respects, outstrip his deliberate understanding, who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for. Hence the distinction between eloquence and wisdom, between ingenuity and common sense. A man may be dexterous and able in explaining the grounds of his opinion, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he only sees one-half of a subject. Another may feel the whole weight of a question—nothing relating to it may be lost upon him—and yet he may be unable to give any account of the manner in which it affects him, or to draw his reasons from their silent lurking places. The last will be a wise man, though neither a logician nor rhetorician. Common sense is the just result of the sum total of such unconscious impressions in the ordinary occurrences of life, as they are treasured up by the memory and called out by the occasion. Genius and taste depend much upon the same principle, exercised on loftier ground and in more unusual combinations.

**A. CONSTANT HILTON.**—The material for making a small fire balloon should be a fine, thin, close textured tissue-paper. Having determined that the balloon shall consist of a specific number of gores, or sections, say thirty-two or sixteen, a pattern for cutting them by should be made of pasteboard, or some tolerably hard substance. Suppose the entire height of the balloon, without its appendages, is to be 3 ft. and the number of gores thirty-two, an elegant shape will be got by making the pattern an inch wide at one end, 3 in. at the other, and 8 in. at its broadest part, which should be at one-third of its length, if the balloon is intended to have a pear-like figure. Varnish the gores with the ordinary boiled oil, and hang them up singly on lines till perfectly dry. They are next to be put together, which may be done with gum-water, or clean thin paste. After pasting or gumming about half an inch of one of the gores, lay the edge of another about midway across the pasted part, and then double over about a quarter of an inch of it, tucking it lightly from end to end with a clean cloth, to insure its holding securely. Two of the gores being thus united, unite two others in like manner, and so on, until, if you had thirty-two gores in all, you reduce your number to sixteen. In like manner proceed till you make your number eight, then four, and then two; hanging the sections up at every pasting, so that they may get thoroughly dry as you proceed. The two halves are now ready to be connected in the same way, and this part of the undertaking is then completed. A circle of wire about 6 in. in diameter should be worked into the bottom of it, to keep the fabric of the balloon at a sufficient distance from the flame of the spirit. Another

wire may be fixed across this circle to hold a piece of sponge, which should be immersed in spirits of wine. A smouldering piece of brown paper held underneath the aperture will, in a few minutes, put the balloon in an ascending condition. Having thus inflated the balloon, ignite the piece of sponge, and let it rise. When it is intended to inflate the balloon with hydrogen or coal gas, the latter apparatus is not needed; but a light car, or any other ornament proportioned to the ascending power of the balloon, may be appended to it, which will have the effect of maintaining it in the right position, and also of keeping it longer in sight than would otherwise be the case.

**S. N.**—If you are walking with a friend who meets ladies who bow to him, you are not expected to notice them. If you meet a friend with a lady on his arm, you need only give him a bend of recognition. If you are walking with a lady, and meet a friend, a passing salutation between you both is sufficient. If walking with a lady who meets lady friends, you should wait till she introduces you, which, of course, she would do immediately, or, if she does not, retire a few steps.

**A. D.**—As you have so earnestly asked for the receipt, we give it you; but we must warn you that the beverage is of a very intoxicating nature. Taken moderately, it will do no harm. Mix Punch; Fill a bottle as full as possible of lemon-juice, and then add as much brandy as it will admit; let this stand in the sun two or three days, then mix with the brandy, having poured it out, two pounds of sugar, two quarts of water, four of brandy, two of boiling milk (boiled with spice), and about a pint of lemon-juice. When this is cold, strain it till quite clear, and bottle it instantly.

**C.**—The present chapel is all that remains of the ancient palace of Whitehall. Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey, with regal pomp, but Charles II. had his remains disinterred, and thrown into a hole dug under Tyburn. It was a mean revenge, and posterity has execrated the deed. A tradition has been preserved that some staunch admirers of the Great Protector subsequently secretly removed the body, and interred it in a spot in the neighbourhood of the present Red Lion Square. It matters little whether they did or not—for Charles II. could not degrade Cromwell—he could only brutally insult his insensible remains, and cheat the worms of the old Abbey.

**J. F. R.**—There are in the Old Testament 39 books, in the New, 27; total, 66—which, dissected, present us with the following remarkable figures:—

	Old	New.	Total.
Chapters.....	929	260	1,189
Verses.....	25,214	7,959	33,173
Words.....	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters.....	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

**R. H.**—The European seas are distinguished in classic history by the following names:—the Baltic was called Sinus Codanus; the Bay of Biscay, Sinus Cantabricus; the Mediterranean, Mare Magnum; the Gulf of Venice, Mare Adriaticum; the Archipelago, Mare Egeum; the Sea of Marmora, Propontis; the Black Sea, Pontus Euxinus; the Sea of Azov, the Palus Mæotis.

**W. R.**—An apprentice is not bound to attend a place of worship on Sunday, at the command of his master, but the latter may cause him to be summoned before a magistrate, and be fined for non-attendance, under what is called the Lord's Day Act of Parliament.

**A. Y. O.**—We believe that in this world good predominates over evil. It is the influence that comes from the all-powerful Creator, while evil is an emanation from the disorganized nature of men, who have destroyed the balance of their virtues, passions, and desires. To think that true piety is necessarily associated with a contempt of all that belongs to life is a morbid illusion, repulsive alike to philosophy and religion.

**M. Y.**—If the young man whom you respect as a friend has slighted you, it depends upon the cause of his doing so, and the manner in which he showed his resentment, how far you are at liberty to open communication with him. If he passes you decidedly, as though you were strangers to one another, it would be in the highest degree indecorous for you to attempt to renew the intercourse he has so abruptly broken off. However, have patience; he may change his mind, and, by seeing you firm, take notice of you again.

**A. C. R.** wishes to know if a tradesman or clerk is best entitled to have the title of esquire placed after his name, and if there should be any distinction in the knoek that they give at a gentleman's door. Legally, neither is entitled to esquire after his name, that privilege being appropriated to country gentlemen, members of the universities, and barristers. It has of late, however, received a greater extension. The object of knocking at a door, we presume, is to call attention to the fact that you are on the outside. If you do this effectually, it is of little consequence who gives the most raps, the tradesman or clerk.

**M. Y.**—Kennington did once contain a royal palace—it was one in which Henry III. assembled his parliament and where Edward III. kept his Christmas in 1342. Henry V. also resided here. This palace is supposed to have been pulled down, and a manor-house erected in its room, which was occupied by Charles I. when Prince of Wales. In a survey taken in 1656, this manor house is said to be "a small, low, timber building, situated upon part of the foundation of the ancient mansion house of the Black Prince, &c. and long since ruined, nothing thereof remaining but the stable, one hundred and eighty feet long, and now used as a barn. This Long Barn, as it was afterwards called, in 1709, was an asylum for the distressed Palatine Protestants. This road, in all ancient writings, is denominated, "The Prince's Road."

**S. F.**—The "Society of Friends" originated about the year 1649, through the religious teachings of George Fox, a native of Drayton, in Leicestershire. Their popular designation of "Quakers" arose from the circumstance of Fox telling a magistrate before whom he was brought "to tremble at the word of the Lord" a promise by him. The religious principles of this remarkable body are thus stated by themselves: They have uniformly declared their belief in One, only Wise, Omnipotent, and Eternal Being; the Creator and Preserver of all things, infinite in every glorious attribute and perfection, the inexhaustible Source of all good, as well as of all happiness; and the only worthy object of adoration, worship, and praise, from angels and from men. They believe concerning God—the Father, Son, and Spirit, according to the testimony of Holy Scripture, which they "receive and embrace as the most perfect and authentic declaration of Christian faith—being induced by the Holy Spirit of God, that never errs." First—That there is one God and Father, of

whom are all things. Secondly—That there is one Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour of men. Thirdly—That there is one Holy Spirit—the promise of the Father and the Son—the Leader, Comforter, and Sanctifier of His people—and that these Three are One. The "Society of Friends" abjure all external rites, especially baptism and the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper.

**A.**—First love is a delicious sensation. It is the early spring of young hearts. But then we know that the frosts of night are apt to make sad havoc among the buds that looked so promising the day before. So it is with first love. Among the experienced there is small faith in its durability. Indeed it rarely results in marriage, for the majority of marriages are rather the consequence of tried affection and kindled friendship, than passion and sentiment. Still, first love is a spiritual thrill, the last tones of which linger in the bosom of old age. It is a kind of whispering of the angels to the soul, and must exercise an immense and beneficial influence on the development of the real nature of both the young man and the young woman. We would not check it, but hold it in check. Experience moderates our ardour; and early impulses should not be too suddenly reined.

**AT ADMIRAL.**—In England, the church has always been connected with the state, in the same form or other; but it was not until Henry VIII. severed the union between it and Rome, and Elizabeth completed that severance, that it may be said to have become connected with the state, as it is at present. Under the Romish dispensation, the English Church was a great sacerdotal corporation, subject only to the Pope—hence the dissension between the other estates of the realm and the church, which extended over at least six centuries. After the Reformation had been completed by the detronement of James II., the authority of the church was reduced. But to answer your question categorically, the union of the church and the state commenced with our Henry VIII. assuming to be the head of the church, and defender of the faith of England.

**A LABOURER** calls our attention to the high rents paid by the working classes for the wretched dwellings they inhabit. The fact is one of the reproaches and shames of English Society. Why, a man with £1 a week pays a fifth of his income for a house, while the clerk pays the same for a six-roomed cottage, prettily situated, with a garden back and front. A man with £500 a year will only disburse a tenth of his income in rent; one with £1,000, a twelfth or fifteenth; one with £10,000 may have a palatial residence for a twentieth. No wonder, then, that cottage property is so much sought after. It pays ten per cent., while a West End mansion will yield at the most six per cent. The latter must be kept in good repair; a row of poor men's cottages is scarcely ever repaired, and they cost nothing for drainage or decoration. And cottagers aggravate their condition by sub-letting.

**T. H. R.**—The hereditary dignity of baronet was erected by patent in England, by James I. in 1611, and the creation was extended to Ireland in 1619. The baronets of England and Ireland were created in order to promote the plantation of the province of Ulster. To commemorate this fact they bear, as an honourable augmentation, on a canton in their armorial ensigns, the royal arms of Ulster, viz., argent, a sinister hand erect, gules. In Scotland the order of baronet was first conferred by Charles I. in 1621. The baronetcy of Scotland was founded in order to promote the plantation of Nova Scotia, and Scotch baronets were privileged to charge their coat-armour with the arms of Nova Scotia, as an augmentation. Since the union of England and Scotland, and of Great Britain and Ireland, the separate orders of baronets have been superseded by one general institution of baronets of the United Kingdom, who all bear on their coat-of-arms the augmentation of the sinister hand, gules.

**M. R.**—The Reform Bill of 1832 was rendered necessary by the decay of the old cities and boroughs, the rise of such cities as Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and the extraordinary increase in the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the middle classes. But in this change, tradition had its way. The householders were grafted on the "old freemen." The electoral qualification in the old boroughs was thus double—one by birth, and the other by residence. This was certainly an innovation on the ancient system, but it did not affect the aristocracy. The people were rigidly excluded from any share or voice in the management of the executive. Thus, while the House of Commons professes to be the repository of the popular will, in reality they represent the opinions of persons on the electoral lists of Great Britain. The numerical proportion between the population as it has increased and the franchise, has not been maintained; and, as on all sides this is considered a very grave anomaly, Parliament will probably deal with the subject some day.

**M.**—Raise the mind to a higher standard, and to a certain extent the features are compelled to go with it. How different are the faces of even the most stupid under the influence of pleasurable excitement, or a just and generous indignation at wrong. You can scarcely recognise them as the same people. Elevation of mind imparts grace and dignity to form and features; but of all sentiments benevolence towards our fellow-men and pure, disinterested love, are the most valuable ingredients. We defy any woman to relieve a starving family in person, or administer sympathy and consolation in affliction, and look altogether ugly. Observe enthusiastic people in their moments of inspiration—even ardent lovers in their description of a new discovery, or conjectures regarding a system—and then turn to some inanimate regular beauty, who listens to them as moved as a statue, and ask yourself candidly which is the real essence of beauty—the form or the expression?

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